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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

AUGUST 18, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 12

Youth's heritage of books

BOOKS are everyone's best friends—undemanding, but always there to give wisdom, information, and entertainment.

Today, books often appear to be neglected—the mental effort of reading print is too great in an era of comic picture books, television, and voices commanded by a radio switch.

Balloons in comic strips and radio serials are poor substitutes for the richness that exists between the covers of great books.

Youth misses a great heritage if its reading education is neglected. But the pace of modern life, which leaves little leisure time, is a threat to this important part of education.

Bridging the gap for busy parents unable to devote as much time as they desire to guiding their children's reading is the Children's Book Council.

Their work over the nine years they have been established in Australia has introduced many children to the fascinating world of reading, and their reading suggestions have included books that might well mould their future careers.

This week is the Book Council's annual Children's Book Week in New South Wales Throughout the State, in municipal and children's libraries and schools as well as at Sydney's Public Library, exhibitions are being held.

An international movement, Children's Book Week is held throughout the world.

In Australia, each State, with the exception of Victoria and Queensland, celebrates the movement by setting aside a week dedicated to fostering the desire to read in young people.

Victoria and Queensland already have plans well in hand to launch the movement. This will complete in Australia an organisation worthy of the support of all thoughtful citizens.

Our cover:

● The pretty Parisienne on our cover is wearing a striking French spring hat of carnation-pink stiffened cotton with a rectangular brim. Pink, one of the season's hit colors, is repeated in her short pique gloves, which contrast with a crisp white cotton dress. Inside you'll find Candy Hardy's suggestions for more teenage fashions in pink, four of which have patterns available for home dress-makers.

This week:

● Staff reporter Noni Rowland, who wrote the story on pages 12 and 13 about the dental service provided for the children of the outback by N.S.W. Far West Children's Health Scheme, had some unexpected and unpleasant excitement while getting her story. The van in which she was travelling with the dental team skidded in mud near Barranald, N.S.W., and overturned. Fortunately, no one was hurt, though Noni said that at the time she felt sure every tooth in her head had been shaken loose. A towing truck was soon on the scene, and after hasty repairs in Barranald the van was on the road again.

● On pages 16 and 17 you will find color pictures of the £10,000 coming-out ball which Australian millionaire Stanley Smith staged at London's Stoll Theatre for his 18-year-old daughter, Barbara.

This was the mink-and-diamonds festivity which made snobbish London ask: "Who IS Barbara Smith?" Well, on the top left hand corner of page 17 you can see Barbara, wearing an elaborate pink lace dress, greeting two of the 600 guests who turned up, and in the main stayed on until dawn.

Next week:

● The handknits and crochet designs for spring in next week's paper include a range of brief-sleeved sweaters for day and night wear, a luxurious, richly patterned stole and a filmy triangular shawl which can be worn in various ways, and an elegant little shrug jacket crocheted in chalk-white cotton.

● Our lift-out novel next week is by an Australian author and it has an Australian setting. Called "Rose in a Dusky Garden" it is an engrossing story about the problems that beset a half-caste in this country. Mary Potter, who wrote it, comes from Western Australia.

Letters from our readers

THE latest radio set from America, I read, masquerades as a picture on the wall. Australian sets, too, get more and more ornate. How about a radio set that looks like a radio set?

B. Blair, Mosman, N.S.W.
ALL the teaching positions vacant in the N.S.W. Education Department would be filled in no time if teachers had the prestige they deserve for such important work.
G. Georges, Paddington, N.S.W.

LONDON has a new out-patients' department where the patients are treated as human beings. Time for a visit has been cut from "more than four hours" to one hour. Wake up, Australia, and get one like it.
W. Edwards, Kew, Vic.

SYDNEY now looks like London with its industrial "smog" that hangs over the city. No wonder so many city workers suffer from colds and chest complaints. Can't

our local government authorities do something about it before it becomes too big a problem to handle?

Joan Cooper, Kirribilli, N.S.W.

WE read of the visit to America by the French Air Force nurse Genevieve de Galard-Terraube, whose heroic nursing of French wounded in the Indo-China war made her famous. Why can't Australia invite her to visit this country, so that we could all have an

opportunity of honoring her, too?

Mrs. D. James, Stanmore, N.S.W.

I WAS disgusted to read that a "transparent woman" has been on show in Sydney. Lectures on physiology, I think, should not be given outside medical schools. They certainly should not be open to the public.

(Mrs.) S. Morrison, Brisbane, Qld.

WHY is it so much said about the "lonely out-back"? In my opinion, the city is much lonelier. I was a countrywoman who came to live in the city. Now I know what loneliness really is.

Miss G. P. (name supplied), King's Cross, N.S.W.

PEOPLE talk a lot of nonsense about losing weight through exercise, slimming baths, pills, etc. What makes you fat is the food you eat. Cut the quantity of food and weight will disappear.
H. Smithers, Sydney.

Catch cold easily?

If your family, young or old, catch cold easily, they lack vital elements that would give them resistance. They are wide open to bronchial infections and each new cold breaks down the bodily defences still further. These defences must be built up.

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Speed Crazy



Blancita's white gown swirled around and around as the tempo of the fiesta beat faster . . . and then suddenly she was in Juanito's arms for the forbidden kiss.

WHAT my mother does not know is that my sister Blancita is often seen on Juanito Retaco's motor-cycle. If she knew it, her hair would turn white.

"Is an invention of the devil," she says now. Her apron is full of pea-pods which she throws over the fence to the chickens. "A girl in her right mind would have nothing to do with a man who rides one," she argues. "The world is full of widows who married men on motor-cycles."

Blancita flops herself over on the blanket where she is tanning herself to look like a movie star. "When you married Pete Escobar he was riding a tricycle up and down the rails," she points out.

"But not for long," my mother says grimly. She stands at the screen door. She shakes her head over Blancita. "Was silly idea," she sighs. "A man on wheels is a headache to everybody." She goes into the house.

Before Blancita was born, my father worked on the Southern Pacific Railway. He rode a tricycle every day. Wine and tricycles do not mix. Now he works close to home for the Pacific Electric. He walks the tracks in a red jacket, with a big wrench, a broom, and a bucket of grease. Everybody knows Pete Escobar. He is the only man on Pico Street who can play a zither. If it were not for Blancita, he would get a good night's sleep for a change.

"She has imagination," he often says. He means she is always in some kind of trouble. She is never satisfied until a thing is made different.

At the Granada picture show where she is an usherette, it is understood she is helping them out only until her film

contract comes through. Or until she enters a convent. Or until she is disinherited by her family for working, since no woman of the Escobars has ever worked before.

"She is that age," my mother often sighs. "First is with rabbits and snakes in cages. Now is a man on a motor-cycle."

Because it is school vacation, my sister has an idea with frying herself in the sun. She is expecting Juanito to come by. "The morning is half gone!" she complains.

"Don't hold your breath," I tell her. I am turning my bike upside down on the path to oil the coaster brake. "Maybe he is dead in a ditch."

She looks at me as if I am unnecessary.

BY KINGSLEY TUFTS

The old one, my grandfather, is on a bench where he can smell the peach tree. His stick is between his knees, and his eyes are shut to the warm sun. He opens them a crack to look at the blossoms.

"It is a day to make one glad he did not die last week," he says sleepily. "Who is dead in a ditch?"

"Nobody," I tell him. "But it could be Juanito Retaco."

"Impossible," he objects. "Senor Retaco is a fine horseman. He rode all the way from Sonora. He has seen the Gulf of California."

"Not him," I explain. "It's his grandson, Juanito. The one who is going to the University of California at Los Angeles."

"The one with the motor-cycle," Blancita says. "The handsome one."

My grandfather shudders. He knows now who is meant. "He should be working," he mutters. "He should not be allowed loose to destroy a morning."

Because the university is on vacation, Juanito is resting his head from the books. My father says he could get Juanito a job on the track crew with the Pacific Electric. Blancita says who does he think Juanito is to be a common laborer? My mother replies he could do worse, and maybe will before he is through.

There has been much argument. The truth is that Juanito's father owns a small piece of land which he leases for truck farming. Juanito rides twelve miles to the university on a chrome-job motor-cycle with silver-mounted saddlebags.

Foxtails fly from each grip of the handlebars. He does not need a job. He is going to be a lawyer some day.

When we hear him blasting his exhaust three blocks away, Blancita combs out her hair and fixes her lips. She stretches out limp as a possum, to play dead. When Juanito slides into the drive on one wheel, the dust piles up like smoke from an oil fire. He kills the engine. He leaps from the saddle.

"Blancita!" he cries. "How's for a quick run up to Santa Barbara?"

Santa Barbara is ninety miles. He does it there and back in two hours. But he is dreaming. My mother already stands at the back door.

"No rides!" she screams in alarm. "You hear, Blancita? Blancita!"

But Blancita is like she has swallowed

sleeping-pills. She is slumbering princess, maybe . . . she thinks.

"Mamma Escobar!" Juanito shouts. "I will take you too!"

"You take nobody!" she says.

Juanito is wearing his leather belt studded with rubies. His overalls are rolled up from his black boots. He is shining in the sun like a slim pistol.

When he throws himself beside Blancita, my mother hurries into the yard. Blancita raises on one elbow and gives her a look to scare baby-sitters. It is no use. My mother is already on the bench with potatoes to peel.

"That motor-cycle smells," she says. "I should think you would get rid of it."

"It's only a clean gasoline smell."

"Is the odor of Satan," she says.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, mamma!" Blancita cries. "Please let me go for a ride with Juanito."

"No."

Blancita turns on Juanito. "I told you," she sighs. "There is no use asking some people." Her chin quivers as if she is going to cry.

"About the fiesta Saturday night," Juanito asks. "Are we going?"

Blancita has already asked my mother. It was what started the whole argument about Juanito and men who ride motor-cycles. She has been thumbs-down on the idea. Now I can see that she is sorry for Blancita. She is trying to think if there is any harm in the fiesta.

"We are all going," she says finally. "One more will make no difference."

Suddenly Juanito is on his feet. "Senor

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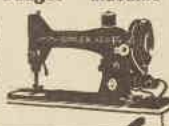
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A charming short story by NORREY FORD

Family Affair

YOUNG Mr. Brown, promoted from the country branch to head office, was a stickler for efficiency. Dictated at top speed, and blew his top when Miss Foster, poor girl, became so stricken with nerves that she typed Deaf Sir to a client who wore a conspicuous hearing-aid.

In floods of tears, Miss Foster demanded a transfer, and that laid Lisa a trembling sacrifice on Mr. Brown's altar.

If he didn't stop dictating soon, she would be late for her date with Paul. Didn't the man ever want to stop work, to go out somewhere with his best girl, or eat?

Pencil flying lightly over her notebook, Lisa's mind wandered to Paul. He didn't like her to be late.

Paul was rather special. He took a bit of living up to. Lisa met him at a party, where he looked like a fish out of water. It wasn't his sort of party and it wasn't Lisa's, either.

Their eyes met and a sympathetic message flashed across. He made his way towards her. He was handsome in a dark, saturnine way, rich, knowledgeable about music and food and the best places to go.

It was a strain, breathing his rare, highbrow atmosphere. He was fascinated her, and she tried meekly to improve her mind under his patronage.

Mr. Brown finished at last. The typists' room had decided, five minutes after he joined the staff, that he wasn't bad-looking, that his hair would curl if he let it, and heaven help the woman who married him!

"Sorry I've kept you." Wonder of wonders, he smiled. A brief smile, gone almost before Lisa could respond.

"That's all right, Mr. Brown. You don't want them typed tonight?" She had her fingers tightly crossed.

"The morning will do. Er—"

She waited, poised. He cleared his throat. "Er—nothing. That'll do. Good-night."

She made the journey to her two-roomed flat in record time. When she inserted her latchkey she was—miraculously—all in one piece. Her cat Tommy failed to greet her when she entered. Probably mousing in the garden. It was pleasant to have Tommy's greeting when she came in at night, the graceful body weaving round and round with erect ramrod tail, the soft head rubbed on her ankles, the amber eyes alight with love and greed.

Creeping her face with rapid strokes, Lisa became aware of a noise like a hard-boiling kettle, a sustained cosy, happy noise. Tommy purring.

Beneath the petticoat of her dressing-table there was a hatbox lined with straw. Officially, Tommy slept there. On cold nights a soft body insinuated itself under the eiderdown. Lisa bent down and lifted up the petticoat...

"Oh, Tommy!" she breathed, delighted. Appalled.

Tommy had had kittens.

Six. Tommy occupied the flat on sufferance. "I don't mind so long as it is a him," Mrs. Wilkins, the landlady, had declared, looking with lack-lustre eyes at the kitten on Lisa's arm. "But I don't want no lady cats here."

And so the important thing was to drown them at once. Lisa had decided on that as soon as she noticed Tommy's predicament. But faced with the issue sooner than she expected, she didn't like it.

A bucket—the bath? It needed thinking out. Besides, Tommy seemed so pleased and proud. There wasn't time now, anyway.

"Lisa dear, you seem distraught?" Paul commented, later.

She confided in him. It was a mistake. The last thing Paul wanted to hear about was her troubles. He preferred to talk about himself. She was made aware—oh, so delicately—that she had lost ground.

"Ding, dong, dell," she hummed softly. "Pussy's in the well," then stopped suddenly. What a murderous song!

Paul shuddered fastidiously away from kittens and talked of Bloch. Lisa thought he was a European statesman and discovered just in time he was a composer. She wondered for the first time whether she was wasting her time on Paul. Paul, unaware that his pedestal tottered, talked on.

Tommy greeted her return home with little eager cries of welcome and hunger. Lisa emptied a whole tin of sardines into a saucer, with vague ideas of vitamins. She realised night was the wrong time to do the murder, Tommy might fret and growl till morning.

The next morning, avoiding Tommy's eye, Lisa popped the family into a stout brown-paper bag and hurried downstairs. There was just time to go to the office via the harbor.

Mrs. Wilkins met her at the foot of the stairs. A guilty conscience stabbed Lisa violently.

"Morning, Miss Fanshaw. Off a bit early?"

Her inquisitive eye fell on the bag. Lisa felt the brown paper changed to "cellophane" before that piercing gaze, and glanced down to reassure herself. Horrors, did the parcel squirm?

"I have to leave a parcel with a friend by the beach. He lives there. A Mr. Neptune."

A glimmer of intelligence showed in the woman's face, and Lisa feared her nervous tongue had betrayed her. But Mrs. Wilkins only said:

"Out of your way, a nasty wet day like this. My husband's bread-round takes him that way. He could take your parcel in the van."

"Oh—er, no thanks. I wouldn't dream of... how is his rheumatism?"

That was a mistake. Precious minutes wasted on Mr. Wilkins' twinges, no time for the deed now, and she couldn't keep the kittens in the office till lunch-time, they might starve to death. Muttering "forgotten something" she raced upstairs.

Tommy and the kittens had a rapacious reunion.

And that was only one of many reunions. Every day Lisa determined to drown them, but every day she couldn't find the courage to do it.

Then there was the added problem of keeping them a secret from the eagle-eyed Mrs. Wilkins.

One morning about ten days later she missed her bus because one of the kittens had got out and she spent a frantic ten minutes looking for it before she found it in a cupboard near the stairs.

She was late at the office. To make up, she typed furiously. Shorthand not too good, because she had been worrying about the kittens when she took it down.

An office boy collected the first batch of letters. That would keep Mr. Brown quiet for a bit. Her fingers flew.

Before long, the bells started.

Louder, more peremptory than the rest, came Lisa's summons. Demurely she gathered up pencil and notebook.

The Human Dynamo was at his desk, her letters before him.

"Ah—Miss Fanshaw, good morning. Are you quite well?"

Surprised at this unusual interest in her health, she said, "Yes, thank you, Mr. Brown."

"Good. Have you the shorthand notes of my letter to Ellis and Beecroft? Good. Read it, will you? Last paragraph."

That sounded ominous. Lisa's heart went flipperty-flip. In a voice not quite steady she read:

"We shall be pleased to fulfil your order at the earliest possible opportunity."

"Thank you, Miss Fanshaw. I thought for a moment my mind might have wandered." He passed a letter across the desk. "Your usual beautiful typing and arrangement, of course," he muttered. "Read it."

"We shall be pleased," the sober firm of Thorald and Company informed their customers, Messrs. Ellis and Beecroft, "to drown your kittens at the earliest possible opportunity."

Startled out of her business self, Lisa went pink. Her pretty mouth opened but no sound came out.

"I'm s-s-sorry," she stammered at last.

But Mr. Brown was laughing. There were smile wrinkles round his eyes and he looked amazingly young.

"Human!" he announced delightedly.

"I'd never have guessed it. Now I can stop being afraid of you."

Lisa stared. "H-have you been?"

"Terrified. The whole set-up here in the head office scared me stiff. So formal. So efficient. I was afraid I'd never be able to keep up. The country office is different, you see. Easy-going, friendly."



It took Tommy and the six kittens to prove to Lisa that her boss had a heart of gold as well as a head for business



Stung, Lisa retorted, "We're friendly here, too. You never gave us a chance. So solemn, so hard-working, you frightened us all to death."

"You frightened me. I've been trying to keep up."

"You gave poor Miss Foster hysterics." He went faintly pink under his tan. "I know. That's why I've been so scared to speak to any of you since. But now I've found a flaw in the perfection"—he stabbed a finger in the direction of the fateful letter and Lisa felt herself starting another shaming blush.

"Tell me about it. No one types a thing like that as a mere slip. I take it there is no shorthand resemblance between drown your kittens and fulfil your order?"

"None. I am worried. My cat Tommy has had six kittens."

He considered this. "An oversight somewhere?"

"I have to get rid of them. My landlady hates female cats. If she knew the truth about Tommy she would insist on my parting with him . . . I mean her. And I am fond of Tommy. I couldn't bear it."

"Look here," he suggested at last, "suppose I come round this evening and drown the kittens for you? If you are free we might have a sort of funeral feast somewhere and see a film. To cheer us up afterwards."

"I accept with gratitude. If you are truly sure it will be no trouble." Her grey eyes rested on him in a quite delightful way, and he assured her that while he was not a man who enjoyed drowning kittens he would, as it were, take it in his stride.

He arrived promptly. She invited him in and he looked round her sitting-room appreciatively. "Nice. Looks as if someone lives here. My hotel room is as impersonal as plastic." From under his coat he produced a large cotton bag.

"You cut a small hole," he explained, "to let the air out, then you weigh it down with a stone . . ."

"Have you got a stone?"

Lisa shook her head. In the backyard, perhaps. "Sit down a minute," she suggested, "I'll scout."

Torch in hand, she tiptoed downstairs, past the Wilkins' flat, and pushed open the door leading to a small backyard. It seemed a likely place. She switched on her torch.

"Want anything?" demanded a mournful voice behind her. She started guiltily. Mr. Wilkins.

Struck by the impossibility of producing a plausible reason for wanting half a brick, she muttered "No," and fled.

When she returned, Bill Brown was sprawled in her easy chair with the kittens mountaineering over his waistcoat.

"This one is a plucky little beggar. He is cream-toffee colored. You ought to call him Taffy."

Bill took up his blue cotton bag and laid hold of the valiant Taffy. Tommy, warned by an eighth sense, laid an admonitory white paw on the big brown hand and looked up into Bill's face.

"Stop it," said a high squeaky voice not a bit like Lisa's. "It's no good, Bill. I knew we'd never do it once you'd given one of them a name."

Bill mopped his brow. "That was a narrow squeak."

"Tommy would never have forgiven me. I'll have to find somewhere else to live, that's all."

"Conceal them as long as you can, and I'll help you to find homes for them,

To page 45



"You ought to call this one Taffy," said Bill to Lisa as the kittens climbed over his waistcoat.



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Wait for the postman

By JAN OLIPHANT



MRS. QUINN sighed as she pulled up her blind and opened the window wide. "Sweet spring! How glad I am to see you, too!" She laughed to herself and put her head out the window to watch the road to see if the "milky" was in sight.

He was, so she slipped on her cheery dressing-gown and slippers to match and went down the long flight of steps to the door with the can and a little jar for cream.

Today was to be special, for her son Tom was returning home from war, and there must be cream with the dessert.

As she mounted the stairs, back again, she looked a very frail little creature with soft white hair bobbing about her head and wisps playing on her forehead. But today there was a spring in her step, a smile on her lips, and a twinkle in her eyes. Today Tom was coming!

She was planning to get into town early to have lunch and be ready at the station to meet her son on the 2.15 train.

Over breakfast she took out his letter again. Yes, the 2.15 was right. He was coming today! She folded it again and smiled, then looked at his photo by her bed. A pleasant face, or even handsome. A mother's pride and joy.

The day was sweet and fresh, and Mrs. Quinn decided on her new black frock that would just keep off any little breeze which would spring up. She chose her hat carefully and flowers to go with it, too, for all the time she told herself: "I must look my best for Tom. He must be proud of me." She put on her hat and flowers, and looked at herself in the mirror, then smiled.

"Yes, I hope Tom's proud of me," she said, for no doubt she was pleased at the reflected picture.

When the room was made ready for the homecoming and the table all laid, Mrs. Quinn took the key and locked the door, then walked carefully down the stairs, past other flats like hers, till she reached the street, bright with morning sun.

In the distance she heard the postman's whistle and wondered whether to wait, then she thought: "He never has any mail for me, and I don't expect any today. I won't wait or I might miss my bus."

The trip to town Mrs. Quinn enjoyed. But on days like this she enjoyed everything. She loved everyone, and her heart felt light and warm.

Everything was smiling back at her, too! Look at the lovely spring morning ready to welcome her son. The "milky" had had fresh cream, too!

At lunchtime she was much too excited to eat and sat nibbling a sandwich and watching her tea get cold. Only one hour. Fancy. The time crept down to half an hour, and it was Mrs. Quinn waiting at the station and arguing with the guard about a platform ticket.

"Why, that's per-

Surely the next one would be Tom, Mrs. Quinn thought as the troops spilled out from the train.

fectly silly," she said to the man. "A ticket to sit and wait for a train."

People were hurrying up and down now, and porters wheeling luggage-carriers around, and men shouting out: "Chocolates for sale!" Mrs. Quinn watched it all and watched the clock, too. How slowly the hands went. How slowly!

It was almost 2.15 now, but no train was in sight. Two twenty-five, still no train, twenty-three, and there was the smoke. She held her breath. Nearer, nearer, seemed the song of the wheels. Faster, faster!

Everyone at the station was excited now for quite a few men were returning today. The chocolate-sellers shouted even louder, then suddenly: Oh, the train was there, snorting and puffing at the station. Out spilled the troops in their khaki, greeted by loved ones.

Mrs. Quinn looked up and down the platform. Surely the next one would be Tom, but no! Tom was nowhere in sight. Vainly Mrs. Quinn waited till the platform was almost empty, then went up to a guard.

"That was the 2.15, wasn't it?" she asked. The guard nodded and pushed by with a load of suitcases. Poor Mrs. Quinn watched him. Where was her Tom?

How she dragged herself home she never found out, but it was dusk when she reached her block of flats and trudged wearily up the long flight of stairs, hoping she would pass no one in case they asked where Tom was.

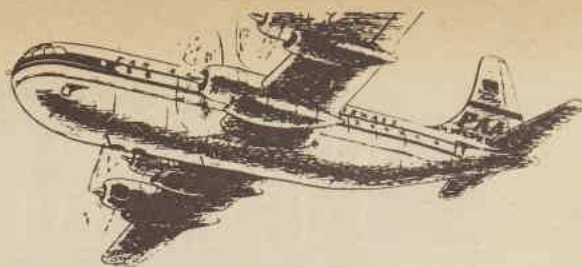
When she opened her door a letter was lying on the floor, and she trembled even more as she opened it. She knew now that Tom had been killed and had not even started for home.

She opened the letter and tears filled her eyes, but wait! Oh, no! Was it true? The silly boy had missed the train and would have to wait till he could get another seat.

The tears ran down her cheeks. Tears of joy and relief!

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● Here is this month's story by a teenager. It was written by a Canberra schoolgirl aged fifteen. (See further details page 36.)



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Page 7

THE IRON COBWEB

WHEN had she begun to feel afraid? Now, this instant, in this tiny, shocking part of a November afternoon? Or a day, a week, a month ago, her brain hiding its own uneasy knowledge in a deep-down layer that consciousness didn't plumb?

Elizabeth March didn't know, then or later, but she always remembered that crisp, shuddery day. Branches restless against the sky, a threat of snow on the air. Her own long, spacious, comfortable living-room, walled in misty grey, curtained in red and green and white striped linen, firelit.

The hands on the gilt wedding-present clock, miraculously preserved through five years, pointing to four o'clock. And, close and clear, the sound of a baby crying.

She was on her feet instantly, wrenching the front door open on the icy air. The sounds were unmistakable now, small mewings followed by loud miaowing wails.

Elizabeth ran down the steps between cedars and found the source: three and a half year old Maire, snow-suited in navy-blue, lying nonchalantly back in her waggon and mimicking at the sky.

Relief—and that was frightening in itself—turned to anger.

"Maire!" she said sharply. "Stop that at once. What in the world do you think you're doing?"

The child tilted upright, pale curls that looked like chiffon escaping wildly from under the navy helmet.

"That's my baby," she said, her voice as severe as Elizabeth's. "My baby cries all day long."

She wasn't far removed from a baby herself, hang on to that.

"Tell her from me," said Elizabeth weakly, "that she'll have to go up to her room if she's going to make all that racket."

She left Maire scolding talkatively at the empty air; she went back up the steps and turned just in time to see Noreen Delaney, the children's young nursemaid, rounding the corner of the house, her cheeks rosy with cold, her voice full of reproach.

"Maire Ann March, I thought you were a nice big girl. Here's poor little Jeep been looking for you, but he thought it was a baby on the lawn and not his sister."

She caught sight of Elizabeth then, and permitted herself a smile and an anxious "You'll catch your death without a coat, Mrs. March. I thought I might pull them once around the block in their waggon before supper."

"Don't get too cold yourself," said Elizabeth. "Oh, we're all mittened. In you go, Jeep."

Jeep, John Paul when he attained the age of dignity, climbed laboriously into the red waggon. At two, Elizabeth thought, watching, it must be quite a hazardous feat. He accomplished it safely, Maire shouted, "Take good care of my baby, Mama." Noreen turned for a smile and a wave, and they were gone, down the lawn and under the trees and behind the high privet hedge.

Elizabeth, shivering, went back to the fire. She wasn't really aware of physical cold; the chill was deep and inner. She blamed herself for her annoyance at Maire; the child was—what would the specialists call it?—compensating. And Jeep too, very possibly, because who knew what went on behind the wide, wondering eyes of a two-year-old boy?

They heard talk about doctors and hospitals and a baby and apparently understood nothing, but when Elizabeth left in that white, rigid hush, to be gone two weeks, they expected her to return with a baby.

And so did I, thought Elizabeth leadenly, and so did I.

Skip that, skip with every ounce of mental strength the thing that happened daily to thousands of women—the pain, the confusion, the submission; afterwards the serene and lazy wonder: a sister for Maire, or a boy to bounce and tumble with Jeep? And then her doctor at her bedside instead of a nurse; instinct told her the meaning of that—the dreadful, final meaning.

She still had to listen to his voice, ruffled out of its expensive calm, telling her that she must be brave, that she must think of the other children.

Extraneous, all of it, because that was six weeks ago and she was well again. She had rested obediently and swallowed quantities of capsules, and allowed herself to be caught up again in the hair-raising pace set by two small children.

There were still the nights, long, merciless, loud with the things that Oliver, her husband, would not say. That if she had listened to him, if she had not been so illogically insistent upon flying to New York for the wedding of a friend, her accident on the way to join him at the airport could never have happened.

If he had said it, if he had not turned his head away so sharply when she tried to say it, its echoes would have died away between them before this.

But it was the days that you lived and gradually the sense of loss had dulled; little by little Oliver's face had lost its quietly frantic look.

After a while, with the help of a new nurse for the children and the efficient presence of a cousin temporarily turned housekeeper, it was almost as though the months of waiting and the final failure had never been.

Except that there was something wrong, something as delicate and disturbing as motion sensed out of the corner of the eye. And it was this that made Elizabeth afraid.

SOMEWHERE in the house branches scraped against a window. The wind was sharpening... were the children warm enough? But Noreen had said just around the block; they'd be back at any minute. Elizabeth left the hearth and crossed the room to the round, gilt mirror and looked deliberately at herself.

The glass distorted, and gave back a humbly small image. Black cashmere, small, creamy face above it, still a little too hollow in the cheeks, with hair the pale, sunny color of Maire's. Indeterminate eyes—blue? green?—too wide in concentration under surprisingly dark brows.

Afraid? asked Elizabeth of the searching eyes. Afraid of what?

Nothing she could face. Like the motion caught or imagined in the tail of the eye, the uneasiness hid when she looked for it. Or, rather, it took on the color of any circumstance so that it might be concealed in almost anything.

It might be Oliver, with his new and disconcerting habit of watching her when he thought she didn't notice. Watching almost clinically—and remembering?—so that when he would say casually "Tired?" she marshalled her answer as carefully as though he were a visiting psychiatrist and not the man she had loved without guard for five years.

It might be Constance Ives, Elizabeth's second cousin, taking over—soothingly, quietly—any household affair requiring more thought than, say, a five-year-old child could give it.

Constance, in Massachusetts on a chance visit to the cousin she hadn't met more than twice in her thirty-plus years, had been a rock in those first dream-like days after the hospital. She was a

wall now, steady, reliable—and completely unavailable.

Or the wrongness might be in Lucy Brent. Why, thought Elizabeth edgily, must I be carried off to Bonwit's on shopping trips when there isn't a thing I want? Or to fashion shows, which I loathe? Or on long drives, ending up with tea at some horribly quaint place, which must bore Lucy nearly as much as they do me? Is it occupational therapy, or what?

She was ashamed of that instantly, because Lucy, bound by no ties at all beyond a friendship of two years' standing, was merely doing her darning, dragonfly-best to divert Elizabeth, and sacrificing, along the way, quite a few hours of her beloved high-stakes bridge. And Lucy had no children, and no recognition of children, so that she couldn't know.

Oddly enough, of them all, it was Lucy's husband whom Elizabeth had felt most at ease with in the past few weeks. Steven Brent was shy and thoughtful and often inarticulate; where her cousin Constance Ives was a rock, he was a cushion, but in the buoyant and deliberate way that a life-raft is a cushion.

Of them all, it was Steven who had said openly, "I wish we could help. But you'll deal with it in your own way," and had then gone on treating her as a normal, intelligent woman.

Normal.

Voices on the frosty air. Maire's: "Mama! Where are you, Mama? I found a duck!" Jeep's, tearful: "Mine, MINE," and then an outburst of rage and sorrow. The waggon rattled, Noreen's voice threaded serenely through the altercation. Jeep's sobs quieted.

Elizabeth went to the door, feeling as though she had come out of shadow into sunlight, and soberly admired a wooden duck faded from countless rains. Noreen, brick with zippers and mittens in the lighted kitchen, nodded at the duck and said conversationally, "Expendable, I think, as soon as possible? We had to take it along to avoid a scene."

She smiled at Maire as she said it. Countless other Delaneys had obviously followed Noreen into the world. Elizabeth thought gratefully. She said, "Oh, I wouldn't worry, let them have it if they want it."

Jeep gave the duck a look of love. Maire, losing interest, put up a hand to Elizabeth's and began to pull her towards the door. Noreen said doubtfully, "They say they don't want scrambled eggs, Mrs. March..."

"Oh yes, they do," said Elizabeth with firmness, and caught Noreen's eye. "This is the entering wedge, I warn you. Put your foot down fast."

The worried look vanished from the young, too-thin face. Not the twenty-two she said she was, thought Elizabeth with a momentary qualm; probably not a day over twenty. But you could need a job and a home just as much at twenty as at twenty-two, and the girl was competent and seemed content. The children had taken to her instantly, and that was ninety per cent. of the battle.

The grip of Maire's hand grew more impatient, "I'll tell you a secret, Mama—"

The secret, Elizabeth knew, allowing herself to be escorted into the living-room, would be long and completely inaudible, with Maire's pink-silk cheek pressed earnestly against her own and her lips moving soundlessly.

In the instant before she sat down on the couch, Elizabeth caught a tiny sliding reflection of their

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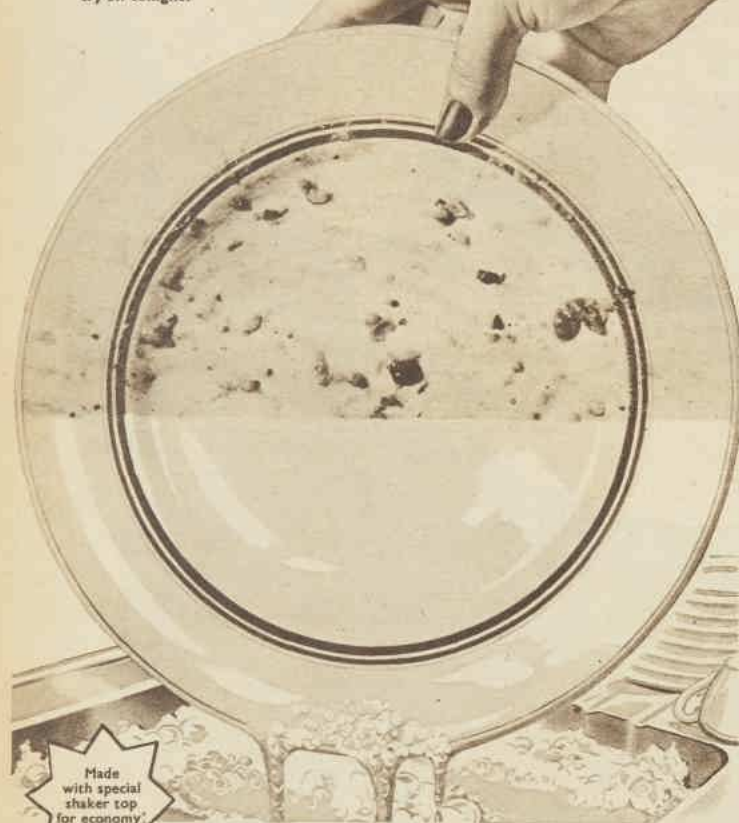
BY URSULA CURTISS

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raced through her mind. Not an acci-
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HELPING THEMSELVES as their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara, hands round the birthday cake are the Quads and their three party guests. From left, the children are: Jan Nicholson, Phillip, Mark, Judith, Ian and Geoffrey Stuart, Alison, and Geoffrey Sara.

Quads' party for fourth birthday

● Bellinghen's Sara Quads are growing up. Between August 17 and August 19 Alison, Phillip, Judith, and Mark Sara celebrate their fourth birthdays.

THE children had their last birthday in England when they visited their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Holmes, so this is the first time in Australia that the children really understand what all this birthday business is about.

The pictures on these pages were taken at a birthday party held ahead of the actual dates.

This year the Quads had four cakes, two with pale blue icing for the boys, and two with pale pink for the girls.

There was such excitement when the children saw the cakes, party hats, whistles, crackers, and party trimmings that they made a dive for the table and each stood behind a cake, not bothering until later whether Alison was behind Mark's, Phillip's, or her own.

Asked to blow out the candles in turn, Alison, Mark,

and Judith were left out of things when Phillip puffed at the candles on the nearest cake as soon as they were lit.

Once the cake was cut and distributed they lost interest in the proceedings and switched their attention to four plates of popcorn and sweets.

Even though they are Quads the children are as different in personality as they are in looks.

Alison and Mark are the independent two. Alison is talking rather better than the others and is quite content to go her own way. She knows how to get it, too.

Phillip is the quiet one, but has no trouble in getting what he wants in his own patient way. If the others happen to squabble over some object, Phillip waits until they have lost interest and then takes over without opposition.

Judith and Mark have begun

By
JANET BAILEY,
staff reporter

to help their mother around the house. Sometimes they are more hindrance than help, but they are willing.

They dry the dishes occasionally and are careful not to drop anything. Both children have to stand on tiptoe to reach the dishes in the sink.

Now that they can all talk, the young Saras can be pretty noisy at times, but Betty Sara is always calm.

Even in the midst of chaos, when one Quad has to be comforted over a skinned knee, another has misplaced a favorite toy, and the two others are clamoring, "Mummy, look," she handles the situation with perfect control.

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BIRTHDAY CAKES for each of the Quads have pink icing for the girls, blue for the boys. There seems to be some mix-up as Mark, Judith, and Phillip look anxiously at Alison's cake to see if she has the right one.



OPENING birthday presents, Judith watches while Alison tears the wrappings from a black mammy-doll. Alison plans to call the doll Susie. Mark and Phillip were delighted with their presents of bright red, scale-model tractors.



JOINING THE FUN, seven-year-old Geoffrey, the Quads' big brother, adds to the party spirit and shows Alison how to make the most noise with a hooter. Phillip, Judith, and Mark, conferring in a corner, are more interested in comparing notes on their exciting new birthday presents.

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Dentist on tour...

Children who live in isolated areas in outback New South Wales are too far from town to visit the dentist, so the dentist goes to them. He makes his visit in a dental van conducted by the Far West Children's Health Scheme. Story and pictures on these pages tell of his tour.



"WHAT'S GOING ON?" asks Tony Watson as he sits on Colin Pack's shoulders to look through the window at the dentist's improvised surgery at the Canbelego school.

AT Mount Hope, on the central western plains of N.S.W., a dusty, battered utility pulled up outside the hotel, and the driver leaned out. "Hey, mister, are you the bloke that's pulling the teeth?" he called.

The superintendent of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, Mr. J. Ness, looked up from unloading the Far West dental van and walked over to the utility.

In the front seat of the utility was the man who had called out to him. Beside him sat his wife, holding a baby, and in the back seven tousled heads popped out through the top and sides of the worn canopy.

After hearing that the family had been chasing the dental unit from town to town for about 80 miles, Mr. Ness had a hurried conference with the Far West dentist on the tour, Dr. Walter Wearn.

In a few minutes the dental gear that had been used only an hour earlier at the Mount Hope school had been removed from the van, the instruments and basins sterilised, and the bathroom of the hotel transformed into a surgery.

Soon afterwards, the utility drove off with the family, four of the children now minus 24 troublesome teeth.

Staff photographer Ernest Nutt and I joined the dental unit when it was two-thirds of the way through its tour. The dental team comprised Mr. Ness and his wife, Dorothy, who acted as recording clerk, Dr. Wearn, and Mrs. Ralph Buring, who was the volunteer first-aid nurse.

By the end of the three weeks' tour—the seventh in nine years—the team had



visited 23 towns and travelled more than 2500 miles.

And the dentist, working in schoolrooms warmed by blazing fires, in hotel rooms, and in his own bedroom, had treated 949 children, removed 1892 teeth, and filled 175 more.

Five children in one family had a total of 53 teeth extracted, one youngster had 10 abscessed teeth removed, and a 14-year-old boy had 16 teeth extracted.

At times Dr. Wearn worked

By
NONI ROWLAND,
staff reporter

by the light of kerosene and hurricane lamps, and, on several occasions, with the aid of torchlights.

Jammed into the small van, we travelled with the team from Nymagee on the central western plains, through Canbelego, Hermidale, Tottenham, Albert, and Tullamore to Fifield, the last town included in the tour.

We shared with the team the discomforts of the bone-rattling, corrugated roads that run in a straight line for scores of miles through fenced, dry paddocks thick with gum-trees but with little grass.

"IT DIDN'T HURT," says 11-year-old John Polack, pointing out to a group of his interested school-mates the work the dentist has done.

We unpacked and packed our bags in small bush hotels, groaned about the lack of hot water, and piled on extra woollens to keep out the cold in the early morning and evening.

But, as city folk, we also shared with them the pleasure of coming across a mob of kangaroos and emus, the sight of tall trees outlined against an uncluttered blue sky, and the rich emerald-green of occasional outfields.

We learnt a lot more about life in the country, its advantages and discomforts. And we realised for the first time what it means to have to travel 50 and 60 miles to the nearest dentist or doctor instead of calling in next door or travelling five or ten minutes in a tram to see him.

When we arrived in Nymagee on a cloudless Sunday, the dental team were relaxing after two weeks on the dusty outback roads and a tight schedule of school dental treatments.

After an early night, we climbed into the van next morning and drove several

SCHOOLROOM IS HIS SURGERY

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UNDER THE SIGNPOST at Fifield township, Mrs. J. Pearce points out the way to Mr. Ness, superintendent of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, who drove the dental van.

hundred yards to a neat cream-and-red schoolhouse, where our arrival was heralded by a mixed chorus of excited cheers and frightened squeals. The sunny school verandah was selected as the best site for the dental work and the equipment was quickly unloaded and placed on desks brought from the schoolroom.

In a few minutes, the pressure stoves were alight to heat water to sterilise the instruments, the dentist had donned his white coat, and Mrs. Buring had changed into a nurse's soft blue uniform and veil.

While the pedal drill was being assembled beside a rough wood chair on the verandah, I asked youthful teacher Donald Hyde how the children had reacted to the news of the dentist's visit.

"Well," he said with a grin, "there was a great deal of excited talk until about Friday. Then on Friday afternoon it became a little more serious."

"The kids then began saying things like 'Gosh, I wonder if it will hurt,' and 'The dentist had better watch out for his fingers, because if he hurts me I'll bite them.'"

Meanwhile, the dentist had begun work, and our conversation was interrupted suddenly by a tawny-haired, freckled-faced nine-year-old boy who came racing up to his teacher shouting, "Boy, oh boy, I didn't have to have anything done. Boy, oh boy, I got off scot-free."

But the next patient, a tiny tot of six, was not so lucky. He had 12 teeth out.

A small bundle of misery, clutching a ball and balloon that are handed to every child after his session in the chair, he was driven home to his mother.

At Hermidale school, grins replaced tears on the face of one small boy when he found that nothing had to be done to his teeth.

But a quarter of an hour later he was dragged back to the school by his mother, whom I overheard say, "If you've been putting something over me and haven't seen the

dentist, you'll be in trouble, my boy."

At many of the schools we visited in towns that had once been prosperous copper and gold mining centres, a number of the children "lit out for the scrub."

Most were pursued by their mothers, who marched them firmly back to the dentist. The boys on bicycles, however, were harder to find, and I remember one weary mother returning after a fruitless search saying, "Talk about the wild west kids!"

However, most of the youngsters recovered quickly and were soon surrounded by a crowd of others demanding, "Go on, give us a look! How many did you have out? Gee, four!"

Those still shaken or not cold-blooded enough to open their mouths for inspection satisfied their questioners by holding up the necessary number of fingers to show how many teeth they had lost.

Some did even better and were able to produce the teeth taken out. These were

solemnly handed around for everyone to have a look at and then pocketed to take home "because the fairies will give me sixpence each for them."

One of the earliest patients in the chair at Nymagee school was curly-haired Michael, aged 5, whose family should remember well the Far West dental tour.

Michael's teeth were perfect and needed no attention, but his mother and father were not so lucky.

Soon afterwards, his mother had one tooth extracted. The previous evening his father had had 18 teeth extracted at the hotel.

When news of the extractions spread to the bar, the drinkers took up a collection and raised £25/11/2 for the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

At most of the schools we

SCHOOLROOM at Hermidale, in the central western area of N.S.W., serves as a surgery for touring dentist, Dr. Walter Wearn, and volunteer first-aid nurse, Mrs. Ralph Buring.

visited the team found parents waiting with their children after driving from properties up to 50 miles away.

At Canbelego I spoke to Mrs. R. Treverrow, who had driven in with her four children, Les (12), Bill (11), Joan (9), and two-year-old John. The three older children all had teeth extracted.

Mrs. Treverrow lives in a marquee on a property 18 miles out of town, where her husband works as a rabbit trapper.

"Only my husband, the baby and I sleep in the marquee," she said. "Joan sleeps in the front of the truck and the boys sleep on mattresses in the back."

Mrs. Treverrow, who gets her meat from the station and cooks on an open fire, told

me that she wouldn't change her marquee for a city dwelling.

"There's no rush and bustle in the country," she explained, "and it's free and easy and healthy for the children. They do their school lessons by correspondence."

It was at Canbelego that the dentist treated his oldest patient on the tour, Mr. C. Morris, who lives 20 miles out of town on a property he owns.

Although the tour is designed primarily for children, no adult is ever refused treatment and no charge is made.

Mr. Morris arrived in a utility with his daughter-in-law, Mrs. D. Morris, and her three children, Lesley (9), Ross (7), and Joan (6).

"We received a telephone call from a neighbor telling us that the dentist had arrived," Mrs. Morris told me.

"We should have been here half an hour earlier, but Mr. Morris got worried at the last minute about how difficult his teeth would be to pull and we had a lot of trouble getting him into the truck."

However, this tall, white-haired old gentleman marched in bravely after his grandchildren and after asking with a smile that must have cost an effort "Do I look white?" sat quietly while two teeth were extracted.

"Later, while we were having lunch with the schoolteacher, Mr. A. Knight, and his wife in their cottage in the school grounds, Mr. Morris came over to give Mr. Ness a donation for the Far West Scheme.

At Tottenham school I met the first woman teacher I had encountered on the tour.

Attractive 21-year-old Jan

Cowle previously taught in Parkes, but is now happily settled in Tottenham.

"I like the city for holidays," she told me, "but wouldn't like to settle there. I find it very quiet out here, but I like country life. There is a ball about once a fortnight in the district, tennis on the week-ends, and films every Saturday night."

At various schools we visited, some of the teachers and their children also lined up for dental treatment.

At Tottenham, Mrs. Marion Wallace, wife of the headmaster, had five teeth out.

With a handkerchief over her mouth, she came up to Mr. Ness and me sitting in the van and asked us over to her home for afternoon tea.

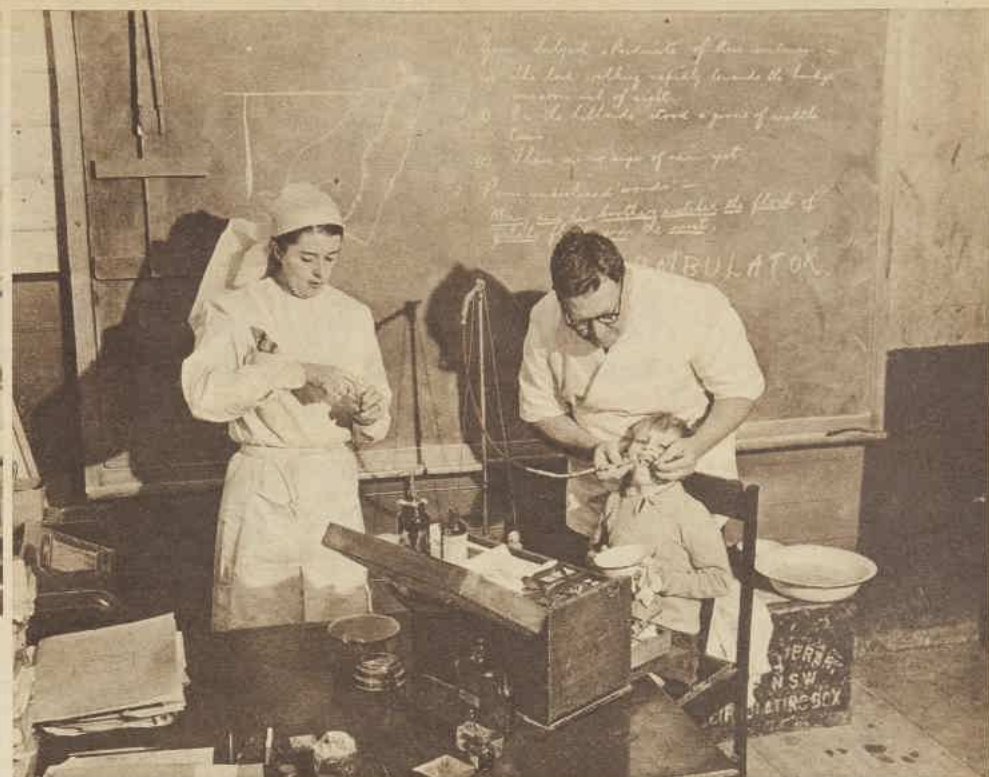
When we murmured because of her session in the chair, Mrs. Wallace said, "Nonsense, come right over. With five children you can't worry about getting a few teeth out."

When we did knock on her door we found that she had been busy all afternoon baking biscuits in a fuel stove and preparing savories for us in between coping with crying children.

On the last day of the tour the team had just packed up their gear for what they thought was the last time when a car pulled up outside the Fifield school.

An apologetic father explained that he had driven in from his farm 40 miles out with his daughter, who was suffering from toothache. He said that he would have arrived earlier if he had known the team would be finished their job in half a day.

In a few minutes the equipment was taken out of the van again and shortly afterwards the 949th patient was on her way home.



Exciting time for children



WAITING THEIR TURN to visit the dentist at Tullamore school, aboriginal brothers and sisters, members of the Dunn family, smile cheerfully. They are (from left) 10-year-old Winnie, six-year-old Sabu, eight-year-old Emily, and 12-year-old Saba.

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LAVISH PARTY FOR AUSTRALIAN DEB.



MR. JOHN BOVILL, of Sydney, was a guest at the London party Mr. Stanley Smith gave for his daughter Barbara. Mr. Bovill was photographed at one of the pink champagne bars. Also in the picture is lovely model Miss Joan North.



TWO of the year's crop of debutantes, Caroline York and Claire Baring, chat between dances with Peter Ward, a friend of Princess Margaret. Two orchestras played continuously throughout the party, which lasted until well after the dawn had arrived.



PLAYWRIGHT Mary Hoxley Bell (extreme left) with her husband, actor John Mills, Lady Elizabeth Clyde, daughter of the Duke of Wellington, and her husband, Capt. T. Clyde.

FAMOUS MODEL Barbara Goalen (above) attended the party with her husband, Mr. Nigel Campbell. Recently married, Barbara has retired from work in the fashion world.

● Few parties have caused as much interest as that given by Australian millionaire Mr. Stanley Smith to launch his 18-year-old daughter, Barbara, into the whirl of a London season. The simple invitation "At Home" at the Stoll Theatre masked a brilliant ball that cost the father of the debutante £10,000. The Stoll Theatre was completely transformed into a magnificent Edwardian scene for the evening. Mr. Smith, busy with his business affairs in Hongkong, was unable to attend the party. His guests included Lord and Lady Blandford, Lord Plunket, the Marquis of Milford Haven, Mr. Charles Sweeney, Norman Hartnell, Sarah Chester Beatty, the Honorable Antonia Pakenham, Viscount Lumley, and Lady Yorke, whose mother, Lady Hardwicke, arranged the party. Pictures by David Potts, of Sydney.



YOUTHFUL HOSTESS Barbara Smith (above) receives the guests at the party assisted by Mrs. Galvin, wife of her godfather, Mr. John Galvin.

THE MAHARAJAH and Maharanee of Jaipur and friends (below) watch the dancing from one of the decorated theatre boxes over the dance floor.



Dame Sybil's hints on husbands

"I chased my man," confesses famous actress

Young women in search of a husband couldn't do better than follow the example of Dame Sybil Thorndike, the famous English actress.

DAME SYBIL, accompanied by her actor husband, Sir Lewis Casson, is visiting Australia for a series of dramatic recitals.

White-haired and gracious, Dame Sybil is characterised by her verve, enthusiasm, and determination, three qualities she has brought to all of her activities—even to that of getting a husband!

"I had to chase Lewis to get him," she admitted frankly. "We met in 1908 when we were both acting in Dublin. I liked him, but he took not the slightest notice of me."

"Then we met again and he asked my opinion of the suffragettes, who were just then coming into prominence."

"I had to confess I hadn't given them a single thought. Lewis nearly dropped in his tracks, for he was a very ardent supporter."

"I realised that if I were to cut any ice with him I had better learn about suffragettes, and quickly. I did. We were married within three months."

Dame Sybil defers to Sir Lewis all the time when she is speaking, and it is quite obvious that these are two people for whom marriage is a career first and foremost.

"We don't want to be smug about our marriage," she said. "Just because we have made a go of it for 46 years does not mean we do not understand when other couples are not so fortunate."

"Lewis and I were lucky. He was one of seven children, and I was one of four. We were both taught to give and take in our younger years."

"My father was a parson, and I think there is nothing better than being brought up in a religious household to learn the spirit of tolerance."

"Lewis and I had the same values when we came to know each other."

Four children

THE Cassons have had four children, but that did not deter them from continuing their stage careers.

They went from success to success, and in 1931 Dame

By
WINFRED BISSET,
staff reporter

Sybil was given the honor of Dame of the British Empire.

In 1940 Sir Lewis became president of Actors' Equity, and from 1942 to 1945 was Drama Director to the British Arts Council. He was knighted in 1945 for his "services to the theatre."

About her acting Dame Sybil was as frank as she was about her marriage.

"I really wanted to be a pianist," she said, "but a nervous cramp in the wrist stopped my career there. So I turned to acting. I had always acted just for the fun of it, but, nevertheless, I had to work hard to perfect my technique."

"My brother Russell and I started off together at the Ben Greer Academy of Acting. I still grieved about giving up music, but, whereas my mother was a natural musician, I had to come to the conclusion my natural bent lay elsewhere."

While Dame Sybil's entry into the stage world was comparatively simple, Sir Lewis had many experiences before finally accepting the stage as his career.

He was born at Birkenhead



FAMILY GROUP. Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson, with their son, Mr. John Casson. John, a stage producer who has worked in Australia, is the eldest of the Casson family of four.

in 1872 and brought up in North Wales. After leaving Ruthin Grammar School he started to build church organs for his father, who had given up banking in order to turn his hobby of organ-building into a profession.

The business crashed because country churches, his main customers, were notoriously slow in paying. So Lewis started at an iron

foundry, but was soon out again and at the Central Technical College in Kensington, this time studying to be a chemical engineer.

He qualified, but his spare-time amusements of theatricals and music were beginning to demand more and more of his time, and he abandoned engineering for acting.

Asked how Australia would achieve a National Theatre,

the Cassons countered with a question of their own: "How are your audiences?" To them a National Theatre must grow from the demands of the audiences.

In their opinion, Australia should have her own national theatre, as they considered Australia has something to say. "You have your actors," Sir Lewis said, "but you need producers."

"Four Good Reasons why Mrs. Sara uses Velvet Soap"



says *Aunt Jenny*

"Quadruplicate mischief means a big daily wash—so Mrs. Sara needs all the help Velvet can give."



CHARMING MRS. SARA gets a hand from the Quads' big brother, Geoffrey. "When I'm not washing I'm washing up," smiles the Quads' mother. "But good pure Velvet makes both jobs easier. And I do like it for my hands."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE: Wherever they go the Quads are the centre of attraction. They must be well-dressed—and always are. "Sometimes I think the Quads get their clothes dirty four times faster than other children," laughs their mother, "so I'm certainly glad of Velvet—especially for those very grimy parts. Its extra-soapy suds keep their cottons fresh and neat and their woollies soft and warm."



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... a Feltex service to you



RUTH SLOANE, M.S.I.D.,
well-known Interior
Decorator tells you how to
make the best of your home

LOUNGE

A new and lovely shade called Pigeon Grey was used for the floor of this striking little room, which strongly accents the Chinese influence.

Walls were painted terra cotta, with a contrasting string grey ceiling. With these colors, eggshell white shantung curtains and white folding screen created a brilliant effect against the terra cotta walls.

The background of the glazed chintz used on the furniture was also eggshell white and the bamboo pattern in shades of chocolate brown and pebble sand, all in complete harmony with the grey floor, which formed the basis for this unusual and restful color scheme.

BEDROOM

When you study this lovely bedroom, the thought of spring and the lilac tree in full blossom must surely come to your mind. We have chosen this spring toning as a color plan for our bedroom. Beginning with the floor, we used Pine Green Marbled Feltex (706) as a basis for the deep lilac which is the predominant note.

Behind the bed the wall was papered in an unusual wall-paper of forest green background with a white rope trellis design.

The remaining walls and ceiling were painted zircon green (a cross between blue and green and harmonising with the floor), all woodwork and hanging dressing table lights were painted oyster white, creating a sharp contrast with the darker colors.

Our lilac blossom theme came to life with lilac linen on the bedspread, dressing table stool and two bedroom chairs.

A simple scheme, yet most interesting and refreshing—and easy for any home-maker to achieve.

YOUNG MAN'S ROOM

I have yet to meet a man, young or old, who does not quickly respond to blue.

This young man's room with its "Double-decker" is the perfect answer for the smaller home of to-day.

Because we feel sure we are right, we have given him cornflower blue Marbled Feltex (705) for his floor covering, with a lighter blue ceiling and citron yellow walls.

Bright cherry red weave was used for the bedcovers and chair seat, giving contrast and warmth to a practical room, which has charm in the modern manner.

Ruth Sloane

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Awaiting her October baby . . .

Lady Hillary busy keeping house

Lady Hillary, now awaiting the birth of her first child in October, has settled down to her long-deferred role of housewife in the first permanent home she and her husband, Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Mt. Everest, have had since their marriage last September.

SIR EDMUND and Lady Hillary's home is at 8 Patey Street, Remuera, a suburb of Auckland. It is a roomy, comfortable bungalow they have rented fully furnished.

Conspicuous in the front room is a white-covered easy-chair made in the shape of a miniature Mt. Everest. This was presented to Sir Edmund at a gathering of Auckland citizens last year.

Lady Hillary found their home when she house-hunted while waiting patiently during the four months her husband was away on his second and latest trip to the Himalayas.

This second expedition—an attempt to climb other Himalayan peaks—ended in near disaster when Sir Edmund broke three ribs and caught pneumonia in rescuing a fellow New Zealander, James McFarlane, who had fallen into a crevasse.

Anxious weeks passed for Lady Hillary before news came from Nepal that her husband had recovered.

When he returned, well again, to Auckland, Sir Edmund took his wife on a fortnight's tour in the new car they bought while in England.

At Dunedin, Sir Edmund visited the headquarters of the New Zealand Alpine Club. A few days later he officially opened the new chair-lift for skiers at Mt. Ruapehu, the North Island's famous winter playground. Then he and his wife returned to their home.

Although looking forward to "living quietly for a while," Lady Hillary says she will not stand in her husband's way if he plans yet another expedition to the Himalayas. "If he wants to go, he can," she says.

Mount Everest has many associations for Lady Hillary.

Jigsaw Story Contest

REMEMBER that the closing date for entries in our Jigsaw Story Contest is August 25.

First prize in this competition is £1000. Forty-five other prizes totalling £1000 will also be awarded.

There is no limit to the number of entries you may send, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons published in the eight issues of the paper dated from June 16 to August 4.

These issues set out the rules of the contest.

They began in her early schooldays, when, as Louise Mary Rose, of Auckland, she learnt about the mountain, and, like most other schoolgirls of her age, felt some resentment towards it.

While it was easy enough to remember that Mt. Everest is the world's highest mountain, it was not so easy for little schoolgirls to remember its exact height—29,002ft.

And, in testing a schoolchild's general knowledge, teachers and examiners have a habit of asking for this figure.

As far back as 1939 Ed-

mund Hillary, in her early schooldays, when, as Louise Mary Rose, of Auckland, she learnt about the mountain, and, like most other schoolgirls of her age, felt some resentment towards it.

On Coronation Day, June 2, there came the dramatic news that Edmund Hillary, the New Zealand beekeeper, and the Sherpa Tensing had conquered Mount Everest. They were the first men in history to stand on the very roof of the world.

After descending those 29,002 feet, Hillary went off with John Hunt and the remainder of the party to England—and the acclaim of the whole world.

Edmund Hillary and John Hunt were knighted by their young Queen.

But Sir Edmund was thinking of his parents in Auckland and of Louise. As soon as he could, he left the admiring British and set off for home.

When his plane reached Sydney he met Louise and they became engaged. It was a well-kept secret, and even the keenest-eyed of Sydney pressmen and presswomen did not discover it.

Sir Edmund continued his journey to Auckland. A few days later Louise announced her engagement, packed up, and followed him.

They were married in the chapel at her old high school on September 3. The 22-year-old girl was now the wife of New Zealand's most celebrated knight.

The day after the wedding the couple left by plane on the first stage of a honeymoon that most girls dream about but few experience. It lasted six months and took them to the majority of the great cities of Britain, Europe, Canada, and America.

In London, the combined honeymoon-lecture tour began.

Sir Edmund (his wife always calls him "Ed") was so busy that his wife had to do the house-hunting. First they were lent a studio-flat in Chelsea, but soon they moved to a flat in South Kensington.

Here Lady Hillary settled down to do her famous husband's washing and mending.

On the more important occasions she was at her husband's side. At evening gatherings she was a charming figure in a ballerina-length organza gown.

At the Festival Hall in London she realised one of her greatest wishes—a dress-circle seat at an orchestral concert conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. In this hall, too, she was presented to the Queen.



LADY HILLARY

mund Hillary, a lanky young New Zealander, had declared, "Some day I am going to climb Mt. Everest." His passion for climbing grew as he gained skill and experience as a mountaineer in New Zealand's Southern Alps, and he never forgot his resolve.

Louise is the younger daughter of Mr. J. H. Rose, an enthusiastic mountaineer and the president of the New Zealand Alpine Club.

After leaving the fashionable Diocesan High School, she attended Auckland University College to study music.

It was inevitable that Edmund Hillary should become friendly with the Rose family and be attracted by Louise, for she is, like himself, the outdoor type.

In addition to her music and her long country walks, she loves gardening, preferring to grow vegetables rather than flowers.

Hard work at the University won her a diploma of music. Then early last year she sailed for Australia to continue at Sydney Conservatorium her studies in music as a viola player.

In May last year newspapers gave headlines to the



"Ah! The stage, laden with gold and pretty women! Been up there long, Shorty? Only 3 hours, but that's kid's stuff in Monarch action-cut 'Shortees.' They're tough outside, roomy inside, and they can't chafe."



A spectacular leap and the stage driver is quickly overpowered. "I didn't have a chance in my old dungarees," he later testified. "But he was wearin' Monarch action-cut 'Shortees.' I sure learned my lesson about Monarchs."



"Money or your life," demands Shorty. "But I'm poor," pleads Honest Ned, pointing to his patched shorts. "Poor judge, you mean. Wear Monarchs, they're long-lifers." And Shorty rides off, leaving feminine hearts aflutter.



"Wasn't he handsome, Maybelle?" "I don't know about him, but those Monarch 'Shortees' sure looked cute. I'm going to buy a pair for my Henry." So Shorty got the gold, and the girls got to know about Monarch.



Monarch "Shortees", originally designed in America, are strongly made in hard-wearing denim, herringbone and drill.

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ALL THESE EXTRAS:

20% stronger material—extra wear in every pair.

'Nonrol' waistband. Tailored fly. Non-chafe seams and trimmings. Double lock-stitched double seams. Extra seat room for extra freedom. Sanforized drill, six different colours.

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Cyril Ritchard's new success

PETER PAN GOES MUSICAL

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

Playgoers in San Francisco are seeing a new kind of theatrical "Peter Pan" performed as a musical comedy. Presiding over this blending of Broadway and Barrie are two celebrated stage personalities, veteran Australian actor Cyril Ritchard and the first lady of American song-and-dance, Mary Martin.

BETWEEN them they have almost a monopoly of the stage.

Ritchard plays two parts and Mary is helped by her 12-year-old daughter, Heller, playing Wendy Darling.

While keeping to the spirit of the original fantasy, the Ritchard-Martin production makes several innovations.

Peter, played by Mary Martin, acquires the saucy voice and ingenue charm that belonged to Nurse Nellie Forbush in the original "South

ing children antedated the Wright brothers by several years. In the new version of the play practically everyone is airborne. Miss Martin takes off at regular intervals, propelled by invisible guy wires. But her flighty airs don't do a bit of good, because, quick as you can say "Flying Boxcar," the bloodthirsty Mr. Ritchard pursues her on his own private airlift.

All in all, said Mr. Ritchard (who is also assistant-director of the production), it's quite a problem in staging.

"We had to send to Britain for an aerial expert from Kirby's Flying Ballet," he told me on the telephone from California.

"Peter Pan was really written for grown-ups, you know.

"It's a satirical bit of business, and we hope our new little touches will delight all superannuated fans of Never-Never Land."

"Peter Pan" opened on July 19 at San Francisco's Curran Theatre. It will run there for four weeks and then move to Los Angeles.

After that, Leland Hayward and Edwin Lester, the producers, hope to take it to Broadway.

With "Peter Pan," Cyril Ritchard returns to musical comedy after a three-year spell in the legitimate theatre, spent mostly off-stage.

He devoted his talents most recently to directing the Broadway hit "Almanac," starring Britain's Hermione Gingold.

Jerome Robbins, noted American musical director, has worked some novel ballet sequences into the play. One is a "mirror dance," in which Captain Hook thinks he sees himself in a full-length mirror and begins to practise his murderous antics.

But the "mirror" is only a frame, and who should be on the other side of it but Peter, caught with his wings down.

Things become hilarious as Peter prances around aping the mutton-headed pirate, who thinks he's seeing his own reflection.

Mary Martin, who has been casting around for a suitable comic vehicle since she closed in her ill-starred venture with Charles Boyer into legitimate drama, "Kind Sir," believes "Peter Pan" is her meat.

She also has her celebrated "poodle" hair-do back again. "I loved it so in 'South Pacific,'" she said.

In every one of her 1300 performances in the smash hit



"South Pacific," Mary washed her hair on stage while singing that popular number "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair."

She had her curls cut short specially for the role, and her new coiffure set a fashion.

She set another fashion with the six exquisite gowns specially designed for her in "Kind Sir."

New York women raved over them, dress manufacturers copied them, and women are now buying and wearing them.

Up until opening night, Mary confessed, she was apprehensive about the guy wires and harness, which have spelled disaster for more than one Peter Pan in the past.

"The hardest thing about it," she said, "is to make it look like you're not being hanged."

American audiences aren't nearly so familiar with J. M.

CYRIL RITCHARD as Captain Hook, the washbuckling pirate chief in "Peter Pan."

Barrie's 1904 fantasy as Australians are.

Walt Disney did "Peter" as a film two years ago, but there's no traditional Christmas presentation in the U.S.

Mr. Ritchard hopes his souped-up version will correct this lamentable situation.

The producers are quite prepared to export the play to Britain and Australia if the U.S. venture succeeds.



SUSPENDED ON GUY WIRES, Mary Martin, in the role of Peter Pan, flies through the air at rehearsal, while other members of the cast look on rather apprehensively.



MARY MARTIN, as Peter Pan, takes the lead in the new version of Barrie's play.

Pacific." Because it would be wasteful to have such a voice and not use it, Peter Pan breaks into song at least four times during the play.

Cyril, doubling as Captain Hook and Mr. Darling, sings three numbers in the well-rounded tones familiar to Australian audiences.

"Peter Pan" was set to music by a pair of young Tin Pan Alley songwriters named Moose Charlat and Carolyn Leigh, who composed the hit "Young in Heart."

As every wee tot knows, Peter Pan and the three Dar-

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anti-decay bubbles which surge around and between your teeth. These active bubbles find their way into crevices where decay germs breed. They give your entire mouth the full benefits of Chlorophyll—plus the full benefits of the enzyme-destroying formula. That is why Kolynos Chlorophyll Toothpaste gives you instant and greater protection from tooth decay and bad breath.

COOL! MINTY!



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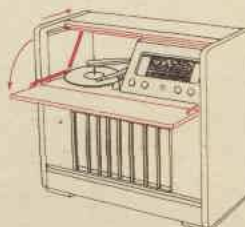
This beautifully finished radiogram will add a note of luxury to any home. Complete with all the sensational "Micromagic" features devised by Philips to give you truly thrilling listening. 125 gns., or easy terms.

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SHELTERING his bride from the rain as they leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their marriage is Lieutenant Geoff Hitchings. Mrs. Hitchings was Barbara Wearne, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Wearne, of Canberra.

UNDER AN ARCHWAY OF SWORDS Lieut-Commander Richard Wallace and his bride leave St. Mary's, Carmel, Lancashire, England. The bride was Margaret Letch, daughter of Commander and Mrs. N. A. C. Letch, of Roseville.



LEAVING St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding are Henry Frend, of "Wahroonga," Cunnah, and his attractive bride, Mrs. Frend was formerly Patricia Wallace, of Mosman.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MORE than one thousand holidaymakers will leave Sydney's wintry weather behind them when they set sail in the Orion this Friday, August 13, for a seventeen days' cruise, following the sun to Tonga and Fiji.

The ship will stop for twenty-four hours in each port and will return home via New Zealand, arriving back on August 30.

Among Orion's passengers are Mr. and Mrs. Colin Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Skidmore, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. King, Mrs. Gordon Thompson, and Mrs. Hugh Bucknell.



IN BRISBANE. Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young, and Mr. John McDonald, of Vaucluse, at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Simpson, of "Welltown," Coondivindi, before Brisbane's Exhibition Week began.



BARRACKING for Duntroon at the G.P.S.-Duntroon football match at Sydney Showground are Staff-Cadet John Hughes, of Armidale, Margaret Blackadder, of Double Bay, and Staff-Cadet Gil Duncum, of Napier, New Zealand.

JUST back home after eighteen months in England, Dr. and Mrs. John Tyrer are spending two weeks in Sydney before going on to Brisbane, where Dr. Tyrer will be Professor of Medicine at the Queensland University. Mrs. Tyrer tells me that among Australians they met in England was Dr. Geoffrey Cutler, so they were able to bring back first-hand news of him to his fiancée, Sheila Collett.

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes were showered on newly engaged Eva Herz and Ross Hornibrook at the party given for them by Eva's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Herz, of Wahroonga. Eva wore a full-skirted dress of powder-blue broderie anglaise to the party.

AFTER all the preparation and excitement of being a bridesmaid and attending Judy Killen at her marriage with Major John Swinton on August 26, Jennifer Hinder will be caught up in a whirl of activity for her own wedding. Jennifer will marry Donald Baldry at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on November 16, and her bridesmaids will be Virginia Parker and Marie Sawyer. Jennifer tells me that she and Donald hope that their house will be finished before the wedding — it is being built on "Wallandoon," Wallendbeen, the property of Donald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aldred Baldry.

PRETTY wedding gowns have been making party appearances lately . . . among them, Mrs. Michael Jones (who was Josephine Roche) in a classic dress of creamy brocade, with a design of gold lovers' knots . . . Mrs. Harry Jerram (formerly Ann Vicars), whose softly flaring dress is of heavy French lace . . . Mrs. Ken Monro (who was Sue Brunninghausen) in an enormous skirted gown of tulle and lace.

Anne



WED IN ENGLAND. Lieutenant Michael Badham and his bride after their wedding. Mrs. Badham was formerly Anabel Sweetapple, daughter of Mrs. Dora Sweetapple, of Double Bay, and the late Dr. H. A. Sweetapple.



INTERNATIONAL BALL. In national costume, Elisabeth Hess, daughter of the German Ambassador, Dr. Walther Hess, and Mrs. Hess, talks with John Cox, of Elizabeth Bay, and his fiancée, Rona Philip Bates, of Rose Bay.

THE CARBOLIC SMELL HAS GONE!

Lifebuoy now has Brand-New Perfume

Stops "B.O." as never before



SMELL IT!

The carbolic smell has gone! In its place is a refreshing, brand-new fragrance your whole family will love. 3 out of 4 people who've tried it have already voted New Lifebuoy's perfume best!



ENJOY IT!

Wash your perspiration worries away! Nothing could be nicer than a daily bath with Lifebuoy... that's all you need to protect you from "B.O.". It's the modern way to stay sweet and clean.



BE POPULAR!

Lifebuoy stops "B.O." before it starts. Gentle, fresh-smelling Lifebuoy contains Puralin to purify and deodorise better than any other toilet soap. Your whole body will glow because it's so clean.

Contains **PURALIN**, new purifying ingredient
to stop "B.O." hours longer

It's in the shops now... and it's the biggest news in toilet soaps for years! The new Lifebuoy with a refreshingly different perfume containing Puralin, a purifying ingredient which stops "B.O." the modern way! Yes, the carbolic smell has gone—yet new, fragrant Lifebuoy with its special ingredient is all you need to give you protection for hours longer. Get the big thrifty bath size Lifebuoy today!



Attractive **NEW CORAL PINK TABLET**

Now in a new-style wrapper instead of a box

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Musical prodigy



FLORENZ JENNY, 10-year-old musician, of Liestal, Switzerland, improvises on the organ at Basle Cathedral.

Ten-year-old Swiss may be new Mozart

From **ROLAND PULLEN**, in Paris

What would you do if you were the father or mother of a 10-year-old boy who is a musical genius? Would you take the boy around the world and make pots of money out of his concerts or would you bring him up quietly and normally in your own town?

THAT is the problem facing Frau and Herr Pierre Felix Jenny, a father and a mother in the little village of Liestal, near Basle, in Switzerland.

Their son Florenz is perhaps the most astonishing musical prodigy of Europe. This year Florenz will give recitals of Bach, Handel, and Pachelbel on the huge organs of the Basle Cathedral, the Zurich Grossminster, and the Strasbourg Cathedral. And he will improvise on given themes.

It's the sort of feat that Mozart and Bach performed about the same age.

Florenz's gifts are not just flash-in-the-pan genius. Riper musicians who have heard him say he has the makings of one of the great musicians of the century.

A few weeks ago Florenz's father brought him to Paris to play for Marcel Dupre, Paris' No. 1 organist and improviser, who is director of the Paris Conservatoire.

For Dupre, Florenz played the massive Prelude in G Minor of Bach. Then Dupre asked him to improvise on a theme he gave him. The boy had never improvised before. But he produced a little prelude, beautiful in form and inventiveness, that brought tears to Dupre's eyes.

Dupre said: "I see in this boy a great organist, a great composer, and a great improviser."

Then he warned the father that if the boy were to develop fully he must stop appearing in public, possibly for another 10 years, and concentrate in private on composition and practice.

So back to Liestal went

Florenz and his father to think things over.

The concerts in Basle, Zurich, and Strasbourg had already been arranged and it was too late to call them off. But they may be the last the boy will give before he comes to manhood. For Papa Jenny, who is himself the village organist of Liestal, has the highest respect for Dupre's judgment.

Even for a robust child, the burden of genius is heavy. And curly-haired Florenz is far from robust.

He loves swimming in the Swiss rivers and cycling along Swiss mountain roads, but he is delicately built, and ordinary Swiss schooling makes heavy demands on the toughest of small boys.

Dupre feels that public concerts could burn Florenz out before he develops fully.

That was the sad experience of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. His father was so anxious to let the boy be heard all over Europe that his life was cut short by fatigue and illness.



YOUNG Florenz and his sister Sulamith go walking hand-in-hand near their home.

And it has been the experience of lesser geniuses since Mozart's time.

Florenz first showed his love of music as a baby when he sat beside his father at the village organ in Liestal. He could play Christmas carols on the piano when he was three. His favorite carols were those of Holland—his mother is Dutch—and Switzerland.

At eight, Florenz gave a recital of man-size pieces in the Liestal church. It was so successful that he was invited to give another recital in Basle Cathedral—which has an enormous four-manual organ and a pedal-board Florenz's feet could just reach if he sits on the edge of the stool.

Now Florenz's fame has reached all Europe's musical centres, and tempting offers of recitals with high fees come in every week.

Florenz is the eldest of five Jenny children, all of whom are unusually musical. Sister Katherina, aged nine, plays the violin and piano. Brother Konstantin, eight, plays the viol da gamba and the piano. Sister Sulamith, five, plays a small harp. Four-year-old Tobias, the youngest brother, sings and plays the piano.

Florenz goes to school in Basle. He gets up each day at 6 a.m. and sets out for Basle at 7.30. He is allowed to leave school two hours before the other children so that he can visit Dr. Gustav Guldenstein, the Basle musician from whom he has lessons in harmony and composition.

He goes to bed at seven every night except at weekends when he is allowed to stay up to give drawing-room concerts at home for his friends. His hobbies are collecting fossils from the mountain rocks and rare sea-shells. As Switzerland has no coastline, Florenz has never seen a beach, and sea-shells are precious and mysterious to him.

His father told me: "If you have any friends in Australia who could send Florenz some shells he would be very terribly excited about them."

For teenagers

MONTHLY
TEENAGE
SECTION

How is your carriage?

WRONG or **RIGHT**

Well-known actress-model Margo Lee says that if you want to feel self-confident you must first stand, sit, and walk gracefully.

MARGO LEE says that any girl can train herself to stand, walk, and sit well, and that the confidence given by an erect, easy carriage is the best weapon against social awkwardness.

Her advice:

"Imagine you're on a string which comes out of the top of your head and is attached to the ceiling. It's just taut enough to keep your head as high as it will go, your stomach in, and your shoulders pressed down and back.

"No one can stand properly unless her feet are comfortable.

"Practice walking and standing in flat heels first, then in medium heels, and finally, if you wear them, in high heels.

"Don't leave improving your carriage until that all-important dance. If you do, you'll be stamping about stiff-legged with your chin thrust out like a lantern—a rather frightening sight for your partners.

"Practise at home in front of a long mirror."

These pictures, taken by staff photographer Clive Thompson, of Margo and 19-year-old Margaret Rose illustrate Margo's advice.



• ABOVE: Margaret sits badly, slouching over the back of the chair, her legs crossed awkwardly, dragging up her skirt.



• ABOVE right: She looks poised with legs crossed at the ankles, skirt falling in graceful folds, back erect but not stiff.



• ABOVE: Standing on one foot slumped against the wall makes Margaret look clumsy and apparently bored by the party ahead.

• RIGHT: Margaret makes a better impression by returning her "hostess" smile and looking as though she is very glad to be there.



• STANDING is wearing as well as ugly if you let your shoulders sag and stick your stomach out. Margaret found this pose tiring.



• SHOWN by Margo how to straighten up, Margaret now stands erect — looks prettier.



• WALKING with an exaggerated hip swing, a backwards lean, and badly distributed weight looks untidy and vulgar.



• FOR a graceful walk, let your weight fall on heel, then ball of foot, and finally on the toe.



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Teenage Section

CHAMBER MUSIC ISN'T LETHAL

By **BERNARD FLETCHER**



ONE of the best known and most enjoyed of all records is the Haydn "Serenade," played by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. It is a portion of Haydn's "Quartet in F, Opus 3, No. 5," and the news may come as a shock to those who think chamber music is dull stuff fit only for the lethal chamber.

The words "chamber music" mean very little. Most people think of something as dry as dust, then perhaps imagine a comic picture of a group of fiddlers sawing away for dear life, and finally dismiss it all as being "too high-brow, too hard to listen to."

To begin at the beginning, chamber music is the general title applied to instrumental works better suited for performance in a room (chamber) or a small hall than in a concert auditorium.

Broadly speaking, the title "chamber music" is usually applied to works for a string quartet, consisting of first and second violins, viola, and cello.

With the addition of a double bass, it is, in miniature, the string section of a classical or modern orchestra. Other ensembles can be made up by using the stringed instruments in combination with certain wind instruments or the harp.

Now, about this charge of dullness.

Those who describe it so are usually those who have never listened to it in the right frame of mind. Maybe they're even prepared in advance to dislike it.

Compton Mackenzie, the noted writer and critic, declares that anyone who can distinguish one simple tune from another can enjoy chamber music. That means you and me and just about everyone.

Like all other kinds of music, chamber music can be either grave or gay. Jazz is like that when you come to think of it. There are low-down blues, those laments of the

DANCE IDEAS

Cinderella

Each girl takes off one shoe and tosses it into the pile in the middle of the room. The boys are not allowed to watch. At a signal the boys choose a shoe from the pile, search for its mate, and dance with the owner.

Wild animals

Every girl is given the name of some animal whose cry she can imitate; every boy is given the name of some animal. Use four animals for the boys and four for the girls. When the host or hostess calls: "Roosters dance with donkeys," the boys who are roosters crow and rush round to find one of the braying girls as a partner. At the next call, "Lions dance with pussycats," the lions and cats take the floor.

Dummy dance

One boy is given a broom or a doll and must dance with it among the couples on the floor for a few minutes before giving it to another boy and dancing off with the girl. That boy must carry on dancing with the dummy before exchanging it for a partner.

negro spirit, and there are fast-moving, happy dance tunes. The gayer type of chamber music is the better approach for the newcomer, and, make no mistake about it, there are plenty of happy tunes to be heard.

The appeal of a hit parade number is instantaneous because the melody is obvious. Listen to it once or twice and you can whistle it.

A few months later it has been sung and whistled by everyone, and it is literally done to death. The very quality that made it popular is the reason for its short life.

During its short stay the pop song serves the very good purpose of entertaining and providing dance music, but the appeal of more carefully wrought music is imperishable. There is always a new discovery to be made by continued listening.

And that brings in the secret of appreciating chamber music—repetition. It is not "obvious" music; I might more correctly say it is not lazy music. One hearing is not enough to discover its charm.

One of my favorites is played by the Moysse Trio, a sonata for flute, violin, and piano by Bach.

Three virtuoso musicians, Cortot (piano), Thibaud (violin), and Casals (cello), have joined forces for two very fine trios—No. 1 in G Major by Haydn and the deservedly famous "Archduke" by Beethoven. One very enjoyable quartet is Dvorak's F Major, called the "Nigger," which is as melodic as his "New World" symphony.

Two other quartets that should appeal are "The Lark" by Haydn (in D Major, Op. 64, No. 5) and "The Hunt" by Mozart (in B Flat).

Despite its tragic title, "Death and the Maiden" is one of the loveliest works. It was composed by Schubert, who also wrote "The Trout" piano quintet.

I am not suggesting that you dynamite the old money-box and acquire these or any other chamber music works "on spec."

Watch your radio programmes for some quartets, or, better still, borrow some recordings. Play them a few times without concentrating, letting them sink in gradually, and then listen deliberately and carefully.

Appreciation doesn't come in a flash, but, as in most other things, that which is hard won is most valued.

Hair styles for home setting



• Petal-fringe style has curls set towards the forehead. The short sides sweep back into curled ends. Set as sketched at right.

• Three young hair styles by Paul Loraine, of Sydney. Place the pincurls as shown in the tiny sketches.



• Edwardian effect for evening. Set in large snail curls all over, as sketched above.



• Smooth top for short hair. Half-curls sweep around to cover one ear. The right side uncovers the opposite ear and moulds the head.

Kerry Hill's Column



Hi! Let's make friends! We've lots to talk about. Being a Teenager is bags of fun, but it's learning time, too. All about how to be a charmer to just everybody... to Daddy's important business friends, Mummy's dearest, oldest friends (so critical, aren't they?)... and to the nicest friends of all—your own. So let's be "high-fi"! Let's keep in touch!

Let's face it! Blackheads—the bane of youth! But don't squeeze at them recklessly. Remove make-up with cleansing cream and massage blackhead places gently. Now six or seven hot fomentations with a clean washcloth to help make the skin pliable. Press very gently with your two index fingers protected with tissue, first stretching the skin around each blackhead slightly. This works, and doesn't damage the skin! Finish off with a cotton-wool dabbing of diluted antiseptic or peroxide.

What's the real secret of popularity? Personality and charm, of course—and they come naturally with sparkling, radiant good health. So make sure you're getting lots of hearty exercise, plenty of sleep and keeping a close watch on your diet. For instance, say "no" to sweet, hard-to-digest snacks and eat fruit instead. And serve something nourishing to the gang when they pop in. Serve Vegemite sandwiches, on crackers or toast. Vegemite is delicious and good for all teenagers—because it is a pure yeast extract and provides you with Vitamins B₁, B₂ and Niacin... for energy, bounce and clear skin. These are the Vitamins your body can't store up. No wonder Vegemite's so popular!

Meet MISS TEENAGE of Victoria



She's Pam Henry, voted Victoria's loveliest teenager of 1954. Pam says: "You can't have personality and good looks without good health. That's why I enjoy Vegemite on toast every morning. Those vitamins are just what we teenagers need." (Wise girl!)

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B - Seeing You!

Kerry Hill

Krupa likes fans to "go crazy"

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

Jazz drummer Gene Krupa, who plays in Australia this week, says he will go on beating his drums as long as people will listen, and is happiest when fans gather round him and jump up and down. "I like to see them go crazy," he added, "I sure do."

DURING his visit to Australia Gene Krupa thinks he might be able to pick up a new rhythm from the beat of aboriginal instruments. Also, if he can lay his hands on a didgeridoo he will take it back and try it out on a New York audience.

Krupa will have to fit his musicological research into a tight ten-day Australian itinerary. The Krupa trio plays in Sydney on August 13 and 14; in Melbourne on the 17th and 18th; in Adelaide on the 19th; in Brisbane on the 21st. It winds up in Newcastle on August 23.

Making up the trio with Krupa are pianist Teddy Napoleon and "wind man" Eddie Shu.

Krupa, now a greying 45, has been passionately devoted to his noisy art since the age of nine. Although he's the acknowledged father of jazz percussion, he says he is "still a pupil."

The Gene Krupa trio is probably the Western world's only musical aggregation built around percussion. In a field where the spotlight normally shines on the prodigious piano or the eloquent trumpet, Krupa is consciously jousting with tradition and popular taste.

Yet he has an ample following. In Tokio last year on his way from the Nichigeki Theatre to the Ernie Pyle Memorial Theatre, a mob of shouting admirers surrounded his taxicab, lifted it bodily off the street, and, with its rear wheels spinning in mid-air, carried Krupa, Napoleon, Shu, and one very terrified Nipponese driver for half a block.

Eugene Bertram Krupa was born on Chicago's frowzy South Side, the youngest son of a city alderman.

When he was nine his mother decreed piano lessons, but his older brothers and sisters quickly wrecked the baby grand. Krupa, senior, decided that a set of traps would be cheaper. Things got noisier and noisier, until father couldn't concentrate on his speech-writing. Young Gene was

packed off to St. Joseph's seminary, where he studied for the priesthood for one year.

At his father's death in 1926, Gene left school to play in Chicago's sordid gin mills. He was heard and engaged by band-leader Joe Kayser.

Krupa's big break came in 1929 when he was called to New York to play in the orchestra of George Gershwin's Broadway show, "Strike Up the Band." It was the first white swing band to appear on Broadway and its roster now reads like a "Who's Who in Jazz": Red Nichols, leader; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Eddie Condon, guitar; Glenn Miller, trombone.

By 1934 the great "B.G." had launched out on his own; he and Krupa enlisted a mild-mannered Negro pianist named Teddy Wilson and started the Benny Goodman trio.

In the four years he spent with B.G., Krupa's income increased from 75 dollars a week to more than 50,000 dollars a year.

In 1938, Gene left B.G. to form his own orchestra and eclipsed the old master in his popularity with the younger set.

Krupa's style was a show-stopper. Typical of his production numbers was "Blue Rhythm Fantasy," written by Krupa after a study of chants and dances of the Bahutu tribe of Africa.

In the number's wild climax the entire orchestra put down their regular instruments and pounded on small drums at their stands. One section, playing in three-beat rhythm, is pitted against the other, playing in four-beat tempo. Krupa, the human dynamo, beats out a solo part above the rest.

Australia, unfortunately, will not hear this bit of Bahutu magic.

Krupa's style is based on a combination of visual and audible effects, thus is best appreciated in a theatre or concert hall rather than on records.

His hair snakes down over his forehead as he begins his work over the drums. His face takes on three expressions to reflect the mood of the music: for dreamy music, "my eyes look far away and my jaw drops"; for faster tempos, he looks like a cricket fieldman trying to catch a high-hit ball with the sun in his eyes. Some of his demoniacal rhythms evoke hair-tossing, gum-chewing abandon.

Krupa gets so carried away sometimes that he shouts imprecations at his fellow musicians, at other times contents himself by repeating the mystical incantation, "Lyonnaise potatoes and some pork chops!"

Krupa told me he got into this habit years ago when he was "tripling" (playing three dates on the same evening) with Goodman. There was so little time between engagements that the band hardly had time to eat. The "Lyonnaise potatoes and pork chops" were what he intended to eat some day when there was time.

Getting on a bit now, Krupa has banked some of the old-time fire. He eats pork chops regularly in a splendid large home just outside New York where he lives with his wife, Ethel May, whom he married in 1933, divorced in 1942, and remarried in 1946.

The Krupa trio plays engagements on week-end "packages" in night spots and high school concerts near New York. From Monday to Friday Gene is happily engaged in the Krupa-Cole School of Drumming in Manhattan. The school helps to maintain his income at high.

His overseas tours don't usually help very much financially.

"All I got out of our last trip to Sweden was a camera and an English sports car," he said. "I need the car like a hole in the head."



JAZZ DRUMMER Gene Krupa (above) photographed by Robert Feldman. Frantic miming, head-tossing, and chanting to the other players have become a hallmark of Krupa's playing and is copied by jazz drummers all over the world.



PIANIST Teddy Napoleon, third member of the trio, who has been backing Gene Krupa on and off for ten years. "I really like the guy," Teddy says. Local artists are scheduled to appear with the trio.



SECOND member of the Krupa trio is Eddie Shu (right), who plays clarinet, saxophone, harmonica, and trumpet. Before he started his musical career, he was a vaudeville ventriloquist.

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The meanest fault . . .

Jealousy is present in everyone, although no one likes to admit it, even to herself. In some it lies virtually dormant; in others, given cause and let grow, it occasions more grief than any other fault.

By JANN RYRIE

JEALOUSY is apparent from the first years of life. Even a baby resents the attention his mother pays to other children.

If your parents have not curbed this inherent tendency it is up to you to stamp it out.

You don't have to be very old to realise jealousy's unhappy consequences.

How many girl-friends have you lost respect for owing to their resentment of other people's advantages?

How often have you felt, after showing jealousy, that you have gone down in the estimation of your friends and acquaintances?

One way to help combat jealousy is to realise your own advantages. Each time you start to get hot-up because, say, Joan is better at tennis and golf than you are, work out in what ways you overshadow Joan. Remember that everyone excels in some way or other.

Listen to the story of Mildred.

Mildred envied Garnet more than anyone else. She envied Garnet's enormous house that was surrounded by a lovely well-laid-out garden. The house, as roomy as a film star's, had been decorated by experts.

"If only Mum and Dad had a home like that," Mildred used to think to herself.

One day Mildred was surprised to find Garnet crying her eyes out. What could possibly be wrong, she wondered. Surely there was nothing in the world for Garnet to cry about.

Through broken sobs, Garnet complained that she could no longer bring her friends home. Her mother was always flying into tantrums

because of spilt crumbs on the carpets or smoke fumes clinging to the curtains. They couldn't do this; they couldn't do that. Why bring them home at all?

Rene says WEAR FRUIT



• Sew a dozen fake plums on a straw or raffia beach hat . . . bunches of cherries on a string belt . . . strawberries on a raffia band . . . Paint a handful of peanuts with nail varnish in three different shades of pretty pink, string them together, and sew to a bare beach sandal.—RENE.

TEENAGE SECTION

Garnet said she wished she was in Mildred's shoes. Mildred's small, comfortable home always had the door open to droppers-in. The atmosphere was gay and friendly.

This little story is only a sample of many similar ones. It helps illustrate how one can be, or ought to be, content with what one has.

How often has a party been spoilt for you by a strikingly beautiful girl whose charms have monopolised all your would-be admirers? Plenty of times, no doubt — and you were green with envy.

Have you considered how this disagreeableness shows on your face, and how unattractive it makes you?

Whatever you do, don't be disappointed by other people's social success. Instead, make up your mind that you can be just as good company as your beautiful rival. The plainest face is welcome if accompanied by a lively and pleasant personality.

Your feelings will always show on your face. So do away with surly looks by getting rid of jealous thoughts.

Be free with your praise. Don't be afraid to compliment your friends if they deserve it. If there is no compliment you can pay, don't criticise.

A jealous girl might easily criticise the Black Watch tartan doublet Jean has bought merely because she would love to own it herself.

When she does this her jealousy of Jean is all too apparent, and I feel sure she goes down in everyone's estimation as much as she goes down in mine.

Because jealousy has such an early start, it can seldom be entirely banished. But if you have difficulty in not feeling jealous, you can at least avoid showing how you feel.

But if you can master your jealousy, you will have gone a long way towards building your character.

Basic rules for popularity

• Ask intelligent questions.

You can do this only if you are well-informed. So make it a rule to read at least one daily newspaper thoroughly. Don't just read—remember what you read.

• Be sympathetic.

Listen to other people's woes and don't try to cap theirs with troubles of your own.

• Be friendly.

A good-morning accompanied by a smile does twice as much good as a churlish grunt.

• Have something to say.

Being a good listener isn't everything. Talk to people about themselves—that's what they're most interested in. Discuss their work, their hobbies; show interest in their ambitions and hopes.

By

DEIRDRE THACKER

• Keep in touch.

Don't leave it to your friends to do the ringing up and the writing all the time.

• Be considerate.

Don't interrupt a story, steal someone's gag line, say "I've heard that one before."

• Do little favors.

Make it your business to run some small errand, offer a book, a recipe, or a pattern you think your friend would like.

• Develop and practise the social skills.

Try to improve your dancing, for instance. If you can't attend classes, enlist the help of a relative or friend.

• Don't be argumentative.

You aren't being spineless when you give in on little things. Why insist on having the last word?

• Brush up on your manners.

The rules of etiquette are few, but be sure you have no doubts about simple formalities. If you feel unsure of yourself on formal occasions, nothing gets rid of the feeling more quickly than the knowledge that what you're doing is right.

• Stop trying.

This sounds contradictory, but if you go quietly about the business of living, developing new interests, broadening your knowledge of the world around you, meeting new people through your group or club activities, you'll be surprised at the rise in your popularity rating.

With spring just around the corner, everyone seems to be planning holidays. One of the luckiest people with the nicest plans is an 18-year-old Sydney boy who is going on an eight-day cruise to Noumea in a month or two.

TOM—let's call him that—is anxious about some aspects of his trip. He has asked for a personal reply, but since this is not possible I'll answer his letter here. The reply will also cover some other travel queries.

Tom has the down-to-earth approach. He's going tourist and wants to keep expenses to a reasonable minimum.

He writes:

"I want to be sure I have enough money, but I don't want to spend all day worrying about my big roll. How much would you advise for seven days on board and one on shore? In Noumea I want to buy a souvenir or two for myself, my parents, and one or two friends.

"Are there any other things apart from personal toilet requisites I should take? Is it true that the firm provides the towels?

"What kind of sports clothes should I buy for wear on deck? Is a tuxedo essential, or would an ordinary suit suffice for evening? Also what's a good way of breaking the ice and getting to know people?"

About clothes: You'll live in slacks, shorts, and sports shirts. Take your tuxedo, although I doubt if you'll wear it. Swimming trunks are a must, so is a pullover for cool nights, and sandals or rubber-soled shoes or sandals for wear on deck.

For meals you'll look right wearing a scarf and sports shirt and slacks. Keep your ties to feel dressed-up-let's-dance at evening.

Towels are certainly provided.

Most travellers allow £2 a day for spending money.

You'll be allowed to take only a couple of Australian pounds with you; the rest you'll take in travellers' cheques. You can change these into francs either ashore in Noumea or aboard. The purser will take care of your money queries.

Your cabin steward will be an important person. He'll probably know the answer if anything stumps you.

You won't find much to buy ashore. Perfume is plentiful and about one-third of the price here; so are liquors.

find that other people will meet you more than half way in breaking the ice.

"I AM almost 16 and have just moved into a new town where I don't know anyone. I am very lonely here. Would you please put this in your column, asking for a boy penfriend about 16 or 17 years old? I would be very pleased if you could help me."

Kim Timbs, 166 Villiers St., Grafton, N.S.W.

There's your letter, Kim,

SO YOU THINK GIRLS DON'T NOTICE . . .



THAT

your hair is growing down your back.

THAT

(when you've had a haircut) you're weak-minded with your barber and never insist on his cutting it the way you want.

THAT

if you wear a three-piece suit with waistcoat your mother probably chooses your clothes.

THAT

when you consistently ask for mid-week dates you've got a steady for Saturday night dates.

THAT

swearing, making opinionated remarks, talking through your cigarette, not caring how you look, and never cleaning or cutting your fingernails don't make you a he-man.

These make good presents. Any type of clothing is expensive, although you might pick up a bargain crazy beach hat.

The best way to get to know people is to join in the deck games. Since you're young, male, and unattached, you'll

and I hope it brings you some penfriends. But I think you're neglecting the obvious solution to your difficulty.

There's a great deal of social activity in every country town, especially in a comparatively big one.

City girl prefers the bush

By teenage contributor Barbara Rossi

Some teenagers say how boring it must be to live out West, because "you can't go to the pictures or to dances whenever you want to." It's just not like that at all.

ILIVED in the city for 18 years—certainly not in the one city all the time, but always in a busy suburb where life was hurried.

It was such a wonderful change to live out West.

In the city there's always a tram or bus to catch. You have to hurry, because everyone else is racing along with that set, worried expression which city dwellers seem to get on their faces at one time or another, no matter how happy-go-lucky they are.

By luck and planning I found myself out in southwestern Queensland, straight from busy Sydney, one sunny day when the red dust rose up and settled on every object, and if you looked along the road you could see a mirage shimmering in the distance

and the roof-tops dancing in the heat.

Since then I've had time to think about things, even put them down on paper as I'm doing now.

You can't miss learning how to use your sight out here, because you can always look into the distance and note the beautiful colors which the dying sun gives to the landscape, or the bright, hard blue of the midday sky, or the black canopy of jewel-studded velvet which the unromantic call night and which hangs suspended by one brilliant orb over the silent land.

And is it silent? Certainly.

There are no brassy tram bells clanging an offensive alarm in your ear, making you scuttle across a crowded street; no cars hooting and looking like angry beetles as

they crawl through a busy crossing or fighting to be the first across the line after the green light shows.

There are only the small sounds of the bush. The only harsh noises are the screeches of galahs or the sounds of other birds in the late afternoon or of sheep as they're being mustered by a stockman or brought into a yard.

Hospitality is the rule out here—and no one can have more fun than western people when there is a show or race meeting on in town.

The days are longer, starting very early, and busier and more interesting than anywhere else I know.

I'm not deriding the "big smoke." I like it—not to live in, though.

Everyone is an individual who chooses his own private world, so I say only this: Don't lock yourself away in a world of stainless steel and the latest film star. Take a good long look at Mother Nature.

You are not "old-fashioned" if you admire a sunset; not "a bit queer" if you stand and



● Barbara Rossi, who got a job as governess at a Queensland sheep station and is now training at Charleville Base Hospital.

look at the moon or star-gaze. It just means that you're appreciating beauty and keeping your mind open.

Why say that the West is boring? Come out and see for yourself; it's great!

By
KAY MELAUN

The best way to get into these doings is to go along and have a chat with your minister or priest. Tell him exactly what you've told me. He will be able to put you in touch with a group of young people among whom you can make friends.

You will find that a man of this type will be sympathetic to your needs even if you don't belong to his church. But he will not be aware of your needs unless you tell him.

If you do speak up, you'll be in a tennis club or going to socials and square dancing with a gang in no time.

"MY age is 14 and I'm worried about my weight, which is 8st. 11lb. I weighed myself at home last week and I was 8st. 9lb.; last month I was 8st. 4lb. I have fairly large bones, but I am not fat to look at."

Overweight, Moss Vale, N.S.W.

You don't say how tall you are. But surely if you don't look fat, you're worrying unduly and you exaggerate when you sign yourself "Overweight."

I'd guess that the extra weight indicates that you're growing up more than you're growing out.

At 14 most people do this, and it always takes a while for their bodies to decide just what they'll settle into. Some people change a lot, some scarcely at all.

I personally don't think dieting is necessary at 14, but if you're convinced it is, the easiest way to lose weight is to substitute fruit and vegetables for sweets and pastries. Anything more is for a doctor's advice.

Should the weight increase go on and on, you should tell your parents or guardian.

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by
Beale

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Ten ways to stop "spots"

● In this article a leading physician explains why teenagers get acne, and gives a ten-point programme for overcoming it.

WHEN a person is round about the age of 12 to 14, his or her sex glands begin to mature and the bloodstream is flooded with the normal secretions of these glands. The body often takes quite a time to adjust itself to these new conditions. Part of this adjustment to full adult life is seen in the skin.

A large percentage of teenagers have pimples and blackheads. This percentage has been estimated as high as 60 to 90. The whole episode is normal and physiological, just part of growing up, and should never be called a disease.

It is only when this process lasts for a long time or is severe and disfiguring that doctors promote it to the dignity of a disease. They call it acne vulgaris, or acne for short.

The origin of the word is interesting. It would appear that it comes from acme—the acme of development or puberty.

The disease has a long medical history going back for 2000 years, and its precise cause is still unknown. Although it occurs in young people of all races, it is never seen in eunuchs, so definitely it has a close hook-up with the sex glands. Boys have small amounts of female secretion as well as male sub-

stance. Similarly, girls secrete a small amount of male secretion in addition to their own female substance.

Acne occurs only when this little female-much male or much male-little female ratio is upset. In other words, there is a disturbance of the normal glandular balance. Acne is the outward and visible sign of this breakdown in correct balance.

It starts off by an excessive oiliness of the skin of the face, front of the chest, and the upper part of the back. The sweat glands become plugged up with this excessive greasy material, and then secondary infection by germs causes the pimples and pustules.

One of the mysteries of acne is its capricious and erratic behaviour. For weeks at a time, and without apparent reason, it just goes away. In general, it is better in the summer and tends to start up again in the autumn.

It always gets better when the boy or girl is on holidays. This spontaneous clearing up makes it very difficult to assess accurately the value of new treatments or a change of doctor.

There is a psychological note to acne. It comes on at a time of life when it is most important to look one's best. Unfortunately, the areas of skin affected are those that

are exposed to view—the face and front of the chest.

For a girl, acne will be a handicap in getting a boyfriend and holding him. For the boy, it often stops him getting a job.

People think acne is catching. This is not true; it never is. Yet some employers do not care to have spotty employees about the place, so no wonder these people get a feeling of insecurity and eventually develop an inferiority complex. Sometimes there are conflicts at home, such as quarrels between mother and daughter.

Acne, in a few cases, has

world, are definitely bad for acne.

Chocolate in any form.
Shellfish and fish in general.
Strong cheeses.
Nuts.
Pork in all forms.

That is simple enough. If the patient with acne learns this little list I can guarantee that her skin will definitely improve, be it a mild or a severe case, if these things are avoided.

2. Medicines: All medicines with iodine or bromide make the acne worse. Sedative drugs, such as phenobarbital and even aspirin, should be avoided if possible. None of these substances causes acne, but tend to aggravate the skin.

3. Weight: There is no necessity to avoid all fatty and starchy foods except those noted above. In fact, strict weight-reducing diets frequently make the condition worse. Try to keep at the weight at which you feel healthy and fit.

4. The Scalp: It is most important to keep the scalp free of dandruff. For this purpose use a good tar shampoo. It is best to wash your own hair and dry it in the sun.

5. Soaps: The face should be washed and scrubbed twice a day with any good baby soap. Heavily scented soaps should never be used.

6. Cosmetics: It is a wise



EVERY teenager plagued with acne worries about it. Doctors no longer take a flippant view; they treat it as a real medical problem.

measure to consult your own doctor, or a skin specialist, about the choice of cosmetics. Skin foods and skin tonics are better avoided for a while. Whatever you use, be sure to scrub it off at night with soap and hot water, no matter how late it is and how tired you are.

7. Clothing: Never wear wool or rough clothing next to the skin. This has been known to aggravate acne of the back, chin, and side of the face.

8. Teeth: You should visit a dentist every six months. Dead or infected teeth are very bad for acne, and there are many cases on record where correct dental treatment has cleared up the skin trouble. The same applies to diseased tonsils.

9. Exercise: Exercise in the fresh air is very beneficial for all skin troubles. This should

be carried to getting to the point of thirst and tiredness. It is advisable to drink six glasses of water every day, whether you are thirsty or not.

10. Sleep: Try to get eight hours' regular sleep every night. If this is impossible, never have two late nights running.

The success of breaking acne is to get the case early. There are many forms of complicated treatments for the severe cases, such as X-rays, antibiotics, and glandular injections. Only the minority need this expert care.

The patient can do much to help in the mild case.

TEENAGE SECTION

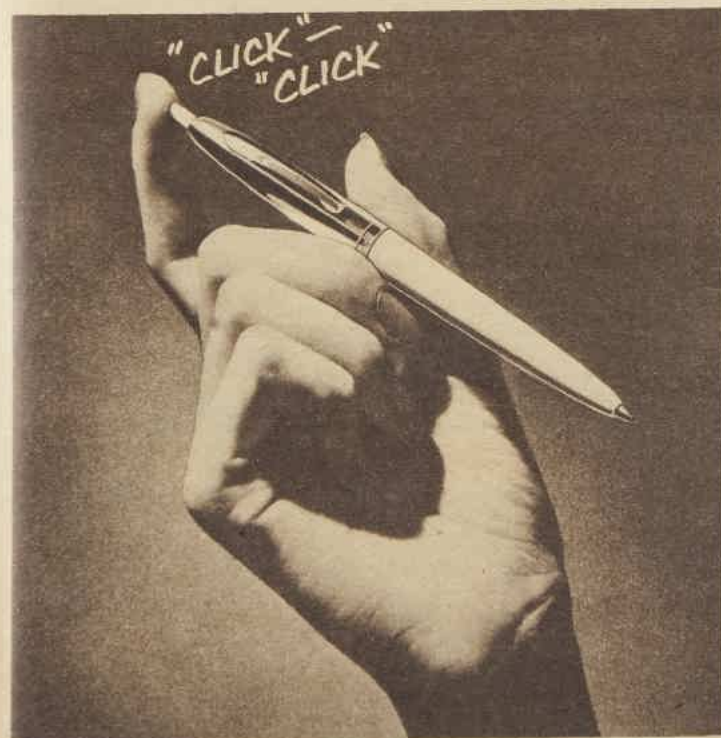
been known to produce very severe mental conflicts, and these young people think that their lives are ruined.

How can these acne people be helped? I want to lay down some general rules and concentrate on those things that are of great help to the patients—measures they can undertake themselves.

1. Diet: Young people, quite rightly, dislike being finicky about their food, especially when they are out in company. So, rather than give a long list of "do's" and "don'ts" about eating, here is a simple list of things that experience teaches, from all over the

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 18, 1954

Page 31



TWO-PIECE in pink and black (above). The camellia-pink skirt has a big black overcheck to team with the low-necked black cotton top. Pattern No. 3319. Details of how to order are given on page 34.



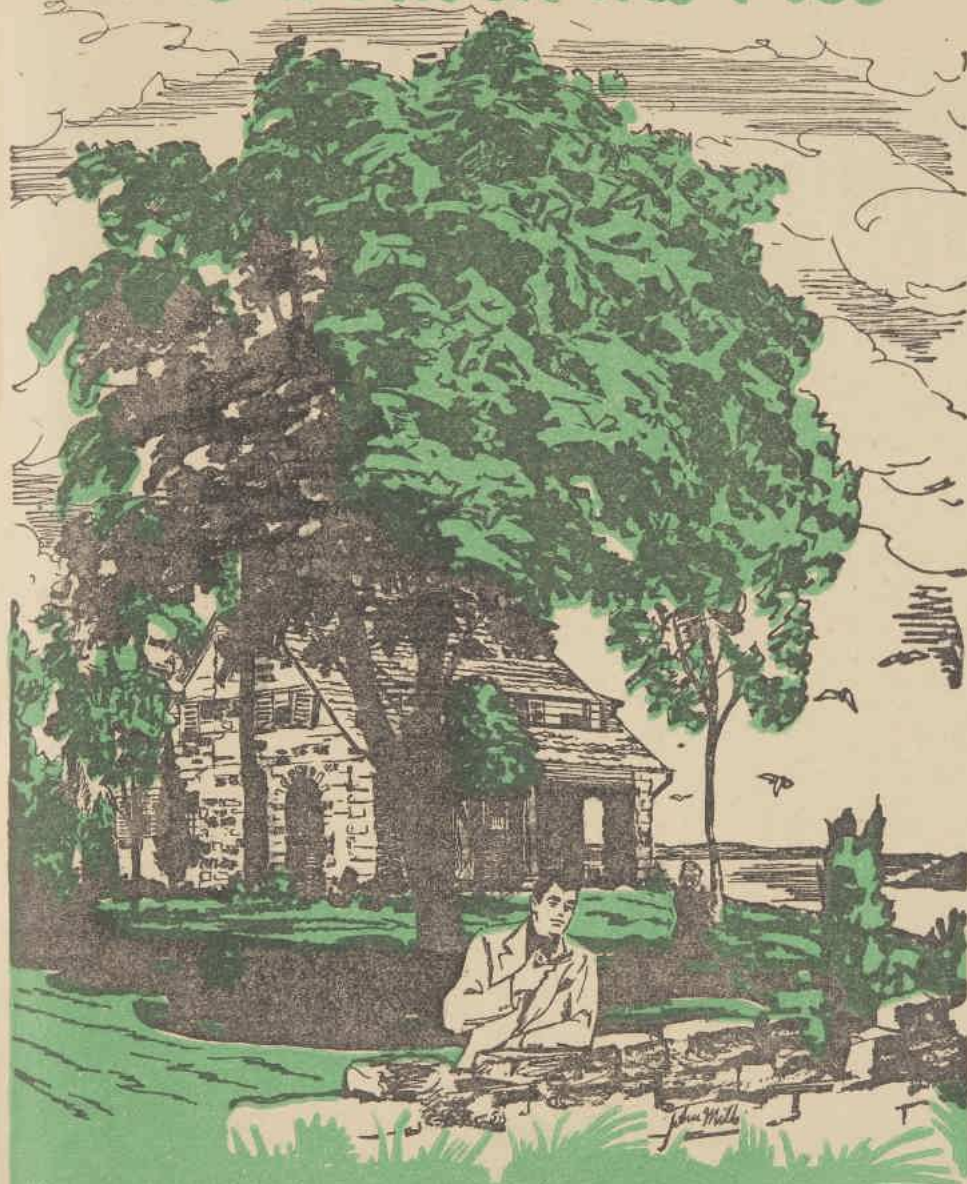
ROMPER SUIT (above) to wear in the water or lying in the sun. It is pale pink printed pique with a waist-hugging inset band of vivid shocking-pink and a flattering halter neck. Pattern No. 3318. See sketches and pattern details on page 34.



ALEUTIAN COTTON in candy-pink and white stripes is used for the pretty dress (left). The big pleated collar is separate and mounted on a bias band which ties at the neckline. Pattern No. 3321.

SUMMER dance dress (above) in white poplin sprigged with small pink flowers is worn with short gloves and a sash of lido-pink. The deep V-neckline is flattering to summer tan. Pattern No. 3320.

The Bird in the Tree



By ELIZABETH GOUDGE

The Australian Women's Weekly
Novel August 18, 1964
SUPPLEMENT. Must not be sold separately.

THE BIRD IN THE TREE

VISITORS to Damerosehay, and they but know it could have told just how much the children liked them by the particular spot at which they were met upon arrival. If the visitor was definitely disliked the children paid no attention to him until Ellen had forcibly thrust them into their best clothes and pushed them through the drawing-room door about the hour of five; when they extended limp paws in salutation, replied in polite monosyllables to inquiries as to their well-being and then stood in a depressed row staring at the carpet, beautiful to behold but no more alive than three Della Robbia cherubs modelled out of plaster.

If on the other hand they tolerated the visitor, they would go so far as to meet him at the front door and ask if he had brought them anything. If they liked him they would go to the gate at the end of the woods and wave encouragingly as he came towards them.

But if they loved him, if he was one of the inner circle, they would go right through the village, taking the dogs with them and along the coast road to the corner by the cornfield, and when they saw the beloved approaching they would yell like fiends.

Their cousin David belonged to this inner circle, and David would be here at five o'clock. It was half-past four now. If they hurried they would reach the corner by the cornfield just as his car came jolting down the rutted lane from the main road.

Madly they dashed down the back stairs from the nursery, raced into the kitchen to fetch the dogs, Poot-Bah and Scamp, and dashed out again into the hall and through the porch into the long drive that led down through the oak-wood to the road.

Every family has its particular bright stars, and David and Grandmother were the particular stars of the Elliot family, people in whose presence life was more worth living, people who warmed you, like the sun, and lit the whole world to a richer glory. Grandmother was always with them, the centre of their life, but David only came on visits. He was like a meteor in the sky, or a rainbow, something that shone for a brief exciting moment and then was gone. They had to make the most of him, and for this reason it was important that they should not be a moment late at the cornfield.

"No time!" they yelled to Ellen, who called out something about thick shoes from the front door. "No time! No time!"

Yet even as he went leaping down the drive, going first because he was the eldest, with Tammy and Caroline coming after and the dogs flying on ahead, Ben was conscious as always of the beauty of the oak-wood, and of the garden that he could see through the iron gateway in the old high red brick wall that was skirted by the drive as it wound from the east side of the house, where the porch and the front door faced across the nurseries to the silver line of the Estuary, down through the wood to the gate.

But that one glimpse was enough for Ben. In his mind's eye, as he ran on, he could see the green grass paths between the lavender hedges,

the purple masses of the michaelmas daisies with the butterflies sunning their wings upon them, the glowing spires of the golden rod and the flames of the dahlias and peonies and perennials, the frail late autumn roses and the hick tree by the house where the blackbird sang.

He could see the color of it, and smell the damp sweet scent of it, and feel how it lived and breathed within its old brick walls just to give sanctuary to those who needed it.

Ben was one of those. Though he was only nine years old he had come already to feel the need for sanctuary. He had been born in Egypt, and then come on to India, and foreign countries had most violently disagreed with him. The first seven years of his life were now just a confused and painful memory of heat and flies, bands playing riots when people got shot, a burning fever in his body, a pain in his head, a choking feeling in his chest that they told him was asthma, and his father and mother quarrelling.

The asthma, the grown-ups had told him was an illness, but Ben had known well that he choked because his father and mother quarrelled. He admired them so, his father so tall and splendid and his mother so lovely, and when they had quarrelled his love and sorrow had swelled inside his chest like a bad moon, and as of course he had choked. He had understood it all quite well in his own mind, but he hadn't been able to explain it; so he had had to go on choking.

And then they had come home to England, and the children had come to Damerosehay where Grandmother and Aunt Margaret lived. That had been two years ago, but Ben could remember the day they arrived as though it were yesterday.

AUNT MARGARET had met the children in London and brought them to Grandmother, because their mother was going up north to stay with a friend and their father was staying in London to arrange something mysterious called a divorce. The children and Aunt Margaret had driven out from the station in the village taxi one spring evening just as the sun was setting, and the moment they had turned in through the broken gate into the drive that led through the oak-wood he had felt better.

When ten minutes later he had sat on Grandmother's lap in the drawing-room, rubbing his bare legs contentedly against her silk skirts, eating a sugared almond and looking out into that lovely cloistered garden, he had suddenly felt well.

After tea he had gone out into the garden quite by himself and had seen how the old red walls were built all round him to keep him safe. It had been cool in the garden and the daffodils had made pools of gold beside the grass paths. There had been no sound except the far-off murmur of the sea and the blackbird singing in the hick tree. He had known for certain that no one would ever quarrel here, there would be no bands or shooting to hurt his head and he would never feel too hot. . . . Nor would he choke here.

He had run up and down the grass paths and he had been happy.

But the difficulty was that now he could never go away from Damerosehay. He had to live here always and do lessons with Uncle Hilary at the Vicarage instead of going to school.

When his father had gone back to India and his mother had made a home for herself in London, and was working so hard that she couldn't have her children with her except sometimes on visits, he had been sent to a preparatory school. But he had choked there so badly that they had had to write and tell Grandmother.

She had come down at once, driven by David in his beautiful silver-grey car dressed in her black silk and with a little silver box of sugared almonds in her black velvet bag, and while she had sat on his bed and hugged him he had whispered to her that it was because it was all so giddy, and the other boys quarrelled, and he wanted to go back to Damerosehay. She had listened, nodding her head, and paying not the slightest attention to the headmaster's remarks about the wholesome discipline of school life, and the matron's assertion that nervous disorders must not be treated with too much leniency; she had wrapped him up in a rug and carried him straight off downstairs to David in his waiting car.

That had been the first time he had seen David. Sitting on Grandmother's lap, leaning back against her shoulder and eating a sugared almond, he had looked at his cousin's clear-cut features against the background of sky and trees and hedges that streamed by as the car moved them to Damerosehay, and thought him a god among men. Even so did the gods behave, dropping from the sky in silver chariots and carrying one away from pain and desolation to the place where one would be.

This child is very like what you were at his age, David," Grandmother had announced over his head. "He has the Elliot coloring, of course, while you have mine, but I notice the same sensitivity."

"The same dramatic ability, you mean," David had said. "Nothing like turning on a bit of pathos to get what you want." But he had spoken quite nicely and had watched his eye at Ben, so that Ben's feelings had not been in any way hurt. . . . Indeed, Ben had chuckled, remembering how he had coughed a lot harder when he had overheard the headmaster saying to the matron in the parlour that they had better write to Grandmother. . . .

"I used," David had continued "to be able to make myself sick at school. It was a useful accomplishment. I'll teach you, Ben, if you like."

"My dear!" Grandmother had exclaimed, shocked, and David had said no more but had tilted his head back and looked up at the flying clouds over his head with upon his face that expression of ethereal beauty that was his to command at will. And Ben had chuckled again, and swelled a little with pride, because he, as well as David, had dramatic ability. . . . And David's dramatic ability was such that sometimes he had his name up in electric

light in Shaftesbury Avenue; the first Eliot to achieve this particular brand of fame.

And then, as well as David, had grace. As he went leaping down the drive his flying figure seemed less that of a boy than of the spirit of a boy. His lithe brown beauty was more of the essence of things than of their form.

Tommy was quite different. He was eight years old, and fat. He had fat dark curls, fat red cheeks, and round bright dark eyes. He looked like one of Raphael's cherubs, but unfortunately his character was most distressingly at variance with his outward appearance.

"What have I done," his Grandmother would cry, "that I should have such a child thrust upon me in my old age?" At which cry of despair he would chuckle his fat cheeks, pump his incredulous hand being against her shoulder in what was meant to be a contact of affection but was in effect as that of the onslaught of a young goat, and go off to think out further devilry in the bathroom.

He had twice been sent to school and twice been returned with thanks; so now he stayed at Damerosehay and in company with Ben did lessons with Uncle Hilary. He was, it seemed, better behaved at Damerosehay than anywhere else. He said it was the black-bird who sang in the ilex tree who helped him to be good.

Caroline was five and three-quarters, and sucked her thumb. Nothing cured her of it; not spanking, nor either a slap on the wall nor exhortation nor expostulation. She just sucked, removing her thumb only when she wished to eat or smile. She seldom spoke and it was impossible to say at her age whether her silence was due to the presence of great thoughts in her mind or to the absence of any thoughts at all.

Caroline had neither the dark good looks of most of the Eliots nor the golden beauty that had once been her Grandmother's and was now David's. She was thin and freckled with straight fair hair cut in a fringe across her forehead. She learnt to read and write with her Grandmother, and Ellen had taught her to make cross-stitch kettle-holders for her mother and aunts every Christmas. Caroline had stepped straight out of the age of Victoria the Good. She could not be dressed in shorts and jerseys, like the boys, she had to wear frocks of pastel shades, beautifully smocked by Ellen. She kept a cat, and always said her prayers without being reminded, and she was frightened of strange dogs.

Caroline was not frightened of their own dogs, of course, not even of Pooch-Bah, a chow possessed of the most mighty ancestry and a peculiarly crushing arrogance.

He was superbly beautiful. His ears, stiffly erect upon his noble cranium, were as delicately pointed as flower petals, his eyes were like dark amber and his tongue was a royal purple. His coat was the color of a ripe cornfield with the sun upon it, and his tail of a slightly paler shade of tawny gold, was erected over his back in a strong lovely curve that was never untwisted and never lowered. Agitated back and forth it might be in moments of pleasure and excitement, but lowered, never.

Scamp's tail was tremulously responsive to his every mood, and his moods were many. He was frightened, he was unhappy, he was penitent, he was anxious, he was passionately loving, he was shy, he was coy, and his tail, like a dirty uncurled cat's tail, like a hair, like a better day, trembled, drooped, rose, fell, waved, rotated, or disappeared between his hind legs altogether, according as these emotions ravaged his

faithful breast. For faithful Scamp undoubtedly was. In spite of the extreme nervousness of his highly strung temperament he would have died in defence of the Eliots because he loved them. For the rest, he was a large dog with flapping uncontrolled ears, sprawling legs that didn't seem to belong to him and a lanky body enveloped in tangled whitish-grey fur that had a slightly moth-eaten appearance. He had come to Damerosehay ten years ago as a pup, having been deposited upon the back doorstep by persons unknown, but thought to be of sippy origin.

His feathery tail was streaming in the wind now, as he led the way of the party that was racing to welcome David. They were through the oak-wood in a flash, and out of the broken gate that divided the demesne of Damerosehay from the village. That gate had not been intended for horses. It stood open always, propped back with a stone, and would stay like that till it fell to pieces altogether. For why should Damerosehay shut itself off from the village and the marshes, the harbor and the sea? It didn't want to. It loved them. It lay encircled by them as a jewel in its setting.

OUTSIDE the gate was Little Village, containing the Sloop and Coastguard Station, the Eel and Lobster, a few cottages and some houses belonging to rich folk who came in summer for the seashell. Big Village, where abode Uncle Hilary and the church, was some little way inland and was reached by a narrow winding lane where alders grew and hives and haws were scarlet in the autumn sunshine.

Big Village, lying in a small valley and sheltered from the wind, had white-washed thatched cottages rimmed about with pasture-lands, haystacks and prosperous farms. Little Village was quite different. Its houses, like the house of Damerosehay, were built of solid grey stone that knew how to withstand the onslaught of the winter gales, and roofed with grey slate patched with yellow. It looked out upon the harbor, and to right and left of it, stretching away to the far silver curve of the sea, were the rainier-colored marshes.

Little Village considered that if you saw the harbor you saw life. There were no less than two seats upon the harbor wall and here the old salts would congregate in their off moments, smoking their pipes and blinking their old eyes at the sun; John Clutterbuck and Charles Beere, the coast-guard-stewards, William Urry from the Eel and Lobster, and Obadiah Watson who lived right out in the marsh and who helped Aunt Margaret and his grandson Alf, the Damerosehay gardener, with the weeding and the pruning.

With Little Village upon their right and the harbor upon their left, the children ran on until the coast road brought them out again into the open. Now they had the earth world upon their right, ploughed fields and wind-blown hawthorn hedges, and pasture-lands where fat black-and-white cows placidly chewed the cud, and upon their left the mystical half-world of the marshes that linked the earth and sea.

At the corner by the cornfield, where the coast road swerved sharply to the right and became the rutted lane that led to the main road, you could know what you were protected from, for looking beyond the protecting angle you could see the very distressing bungalows that formed the suburbs of the sea-coast town of Radford beyond, and if you listened very hard you could just hear the sound of the traffic passing on the main road at the end of the lane.

Tommy, whose tastes were of a material type, was always fascinated by these rumors of the great world. Today, there being as yet no sign of David, he left Ben by the cornfield and ran up the lane to the place where he could sit on a gate and see the cars passing, and established himself there to enter their numbers in a little notebook.

He always entered the numbers of cars in his notebook. It was very important, he said, that he should do so. He was going to be a policeman. Pooch-Bah went with him to watch the cars for Pooch-Bah also was of the earth, earthy.

Caroline went too, not because she liked the cars but because camomile daisies grew in the lane and she always picked a bunch of them for Ellen to make into camomile tea for Grandmother's weak inside. But Ben and Scamp stayed behind with the cornfield.

Strictly speaking there were two cornfields, one in the marsh and the other just across the road in the angle of the lane, but it was the cornfield in the marsh that was the exciting one. For no one had ever planted it. It just grew by itself.

Years ago, so said Obadiah Watson, a grain ship had been wrecked in one of the terrible winter gales that now and then perhaps once or twice in a generation, sent the sea raging in over the marshes with the incoming tide. This particular wreck had taken place within the lifetime of Obadiah's grandfather, and Obadiah, by exercise of a very constructive imagination, was able to tell the story as though he had seen it happen with his own eyes only yesterday. It had been at sunset after a day of storm worse than any they could remember in those parts.

The terrified inhabitants of Little Village had seen the great ship driving towards the marshes. She had been a merchantman, a splendid ship of graceful and lovely line and carved prow and poop. Yet she was utterly lost, driven before the storm, two of her masts down. They could see how the waves broke over her and how she was heeling over, and they could see the figure of her captain apparently lashed to the mainmast. A great groan and cry went up from Little Village, and then they all started running, for they could see where she was heading for: she was being driven straight across the marshes to the hideous bank of shingle on the west.

They could not go by the road for the sea was right across it, but they fought their way through the drenched fields on to the other side. They hurried themselves into the swirling water and swam out to the ship. They saved the few passengers and the crew, including the unconscious captain, who was found to have a leg broken and his head injured by a falling spar, and they rescued from his cabin a young woman, soon to become a mother, who was lying in his bunk large-eyed with terror but not crying out, and a blue bird in a brass cage who was singing away as though all that had happened was quite in order and nothing but what it had expected.

It was Obadiah's grandfather who had saved the blue bird, concerning himself with its welfare rather than that of the girl because it was the prettiest bird he had ever seen, with a very bright eye to it. The cargo they did not save. It was dark by the time they had got the last man ashore and in the morning it was too late. The ship was breaking up and the seas had raked her from prow to stern. They saved only some of the fine carving about her prow.

And there Obadiah's constructive memory gave out and the story abruptly closed down. No one knew what had happened to the unconscious captain, whether he had lived or died, or what had happened to the young woman and her unborn child or the blue bird either.

The others villagers, when closely questioned by the children, protested their total ignorance of the whole affair. They could not remember over a hundred years back, they said, and their grandfathers had not been as communicative as Obadiah's. Nor such liars neither.

Yet there was the cornfield mysteriously sprung up all by itself in the marsh. Every year the queer stunted blades pushed their way up. It was never reaped, for it was useless stuff, a mere travesty of what corn should be.

The villagers, of course, had their explanation all ready. In the angle of the rutted lane was the real cornfield that had been there ever since they could remember. One spring some young sower must have taken it into his head to throw a few handfuls of his precious seed to the marsh. Daft young idiot! He must have known that marsh ground was no soil for good wheat. Wasting the seed that way!

But Ben did not believe that theory for a moment, and nor did David, with whom he had frequently discussed it. For both of them the story of the wrecked grain ship was true. And so was the unconscious captain lashed to the mast, and the blue bird in the brass cage who sang as it was carried over the water to safety. For the hundredth time as he lingered now with Scamp to look at the cornfield again, Ben reiterated his faith in these things. He believed them. They were a part of him.

"B.F. 193," said Tommy. "E.H. 25. T.A. 340. Caroline what was that bus?"

But Caroline, squatting among the camomile daisies with her pink skirts billowing round her, was paying no attention. She was talking to the camomile daisies, telling them how pretty they were with their golden faces and white bonnets, and how they mustn't mind being turned into tea because in this world we are all of us for ever being turned into something else and we've just got to put up with it.

"I was a baby once," said Caroline. "and now I'm a big girl. Soon I shall be a grandmother and after that I shall be an angel."

"How do you know?" asked Tommy the materialist. "I don't believe there are any angels. A.B. 59. They're just a make-up of Grandmother's C.W. 10."

But Caroline was not disturbed, because she was not attending. Just as she seldom conversed with her fellow humans, talking only to flowers and herself because flowers and herself never contradicted her, so she never now paid the slightest attention to what they said to her. In her earlier days she had done so, but at the age of four she had realised that to those as dispirited of peace and quiet as herself it was better not.

The remarks of others, she had found, were invariably disturbing. Either they told you to do what you didn't want to do, or they told you not to do what you did want to do, or, like Tommy at this moment, they endeavored to undermine your nice ideas with unpleasant ones. So it was much better not to listen.

She tied a piece of grass round her bunch of daisies and sat down beside Pooh-Bah, with her arm round his neck and his woolly cheek held tightly against hers, while she tried to recollect something that she had thought

she wanted to say to him. She did occasionally talk to Pooh-Bah, as well as to flowers and herself, because he was just a mere of exactly the same age, five and three-quarter years old, and this gave them a certain sympathy with each other.

It was of something the blackbird had said yesterday, something about a blue bird, that Caroline wanted to talk to Pooh-Bah. Suddenly she remembered what it was, lifted her cheek from his and put her lips to his ear. He pricked it and rolled a sympathetic amber eye in her direction.

"M.V. 590," shouted Tommy above their heads. "Gosh! Look! There's David!"

The connet of a silver-grey car had nosed its way round the corner of the lane.

Forgotten was the blue bird, forgotten were those passing cars upon the high road, forgotten was the well-earned dignity of a long and royal line of Canmore ancestors. With one wild bark Pooh-Bah was on his feet and rocketing down the lane like any vulgar mongrel. With a surprising snarl sound like a train whistle, instantly stopped by the insertion of her thumb, Car. . . was after him, easily outdistanced.

Tommy was leaped from the top of the gatepost clean over her head and reached the bonnet of the car neck and neck with Ben, whose long strides had brought him flying up from the cornfield at the first shout.

But it was Scamp who was the first to leap through the opened door of the car and land heavily upon David's chest, mad with excitement, ears flapping, legs flying and tail half out of its socket with its agitation. David dropped his arms to his sides, closed his eyes and lay back in the driving seat. It was always better to suffer Scamp thus, so the Elliotts had discovered. If one endeavored to dodge the expression of his affection, or stem the torrent of his love, it but prolonged the agony.

MEANWHILE the other four surged over David and Scamp and fell heavily into the back seat.

"What have you brought us?" shouted the children.

"Sausages," said David weakly, and left for his handkerchief.

He always brought them something amusing. Once it had been a large tin moneybox to encourage thrift in them; but when the lid was lifted there were two white mice inside. And the next time, just in case they were tired of the mice and were at a loss as to how to get rid of them, it was an old boy with a kitten inside, a kitten called Tucker with a white patch under its chin that was subsequently given to Caroline. And the next time it was an exceedingly shrill cuckoo clock. And the next time it was a chameleon and a box full of live spiders to feed it on.

After that Grandmother turned a little difficult and said no living gift could be received in future unless it was a vegetarian, and no mechanical gift unless it could refrain from calling attention to the passing of time by shrill noises in the night. . . . So now David had brought a string of five sausages with a large pink bow tied in each join.

"Pork," he said. "Quite silent and very nourishing. One for each of you and one each for the dogs. Now, for the love of milk, sit down and let's move on."

Gradually the turmoil inside the car subsided and David, holding Scamp down with his left elbow, was able to get at the self-starter. There were times when he wished his arrival at Damerosehay could be less like a minor earthquake and more like what it was.

the return of a tired man to the place that he cared for the best on earth. Yet he would have missed that riotous welcome in low tone.

"Everything all right?" he asked as the oak-wood came into sight. He asked the question casually, as he always did just at this bend of the road, but Ben sensed the undercurrent of anxiety in his tone. David could never come back to Damerosehay, Ben knew, without that shadow of a fear that something might have been changed and the old rapture of homecoming not be quite the same.

Ben understood. That was the worst of going away, like David had to. If you stayed at home, as he did, you knew that everything you loved was safer day by day you watched over it, and if something had to change a little it changed so gradually that it did not hurt.

"Everything's all right," he hastened to assure David. "Tucker's had a kitten; at least I think she had six but something seemed to happen to the other five; and Tommy has smashed his mug with the robin on it, but that's all that's different."

"I didn't smash it," said Tommy indignantly. "I just threw it at Ben and he ducked so that it hit the wall. It was his fault. If he hadn't ducked it wouldn't have hit the wall."

"I can bear it," said David. "I wasn't keen on that robin; too like Lloyd George. I suppose I'm too late for the butterflies on the michaelmas daisies?"

And again there was anxiety in his tone and again Ben grieved for him. For David had been away all the spring and summer. He had missed the gorse on the marsh and the fruit blossom in the kitchen garden. He had missed the shut-eyed stage of Tucker's kitten and all the Victoria plums. He had missed Grandmother's birthday and cook's new hat with the cherries on it, that Scamp ate, and the fete at the Vicarage when the donkey had knocked down the crockery stall.

"But you've not missed the butterflies," cried Ben triumphantly. "And Tucker's kitten is called Bib because it has a white patch on its chest like Tucker."

And then they spoke no more for they were in the oak-wood. The moss was as velvet beneath the wheels of the car and the trees, bending a little, gathered them in.

Meanwhile Lucilla, the children's grandmother, sat at tea with her maid Ellen in her fire-lit drawing-room. Her daughter Margaret was at a missionary meeting at the Vicarage and the children had gone to meet David, so only Ellen was with her. She liked this, for a strange peace came over her when she and Ellen were alone. They had been together for sixty years now, ever since Lucilla had come back from her honeymoon, and what they didn't know about each other wasn't worth knowing.

It was, however, only Lucilla who drank the delicate China tea out of a white-and-gold fluted teacup of Worcester china, and ate two pieces of wafer bread and butter and one sponge finger. Ellen merely stood looking on at the rite, her bony hands crossed on her black silk apron and her face folded into stern lines of determination.

She was very firm with Lucilla over her tea. Lucilla might drink two cups of tea, but no more, and she might not feed the cat Tucker, who had her tea in the kitchen before she came to the drawing-room. Lucilla was very strong-minded, but in the hands of Ellen she was as wax.

It was because she loved Ellen more than anyone else, except perhaps David, that she permitted herself to be domineered over in this way; for even the strongest succumb sometimes to this luxury of yielding love.

There were other people to whom Lucilla appeared outwardly to yield; to her daughter Margaret, for instance, who was unmarried and poured out upon her mother all the devoted fuss which she would have given to her children had she had them. To this devotion Lucilla yielded. It was, she thought, her duty as a mother. It was also her cross. But her yielding was only skin-deep, given for Margaret's sake and not for her own, while her yielding to Ellen went right down to the depths of her spirit and was one of the sources of her strength.

But that did not prevent her getting very irritated with Ellen at times, especially when, as now, Ellen insisted obstinately upon keeping between them that barrier of mistress and maid.

"Sit down, Ellen, for goodness sake!" she exclaimed. "Why stand on those varicose veins of yours when the room is full of chairs?"

Ellen chose an extremely uncomfortable chair against the wall and sat gingerly upon the extreme edge. Her eyes were mutely reproachful.

Perhaps she was right, thought Lucilla, pouring out her second cup of tea. Perhaps Ellen's insistence upon the outward forms of respect added to the richness of their relationship.

And now Lucilla found herself, as often before, thinking about this fact of their relationship—Mistress and maid. She shut her eyes for a moment against the westerling sun and pictures of their life together flashed quickly through her mind. Very vividly, for a few moments, she lived in them.

She was once again dressing for dinner for the first time in her married home. She was tired after the long journey back from Italy where she and James, her husband, had spent their honeymoon, tired, and very frightened of her new, austere maid. She had not had a lady's maid before her marriage, she had shared her mother's, but now they said that as the wife of such a brilliant young barrister she must certainly have one. She owed it to her husband's position, they said.

There were a good many things, she was beginning to see, that she owed to her husband's position that she would not like at all. This London house, for instance, so dark and gloomy after the home in the country where she had been brought up, and the many servants she would have to manage, and the strenuous social life that James was expecting her to lead. Married life was not going to be altogether the earthly paradise that her mother had led her to expect, she thought.

She had not liked her honeymoon very much. She had been horribly scared, and James had been horribly before and was so much older than she was that though he meant to be kind he made her feel more like his captive than his mate. She had had to keep telling herself all the time, as her mother had kept telling her during her engagement, how wonderful it was that a man like James, thirty-five years old, a widower, and with a great future before him, should have fallen in love with a little child of eighteen like herself.

She had been very fortunate, for what her mother had frequently demanded of her during that terrifying engagement would have happened to her if he had not? One of four daughters, the offspring of an impecunious country squire undistinguished by anything except a gallant death in the hunting field, she would have had to become a governess.

And so, bewildered by her father's death, by her mother's arguments and James' impassioned pleadings, she had

got married, and sat in front of her mirror on this first evening in her home with her head held high, her cold hands locked in her lap and her voice very carefully controlled so that her new maid should not see how frightened she was.

"It's a cold evening, I think," she said, and wished that Ellen did not look so like a horse.

"Yes, milady," Ellen answered, though as a matter of fact it was rather warm and sultry. "Will your ladyship wear your white satin tonight, and the diamonds?" And her bony hands, that had been busy arranging Lucilla's golden curls in the elaborate puffs and coils of the late eighteenth-century, pressed the girl's head with a light, tender pressure.

"Yes, Ellen," she said. "Whatever you think right."

And Ellen looking at her in the glass, had smiled a comical smile that made her look more like a horse than ever; but that yet was full of reassurance. "White satin for a bride," she said. "And diamonds for joy."

And then Lucilla realised that to Ellen this was a great occasion. Vicariously and unselfishly she, too, was decking herself in honor of a bridegroom, and Lucilla felt suddenly ashamed that Ellen should have been quicker than her to see the inherent beauty of a given moment, humbled by the selflessness of this older, plainer girl who could live the drama of womanhood only through another.

She was quick to respond, quick to give Ellen what she wanted. She stood loyally to be decked in her white satin, lingered over the choice of ear-rings and bracelets, and gave Ellen a shy eager kiss before she went tapping across the polished floor in her high-heeled shoes and laughing down the long stairs to the great drawing-room where her husband waited for her.

OTHER pictures came slipping through the mind of the old Lucilla. Once again she was lying in the big gloomy bed in her big gloomy bedroom in Eaton Square, waiting through hours of undrugged agony for the birth of her first child. She made no sound, for she had been trained to courage, but her mind was a fevered whirl of anguished questioning. Why? Why? Why must she bear this child to a man she did not love, why must she bear it in this pain?

And then she became aware of Ellen standing beside her, questioning nothing. With her lips tightly folded and her forehead beaded with sweat, because when Lucilla suffered she suffered, too. But her face was quite serene. There was no "why" about this for her. It just happened to a woman. One accepted it.

It was Ellen, Lucilla thought, as she opened her eyes and the little pictures slipped away from her, who had taught her how to love her children. Upon each babe as it arrived, and there were six of them, Ellen poured out such a passion of maternal love that Lucilla herself had at last caught the infection. At first the children had been to her little nuisances who periodically robbed her of her youth, her health and her beauty; but later her mind changed towards them; they became to her what they were to Ellen, the crown and glory of her life.

To the last child of all, Maurice, the father of her grandson David, Lucilla had given a love that was considered even by Ellen to be out of all proportion to what a mother should feel for her child; a love that had been, and still was, though Maurice had been dead for twenty years, the great emotion of her life. And it had

been Ellen who at long last had taught her to admire her husband.

It had been Ellen's respectful devotion to him, her appreciation of "the master's" justice and generosity that had opened Lucilla's eyes to them. The knowledge came almost too late, of course; James died very soon after she had learnt to appreciate him; but when she came to mourn for him she needed no teaching from Ellen. She had worn her widow's weeds with an outward correctness which was for the first time in her life matched by her inward emotions. Ellen had at last made of her a woman cut to the proper pattern.

But was it fair, she wondered now, that she should have had all the substance while Ellen had had only the shadow?

"Master David will be here in half an hour," Ellen's voice broke in on her reverie.

"What? So soon?" cried Lucilla, and was instantly in a flutter quite forgetting the former train of her thoughts.

"Tell Rose to make fresh tea as soon as he comes."

"He don't take tea," Ellen reminded her. "Only cocktails."

"Not in my house," said Lucilla, with sudden heat. "The grandsons know perfectly well, Ellen, that I still not have those horrible drinks, those side-whiskeys and highballs, and whatnot, shaken all over the place between meals. A glass of wine with their dinner yes, and a whiskey and soda if they've got wet out shooting, but no more. They know that, Ellen."

"Ah," said Ellen, and departed out, closing the door with a little more noise than was actually necessary.

"She's jealous," thought Lucilla.

But here she misjudged Ellen who was never jealous of David. She slammed the door because she was in a bit of a hurry, having forgotten to see if the necessary ingredients for the kind of cocktail beloved of David were put ready in the cupboard in the dining-room where Lucilla never went. She knew all the tastes of the grandsons in regard to drinks and never confused them.

Left alone Lucilla laughed again, a clear girlish laugh that was echoed by the little gold clock on the mantelpiece jubilantly chiming half-past four. Another half-hour to wait; or more probably three-quarters, for he was always later than he said he would be. Lateness was a matter of principle with him, she thought for he knew quite well the racial, that he was one of those who are always waited for with a beating heart.

She remembered how, in London, when she was at the height of her beauty and popularity, she had always been careful to be the last arrival at a party. It had been such fun to hear the sudden thrilled little silence that fell at the announcement of her name, to walk slowly down the long drawing-room with every eye upon her, to feel the envy of the women and the admiration of the men. And how it had annoyed poor James.

But she had grown out of that as David would, for the acceptance of homage, she had found, gave no permanent satisfaction. It was better to give it. Life had taught her that at long last.

And now that she was old she found so much to call forth her homage. Above all did she worship youth, especially the youth that had flowed from her own life. Yet though they were life of her life she regarded her adored grandchildren with a certain detachment. The gulf of time was so wide between them that she could not fully share their thoughts or their outlook, their torments or their battles, which were of their generation and not of

hers; she could only love them and tend them, and make for them a refuge to which they could fly when those same thoughts and struggles had wearied them beyond endurance.

It was for that purpose that twenty years ago she had bought Damerosehay. She had made Damerosehay for her grandchildren, and especially for David.

The day when she had found Damerosehay and the days leading up to that day bound up as they were with the greatest anguish of her life were almost the most vivid of all her memories. Swiftly, her eyes closing again she re-lived them.

Only a few weeks before she found Damerosehay she had sat by the death-bed of her son Maurice, watching him die after weeks of pain so hideous that even now she dared not let herself think of it, lest she should be once more the mad woman she had been at that time.

It had been April, 1918. Maurice had been wounded in France and his wife, as worn by his pain as he was, had died from the spring scourge of influenza only a few days before. Lucilla's son Roger had died at Jutland, and of her remaining three sons, Hilary, George and Stephen, only Hilary the parson badly wounded as a chaplain in the early days of the war, and now relegated to his wooden leg and his injured lungs to a country parish in Hampshire, was in a place of safety.

"Spring," she said to herself that day. "Spring." And she gazed stupidly at a patch of sunlight on the wall. Maurice was already unconscious and beyond her reach. Maurice, who had been the most gay and gallant and vividly alive of all her children.

She supposed that there were other people with her in the room, but she did not notice them, she only watched the patch of sunlight on the wall. She hated it. "Spring," she repeated stupidly. How dared the spring break through again upon an earth drenched in the obscenity of war? How dared the sun shine upon men and women mad with pain? . . . Surely God mocked. The shadow of a bird's wing flashed across the patch of sunlight on the wall and they told her that Maurice was dead.

Such little things can loom so large in life, and it was that shadow of a bird in flight that saved her reason in the days that followed. She saw it constantly, blue against the patch of golden sunlight, so brief and so fragile an appearance yet insistent with such joy.

And when she had to tell the five-year-old David that now his father as well as his mother had left him, groping a little desperately among the symbols of angels and heavens above the stars with which grown-ups try to comfort the stricken children, it was the symbol of the bird's wings that helped her most. "They fly away," she told David. "They fly away and are at rest."

"Birds," said David, savoring the word. "Birds. I like birds. There are lots of birds in the country. Grandmother, shall we go to the country?" And then Lucilla knew what she was going to do with the rest of her life. She was going to build some sort of a refuge, somewhere to which her children and her grandchildren could escape. Not a permanent escape, even in her grief she still knew that a selfish isolation must not be permitted; but that temporary one which is the right of every man.

Such a home would she make for her children and her grandchildren. They should come to it weary and sickened and go away made new. They should find peace there, and beauty, and the cleansing of their sins.

"It sounds very far-fetched and absurd," she said to her eldest son. "But what it boils down to, Hilary, is just that I want a house in the country."

"Come and stay with me," Hilary said, "and we'll look for it."

So she and her daughter Margaret, and Ellen, and little David who was to live with her now, went down to the ugly red brick vicarage of Fairhaven, in Hampshire, where Hilary lived contentedly in a state of discomfort and confusion which seemed to him after the mud of Flanders and the rigors of the stum clergy-house that had preceded it, the height of luxury.

Hilary had provided for Lucilla photographs and descriptions of all the desirable residences in the neighborhood, taking great care that they should be well within her means and of a type that Margaret, who was to be her mother's housekeeper, would find easy to run. But Lucilla, when taken to see them, hated the lot.

"They're no good," she said one evening wearily to Hilary. "They are all far too ordinary."

"You know, Mother dear," Hilary said gently smiling at her. "I am afraid your ideas are a bit too large. You can't afford the sort of house you want, darling. You'll just have to put up with the best that we can do."

"I will do no such thing, Hilary," Lucilla said, aggrieved. "I will have what I want for my children and my grandchildren or I will have nothing." And she cast all her "Orders to view" despairingly upon the floor.

In the end it was David who gave Lucilla what she wanted.

"Grandmother!" he cried, leaping up and down in his cot in her room at five o'clock the next morning. "Grandmother! I want to go to the seaside!"

This was a grievance with him. They had been in the place four days, only a mile from the sea, and they had not been near it. Instead they had gone looking at hideous houses that interested him not at all.

"The seaside!" he yelled now, smacking and imperious, fist upon his pillow. "Certainly," said Lucilla, and got out of bed.

LUCILLA had also not been to the sea yet. There was nothing at Little Village, Hilary had told her, except a handful of cottages and a harbor. But now, she saw the iniquity of keeping a small boy of five and the seaside separated for longer than was absolutely necessary.

"I'm so sorry, darling," she said, pulling on her stockings. "We'll go to the seaside."

"Now," commanded David. "Of course," said Lucilla. "As soon as we're dressed."

They performed extremely sketchy toilets, crept downstairs very softly so as not to wake Margaret and Hilary, and let themselves out into the garden, all wet and shimmering and deliciously scented with the rain and the sun and the flowers of April.

David giggled his peculiarly entrancing giggle. Grandmother was great fun. She never used those hateful words "Presently" or "Perhaps." She understood that if you wanted to do a thing you wanted to do it now, while you remembered about it, and not tomorrow or next week when you would probably be wanting to do something entirely different. Daddy had been the same. Daddy also had always wanted to do things "now."

"Grandmother," he said suddenly, the thought of Daddy bringing another thought to his mind, "will there be birds at the seaside?"

"Lots," said Lucilla. "Sea birds. White ones."

"A blue one?" he asked.

"They're not generally blue at the seaside," said Lucilla, "but as it's so early in the morning we might see a blue one."

There were numbers of birds already, little ones that sang praises madly in the hedges and big ones that moved in long lines against the golden east, flying from north to south in slow rhythmic ecstasy. Some of them were black and some were white. "Crows and gulls," said Lucilla, "and they fly like that because they are so happy that the sun has risen."

And then the lane topped the crest of a little hill and suddenly, breathlessly, they saw the marshes and the sea. They stood still for a moment, clutching each other, and then quite silently they took hands and ran. They did not stop until they reached the harbor wall, where they sat down very suddenly and looked about them.

The gorse was out, flaming under the sun, and all the colors of the dawn were caught in the waters of the harbor and in the pools and channels in the marsh. The gulls were everywhere, and as they watched the swans arrived from the Abbey River, flying one behind the other, their great wings touched with gold.

From the old grey cottages behind them a few spirals of blue smoke crept up from the chimneys, and over to their left the sun touched the coral buds of a twisted oak-wood to points of beckoning flame.

"And Hilary said this was rather pretty," gasped Lucilla. "Rather pretty! Oh, my poor Hilary!"

She said no more for David was pulling at her hand again, and she was running with him towards the oak-wood. They were through the broken gale and their feet were running silently on the moss-grown drive. The gnarled boughs stooped about them, gathering them in and closing the ranks behind so that they should not turn back. To their left was an old red-brick wall and to their right, through the delicate patterning of twigs and buds, they could see the sea.

Then the wall turned at right angles, they with it, and they stood before a grey house where a porch with a battered front door within it faced across the marshes to the silver line of the Estuary. Lucilla, who when all was said and done was fifty-eight years old, sank down upon the stone horse-block that stood there, utterly out of breath, but David flung himself against the door like a wild thing.

"It's locked!" he shouted. "It's all shut up! Open it, Grandmother! Open it!"

Instantly Lucilla, an utterly unscrupulous woman when in pursuit of what she wanted, was up and smashing the hall window with the heel of her shoe. Then she put her hand through, unlatched and opened it, and climbed in, David after her.

They were in the hall of an eighteenth-century house, empty, mildewed and desolate, but with a fine shadowy moulded ceiling and a broken fireplace. A wide, shallow, curving staircase led away into the darkness above, the carved banisters festooned with cobwebs that drifted like grey ghosts in the soft breath of dawn. But Lucilla and David were not dismayed. They took hands and went forward.

Almost without speaking they went everywhere. They opened doors into queer rooms lit only by the long fingers of bright sunlight that smote through the chinks in the shutters, setting all the dust motes dancing and

the shadows piling themselves one upon the other in the darkened corners.

They pursued long twisting passages to their strange conclusions in unexpected flights of steps and small closets through whose broken windows creepers had grown, trailing their tendrils on the floor. They disturbed families of mice and regiments of spiders, and found a starling's nest that had fallen down a chimney. They explored attics under the roof where the plaster had fallen and the slates had slipped, so that patches of blue sky smiled in upon them, and exciting cellars where toadstools like orange flowers were growing in the must and damp.

At long last, worn out with excitement, they came back to what they knew was the heart of the house, the long, low drawing-room with the wide hearth and the high mantelpiece and overmantel of dark carved wood that stretched from floor to ceiling.

Hand in hand they stood before it, peering at it through the dimness of the shuttered room. It seemed to tower above them, the carving of it lit here and there by the dusty beams of light that came through the shutters. Looking at it Lucilla suddenly felt that a great ship was sailing towards her, driven fast on a rising sea. She fancied she could hear the roar of the water as it surged away from the proud curve of the prow, and see a shadowy figure moving high up upon the deck.

With a sudden gesture of panic she pushed David back, lest that sharp prow should run him down.

"What is it, Grandmother?" he asked. "Are you frightened?"

Lucilla laughed. "I was so silly, David," she said. "Just for a moment I thought the mantelpiece was a ship. Let's open the shutters, and then I shan't be silly any more."

There were two windows, both facing south-west, long windows with window-seats below them set in the thickness of the wall. Lucilla and David, standing together on the first window-seat, had hard work to push up the heavy iron bar that closed the shutters.

Yet when they had at last done it they were well rewarded, for the shutters creaked back to show them what lay within the old red walls that they had passed as they came through the oak-wood. . . . The garden.

Lucilla and David gasped and clutched each other, for it was such a garden as neither of them had seen before. It was a wild, crazy garden, the kind of garden in which the sleeping beauty and her court lay sleeping for a hundred years. Once it had been planted with orderly care and neatness, but now all the flowers and trees and bushes had gone mad together with a sort of jubilant madness that was one of the loveliest things Lucilla had ever seen. The rose trees, bright with their new green leaves, were running riot everywhere. The cherry trees were out already, a foam of white, and below them daffodils flowed through the grass in drifts of gold. Somewhere, it seemed, violets were growing, for the scent of them drifted in through the open window; and just outside the window, standing up sturdy and strong above the general riot, its stiff little leaves like blobs of dark green paint against the bright sky, was an ilex tree.

"Grandmother," said David, "could I go out into the garden?" And then he added in a whisper, "Could I go alone?"

"Of course, darling," said Lucilla, and she lifted him over the sill, setting his feet down among the daffodils below the window. In a minute he was gone, running quickly, hidden from

sight by the green sea of grass and the swelling waves of rosemary and lavender. Lucilla did not fear for him. No harm could come to him in a walled garden.

House and garden, oak-wood, marshes and sea, it was all of it a children's paradise, and a paradise that would not lose its glory as the children grew older. . . . She had found what she wanted. . . . She leaned her head back against the folded shutters, her hands fell idly in her lap, and she was asleep.

As she slept she dreamed one of those astonishingly vivid dreams that makes the dreamer feel that his soul has actually left his body and gone voyaging. She was walking through a forest in a strange country. About her the great trees soared upwards, stretching their branches against the sky like arms held up in adoration.

A small blue bird was with her, not flinging her snatches of song as she passed like the birds in the trees but accompanying her all the way that she went with his music and the flutter of his wings. She began to run, effortlessly, almost as though she were winged, and the bird, tossing like a blue flame in the air about her, sang and sang and sang.

And then she saw nothing but the darkness of her closed eyes and with a sickening sense of frustration she knew she was awake. But the bird was still singing; the liquid cascades of his song fell in showers all about her. For a long time she listened, then she opened her eyes and saw him sitting in the ilex tree. . . . But he was only a blackbird after all.

For just a moment the otherness of the morning had been reflected in his shining feathers as it had been reflected in the pools and the polished leaves in the lane.

DAVID suddenly appeared beneath the window. "Grandmother," he cried excitedly. "I saw a blue bird!"

"Did you, darling?" said Lucilla. "So did I." And she helped him to scramble back through the window and curl himself up on her lap.

"Shall we live here?" he suggested in commanding tones.

"Yes," said Lucilla.

"Right," said David.

And here they were found by a rightly incensed Hilary, Margaret and Ellen.

"Mother!" exclaimed Hilary. "Do you know the time?"

"Hilary," asked Lucilla, "why did you not tell me about this house?"

"We're going to live here," announced David.

Ignoring his nephew's remark as unworthy of attention Hilary concentrated upon Lucilla's question.

"I didn't think you would be interested, Mother. It's an awful old barn of a place that's been empty for years. It would cost a fortune to get it into order now."

"We're going to live here," continued David, who felt that this point was not being sufficiently stressed.

"Don't be silly, darling," said Margaret, brushing cobwebs off her skirt. "No one could possibly live here."

"Margaret, my dear," said Lucilla kindly but firmly, "I am very sorry, but I am afraid that we are going to live here."

And so it was that the Eliots came to Damerosehay.

"I'll sell my diamonds," said Lucilla happily, and thought she had found the solution to the problem of how in any world be found to restore the place. Her children did not deceive her. They let her think, since she wanted to think

it, that the sale of the diamonds, which just about mended the roof and modernised the drains, but no more, had purchased the whole estate, but secretly they all of them, Hilary, George, Stephen and Margaret, dived into their pockets and laid the last available halfpenny upon the altar of Damerosehay.

The sons suspected that they would be helping to pay for the upkeep of the place until their dying day, and Margaret, facing year after year of struggle with an under-staffed house and garden and ends that could be persuaded to meet only with the greatest difficulty, had felt sometimes that her strength and her courage must surely break.

Yet, twenty years later, in this autumn of 1933, they were all agreed that it had been worth it. Lucilla had been quite right. Damerosehay was their inevitable home. From the very beginning, almost as though it were alive, it had taken them all to its heart and held them there.

And things were easier now; though still they couldn't afford to install the electric light plant that Margaret longed for but Lucilla didn't because the softness of oil lamps was, she felt, more suited to the age of Damerosehay; it was Margaret, of course, and not Lucilla, who did the lamps. George, the father of Ben, Tommy and Caroline, was now a major, and Stephen had become as successful a barrister as his father before him.

As Lucilla sat waiting for David that September evening she looked what she was, a leonine and lovely old lady securely enthroned in a home where there was enough money for the creation of dignity and beauty but not enough for luxury or ostentation.

She was dissatisfied in only one point about the house. She had been unable to discover its history. The last owner, before the arrival of the Eliots, had been a Mr. Jeremy Martyn, a bachelor of peculiar habits, who had sat tight within its walls for a lifetime, studying the habits of birds and letting the roof fall quietly in over his eccentric head while he gave away the whole of his substance to the deserving poor.

He had died of heart failure at the age of ninety-five, only six years before the arrival of the Eliots, but oddly enough no one seemed to know where he was buried, probably in the churchyard at Big Village, but there was no headstone to say so. His dilapidated property had descended to his nearest relative, a distant cousin already in his dotage, from whom the Eliots had bought it.

And before Jeremy a French woman, with the lovely name of Amarante Emilie du Plessis-Pascou, had lived there, probably a descendant of one of the many refugees from the French Revolution who had formed a colony not far from Damerosehay, at the little town of Seacombe on the Estuary. No one knew how she had come there, or anything about her, not even Obadiah, who had been a little boy of four at the time of her death.

He only knew that she had died, and that she had been very beautiful but no better that she should be, and that was all. She had not been as mysterious in her choice of a burying place as Jeremy, for her grave was to be found in the churchyard at Big Village.

Lucilla would so have liked to know the whole story of her home, but she had no hopes of ever doing that now. Only Obadiah of the village folk was left from those old days, and the gaps in his memory were abysmal and compensated for by the most outrageous ramblings.

"We can know only one thing," David would say reassuringly to Lucilla, "that the inhabitants of Damerosehay ap-

pear, one and all, to go completely barmy. A cheering thought for us isn't it darling?"

The memory of his laughing voice was with her now as she waited for him. She watched the iron gate in the garden wall through which in a few minutes she would see the silver-grey car skidding by over the moss in the oak-wood. Ten minutes passed and she saw it. Another five and a great clamor broke out as the children and dogs erupted into the hall.

Another two minutes and David was in the room, struggling to shut the door against the onslaught on the other side, for he would not have them in the room when he greeted Lucilla. She stood up, tall and slender, and waited while he dropped with them.

"Get out, you little demons," he commanded them. "wait a minute," and he leaned against the door as though a gale of wind were blowing upon the other side. Then it closed and latched itself inexorably upon the tumult without and he came across to her in a sudden voice.

"Are you all right, Grandmother?" he asked her, and took her face in his hands and smiled at her. He could not kiss her yet because he had not had time to wash his face. No arriving Eliot ever could kiss Lucilla until after a wash because of Seamp.

"Yes, David," she said. "Are you all right?"

For years they had always given each other the same greeting when David had come home. He had chosen it himself in his school days, considering this form of words adequate and informative without being sloppy and always the answer had been satisfactorily in the affirmative. But now with sudden panic, Lucilla knew that David for the first time was not all right. Something had happened.

Margaret went straight from her missionary meeting to her bedroom, cast her hat and gloves from her, brushed on her cooking overall and hurried to the kitchen. Cook had given notice after Seamp had eaten her fruit hat and not for love nor money could Margaret find another. It was strange how few domestics were attracted by the thought of living in a marsh; or by the prospect of cooking for children and dogs.

Rolling up her sleeves, Margaret wondered a little desperately what there was still left to do. Having to help Eliot with his missionary meeting had put her dreadfully behindhand.

And then Lucilla liked fish but not pheasant and David liked pheasant but not fish, so she must do both. The soup and the cold soufflé, thank heaven, were prepared already.

For just a moment, as she rolled up her sleeves, Margaret moved to the window and looked out. After Lucilla the garden was the passion of her life. She had "green fingers" and knew them to be one of the happiest gifts that the gods can give.

The day, twenty years ago, when she had found she had them, had been one of the fortunate days of her life. She had been desperately unhappy when they came to Damerosehay that first spring. She had lost so much in the war, her sweetheart, and with him the hope of marriage and motherhood, two of her brothers, her youth, her looks and much of her strength. There had seemed nothing left; nothing except the back-breaking task of getting Damerosehay fit for Lucilla to live in.

And Lucilla had not been an appreciative as she would have been in more normal times; she had been absorbed in her grief for Maurice, in little David, and in how far too much money on the furnishing of his home; she had

hardly seemed aware that Margaret existed.

She had been so desolate one evening that she had wandered out to the far end of the flower garden to try and get out of earshot of the song of that stretched blackbird in the flex tree. Her head and her back were aching and her eyes behind their shut lids were smarting and burning with fatigue. And then she had been suddenly aware, as Lucilla had been, of the scent of violets.

"I didn't know there were any," she had thought, and pulling herself up on to her knees she had begun eagerly pushing aside the weeds and grasses. Presently she had found them; a few straggling plants under the wall that must once have been a violet bed, gallantly struggling up to the light, holding up their purple flower heads on stalks almost too weak to bear them.

"Oh, my poor dears!" Margaret had cried and in a moment tired as she was, had been hard at work pulling the weeds and grasses out of their way. She had worked on and on, with no look but her fingers and a sharp stone, taking no notice of the supper bell or of Eliot's voice calling her, and by dark she had quite a large patch cleared.

Now, twenty years later, she could see the faces of those freed violets more clearly in her memory than she could see the face of her dead sweetheart. "How awful of me!" she thought, scandalized at herself.

MARGARET'S thoughts were wandering to the garden as she held the tin with the basted pheasant in one hand while she tried to open the oven door with the other. The wretched bird slipped sideways out on to the floor just as Ellen, arriving at just the wrong moment as was her inevitable habit, entered with an empty decanter in one hand and the key of the cellar in the other.

"There!" said Ellen. "How many more times am I to tell you, Miss Margaret, that you need to have two hands to a baking tin? A basted bird is bound to slip. I've told you and I've told you, Miss Margaret, but never a word I say is attended to by any of you children."

Margaret, as much under Ellen's thumb at fifty-five as she had been at five, said meekly, "I'm sorry, Ellen," and stepped aside, pushing her short grey hair nervously back from her flushed face. Ellen, she knew, would not allow her to pick up the pheasant for herself. It was Ellen's prerogative always to be the one who put things right. Others might make mistakes, but never Ellen. This was a fixed principle in the Eliot family, fixed there by Ellen.

Half an hour before dinner time Margaret left the housemaid Rose in charge and hurried up the back stairs to change. Lucilla would never permit the Eliots to sit down to dinner without changing into evening dress first. Even if she and Margaret were quite alone, and their dinner consisted of a boiled egg and a baked apple, she still had to change. Lucilla said it kept up their self-respect.

Margaret didn't know if it did or not. She only knew that her perennial black silk and pearls didn't suit her. Out in the garden, wearing her boots and her weather-pugged tweeds, Margaret could look quite nice, for the roughness of them suited her short rough grey hair, sunburnt weather-beaten face, tall angular figure and roughened garden-er's hands. But her silk didn't suit her at all.

"I look simply silly," she said to herself, and snapped the pearls that her

father had given her on her twenty-first birthday angrily round her thin throat.

She waited in her room until the gong went, fearful of bursting in upon Lucilla and David when they did not want her. She spent her whole life in terror of disturbing people when they did not want her. Yet as she opened the drawing-room door she utterly forgot herself in the picture that she saw.

The drawing-room was always lovely in the evening light. And Lucilla, enthroned in her armchair, Seamp at her feet with his chin resting on her shoe, and Foch-Bah beside her the flames of the wood fire painting roses on the wide skirt of her purple silk dress, was as lovely as her room. Her cheeks were a little flushed because David had come and her eyes shining in welcome to Margaret.

"Margaret, darling, we've been wondering where you were," she said and stretched out her left hand in that desperate yearning of hers that Margaret should be able to enter with her into the lovely state of family love. But Margaret could never do anything easily; she was as rigid as a scarecrow by the door.

But David, standing where all the Eliot men always stood, in front of the fire so that none of the warmth could reach their female relatives, threw the evening paper quickly aside and went instantly to meet Margaret. He never forgot, for how many years she had done for him all the things that it would have bored Lucilla to do; darned his socks, packed his box for school, ministered him when as a small boy he was sick in the night; he did not forget, and he never failed to show her a picture of his affection that hurt her intolerably.

"How are you, Aunt Margaret?" he asked, and bent to give her one very gentle but very dutiful kiss.

How well he had done it, she thought. The flinging aside of his paper, as though he would not allow it to keep him from her for an instant, the swift movement towards her and the bend of his head to kiss her; it had all been done apparently in one graceful movement. . . . No wonder that as an actor he could earn more in a month than many men in a year.

But Margaret's moments of bitterness were rare and soon gone. As she moved to the fire with David's arm through hers she was exclaiming delightedly, as she always did, at his likeness to Lucilla. She had made the same remark for fifteen years and David would have felt his heart coming to be incomplete without it.

"But you've got very thin, David," she added, as they crossed the hall to the dining-room. "Have you been ill?"

"Of course not, Aunt Margaret," said David evenly. "No Eliot is ever ill. . . . Not unless he wants to get his own way with it like old Ben with his asthma."

"You're tired?" pursued Margaret. "This last show did seem to run for a century," admitted David.

"Margaret, how beautifully you have arranged these flowers," said Lucilla.

Margaret flushed suddenly for she saw by the warning glint in her mother's eye that she had been tactless again. She was for ever being tactless. She ought to have remembered, for Lucilla had told her often enough that when something had obviously gone wrong with one of the older grandchildren they must not ask questions. One had to wait patiently to be told what was the matter with them. . . . Or perhaps alternatively not to be told, in which case one must pretend very hard to have noticed nothing at all. . . . Margaret sighed and upset the salt.

David took instant and skilful charge of the conversation, directing it to the

Chelsea flower show, to politics, to things that had nothing to do with Damerosehay. He talked easily and amusingly, setting himself to make Lucilla smile her lovely smile and win from Margaret her low rare laugh.

Not tonight, said a voice that was beating like a little hammer in his brain, not tonight. Let it be the same as always tonight. Keep it the same as always. Tomorrow is time enough to tell them. Make them happy tonight. Old ladies are easy to deceive. They don't guess anything. Make them happy tonight. . . . And Lucilla, with Margaret rather heartily following her lead, was so gay he never guessed that of the two dramatic performances hers was even more accomplished than his own.

The dining-room was the only room at Damerosehay that David disliked. At all times he hated its darkness and heaviness, and tonight it seemed to him like some sort of stuffy shrine of Victorian family respectability. . . . That awful heavy silver and that ominous table. . . . He looked away from them and encountered the painted eyes of his grandfather looking at him from the wall. They were grey kind eyes in a heavy kindly face; they were exactly the eyes of his son George, the father of Ben, Tommy, and Caroline, and the divorced husband of Nadine.

David abruptly drained the one glass of wine which the grandsons were allowed at dinner, and which they usually made last as long as possible, but he kept his eyes scornfully upon his grandfather's. He imagined that his grandfather had been just like George: professionally clever but insensitive in his personal relationships, just, kind, conservative, and a gentleman to the marrow of his bones. He too, like George, would have always done what the code of his generation considered the decent thing, at whatever cost to himself and without it occurring to him that the code itself might need examination.

Had he lived in the twentieth century and been faced with George's problem, that of a middle-aged man with a young wife who had tired of him and was unhappy with him, he would have done what George had done, yielded to her pleading and arranged matters so that she was set free and called innocent while he, also innocent, must lose his children and carry about with him always the stigma of a divorced man. Only in Grandfather's day, of course, that wasn't the code. . . . In Grandfather's day the decent thing had been to whiten the sepulchre and carry on within it at whatever cost of truth and happiness. How stifling it must have been inside. As stifling as this loathsome room.

"Open the window wider, dear," said Lucilla's quiet voice.

David flung it wide with a quick grateful glance at her. The room wasn't really hot, he supposed, but the movement had eased his choking misery.

"Is Nadine quite well?" asked Margaret conversationally.

How like Aunt Margaret to ask that particular question at that moment! But he had control of himself again and answered easily, "Quite well, Aunt Margaret."

"And you see her often?"

"Fairly often. But she's busy, you know, with that shop of hers."

"That I should live," said Lucilla tartly, "to have a daughter-in-law in trade!"

Lucilla definitely disliked her daughter-in-law Nadine. She knew it was wrong of her, but she couldn't help it. She had disliked her on sight, when George had first brought her to Damerosehay, a lovely dark-eyed creature of nineteen, as sophisticated as Lucilla at not much younger had been unashamedly marrying a man twenty years

her senior with an awareness of what she was doing that had been denied to Lucilla.

Just why Nadine had married George Lucilla had never known. George in spite of the Eliot heaviness had been attractive at thirty-nine, straight-backed, tall, and a V.C., but Nadine had not been the kind of girl to be swept off her feet by a soldierly figure, and a bit of bronze metal won in a moment of heat that was not likely to occur again, and she had responded to George's dog-like devotion with a laughing acquiescence that had not looked like love. Then why had she married him. Lucilla had never found any satisfactory answers to the question, but when after nine years of stormy married life the break at last came, she avowed she had always said there would be trouble, and was quick to lay possessive hands upon her grandchildren, Ben, Tommy, and Caroline, lest worse befall them. . . . A merely temporary measure, she said, to tide over the time until Nadine and George came together again. . . . For she insisted that, for the children's sake, the break should not and must not be permanent.

The divorce she swept away as being a lying thing of no consequence, though she considered it both wrong and silly of George to have acquiesced in it. She had fought him with all her strength, but he had not listened. When what he considered to be Nadine's happiness was at stake he could be as obstinate as he was brave.

Nadine had submitted to this grabbing of her children by Lucilla with surprising meekness, in one so spirited, for after all they were her children, and she loved them. She had listened quietly, her sleek head bent, her quick tongue curbed when Lucilla had held forth to her about the excellence of sea air for asthmatic subjects, the unsuitability of a London flat as a dwelling place for little children, and the impossibility of Nadine looking after her children properly if she were living her own life and running an antique shop, and when Lucilla had at long last finished Nadine had "warmed meekly," "Yes, Grandmother," and lifted her head and looked at Lucilla with dark tormented eyes that had haunted her mother-in-law for a week or more.

NO, Lucilla had never been able to understand Nadine. But she had succeeded in capturing her grandchildren, and this had been some satisfaction to her in her sorrow for her son. George, going back alone to India with bewilderment in his kind dog's eyes and an undesired stain on the name that James had handed down untarnished to his upright sons. . . . Yet still hoping against hope they all knew for reunion with his wife, still loving her intensely, longing for her, perhaps even believing that in giving her the freedom she wanted lay his best hope of winning her again.

How she disliked Nadine! She brooded on the depth of her dislike while David talked cheerfully on about the Chippendale chairs that Nadine had picked up for a mere song. Nadine was clever, there was no doubt about that, and Lucilla hoped she was enjoying herself selling chairs and living her own life.

It was that declaration of Nadine's, that she wanted to "live her own life," that had exasperated Lucilla beyond anything else in the whole stretched business. It was a remark frequently on the lips of the modern generation, she knew, and it annoyed her. For whose lives, in the name of Heaven, could they live except their own? Everyone must look after something in this world, and why were they living

their own lives if they looked after antique furniture, pearl pumps, or parrots, and not when they looked after their husbands' children or aged parents?

Lucilla didn't know, and Margaret didn't either when Lucilla asked her; nor Ellen. Nadine was beyond the combined comprehension of the three of them.

"Unaccountable," said Lucilla to herself, and aloud, "Another fig, David? Margaret? Then we've finished, haven't we?"

David came round to her and she was glad of his arm as she got up out of her chair, for she found a little difficulty in getting up since she was sitting down, or sitting down once she was standing up. It was because she was so tall.

"But I'm not as tall as you, David," she said, and she kept her hand on his arm as they went back to the drawing-room because his nearness made her so happy. But she wished he would tell her what was the matter. Had he, perhaps, told Nadine?

At the thought that he might have told Nadine such a storm of jealousy shook her that she had to pray to be forgiven, her lips moving soundlessly as David brought her her footstool and Margaret plumped up a cushion that she didn't want at all and pushed it down against her backbone in a position that was positively painful.

"Thank you, darling," she said, and hoped it wouldn't be long before Margaret made the excuse of letters to write to go and help with the washing-up.

It wasn't long, for it was the nursery maid's evening out and as well as the washing-up Margaret had to see that the mess the children had made in the bathroom over their bath was mopped up before Lucilla had hers.

"The Indian mail must go tomorrow," she explained to David, and shut the door quietly behind her. Thankfully Lucilla withdrew her cushion.

"Chess, Grandmother?" said David, and, before she had time to answer, he had lifted forward the little table, with the old scurried and white carved chessmen, that stood for the most part unused in the corner of the drawing-room between David's visits, because he was the only member of Lucilla's family whom she considered had sufficient intelligence to play with her.

But she didn't want to play chess with David tonight. She wanted him to tell her what was wrong with him, now at once, so that she need not endure the misery of uncertainty all through the long hours of the night when, in any case, she never slept very well.

But he wasn't going to tell her tonight; perhaps he was never going to tell her. He was determined to do everything just as usual, and she, too, must do everything as usual because he wished it. . . .

A sudden panic possessed her. Was there going to be a battle between her and David? . . . Her hand was trembling as she stretched it out to move the first pawn.

Presently she found herself studying her grandson almost furtively. He was much thinner than he had been, as Margaret had already noticed, and that made the character of his face more apparent. There was something of fanaticism, she thought, in the hollows at the temples and the deep shadows round the eyes, and the line of the jaw was harder than she had realised. She suddenly did not recognise his face. This was not the boy she had known but a man capable of passion and of acts in that was strangely wild. . . . He looked at him intently, almost withering her chin in against

that face. Then he made his move and leaned back, lost in the smile, and she tried to get a grip upon herself.

It was nonsense. It had been just a trick of the light that had made him look so changed and so hardened. She would think no more about it. She would attend to her game. Yet when she made her next move it was a false one.

"Grandmother!" exclaimed David half-an-hour later. She was losing all along the line. He had never known her put up so poor a fight. He looked across at her, startled, and saw that her blue eyes were piteous in her lovely, heart-shaped face.

"No, David, no!" she cried, and caught his hand as he was about to lift a crowned queen upon the road to victory. "No! Don't let's play it out! I don't want you to win. I think I'm tired tonight. Don't let's play it out."

"Of course we won't," said David, and kissed the hand that clung to his. "But you still had a chance to win, you know."

"No," said Lucilla. "No chance."

"Yes, you had," said David. "Listen. And lifting the table away he stretched himself beside the sleeping dogs on the rug before the fire, his arm across her knees and lectured to her softly, but inexorably, upon the royal game of chess. Instantly the years rolled back and she was reassured.

So had all her sons and her grandsons, stretched upon that same hearth rug, lectured to her through so many years, instructing her ignorance about tadpoles, cricket, submarines, howitzers, Communism, and the habits of ants; and always she had listened so patiently, expressing astonishment, ignorance and agreement just at the points where these emotions were expected by the lecturer. So familiar was this situation that her ridiculous panic left her. David was still only a boy after all. There could be no real quarrel between them; nothing that mattered.

"Yes, dear," she said as she had said a hundred times before, relaxing comfortably in her chair. "Yes, I see what you mean. Yes, indeed, I quite see."

Then the Dresden china clock struck shrilly, the dogs awoke and blinked at the firelight, and bringing his lecture to a graceful conclusion David rose to his feet.

"Ten o'clock," he said. "Time for us to visit the children and then you must go to bed, Grandmother."

And again Lucilla was uneasy. Not by a hairbreadth was he deviating from the accustomed routine. . . . He shut the drawing-room door behind them and picked up from the hall table the little shaded lamp that Lucilla carried when she said good-night to the children.

Every night before she went to bed, Lucilla visited each sleeping grandchild in its bed to see that all was well with the child. David on his first night at home always waited with her. They went slowly up the shadowy dark stairs, Lucilla going first with David's arm through hers and the dogs following after, her silk skirts falling from stair to stair with a whispering murmur and the dogs' paws padding very softly with little clicking sounds as their nails touched the polished boards on each side of the narrow strip of carpet.

Caroline slept in a dressing-room that opened out of Lucilla's bedroom, the same little room that David had had when he was a child. She slept tidily in her white cot, the sheet turned down neatly over the pale blue blanket, and her right cheek turned confidently to the pillow. Her favorite doll Gladys lay beside her and her other dolls lay in a precise row at the foot of the

bed. She was flushed by the depth of her sleep and looked prettier than she did when she was awake. Her eyelashes, lying on her cheek, were like curled golden fans.

David, standing at the foot of the cot with a shaded lamp, looked at her sombrely as Lucilla bent over and skilfully withdrew Caroline's left thumb from her mouth. For a moment the small hand lay where Lucilla had placed it, tidily upon the sheet, then it moved upwards and the thumb popped back again where it had come from, without the incident having in any way disturbed the depth of Caroline's slumbers.

"Hopeless," murmured Lucilla.

Ben and Tommy slept together in a little room looking out on to the flower garden and called "the chapel room" because on each side of the main window were two others filled with stained glass. One showed a man carrying a little child upon his shoulder across a waste of turbulent water towards a quiet shore where a cornfield grew.

It was, the Eliots supposed, a picture of Saint Christopher and the Christ Child. The other window showed a strange jumble of beasts of all sorts running through a forest; very happy beasts, full of jubilation; the garden of Eden, Lucilla thought, but Ben said it was the animals let out of the ark, and pleased about it.

Tommy's bed, after slumber had claimed him, looked like a jumble sale. Everything that was dear to him he took to bed with him: his engine, his boxes of tin soldiers, his water pistol, his notebook with the numbers of cars in it, various pebbles and bits of wood which he liked for some reason or other, and the remains of a perfectly revolting heartstring, with which he played at Robinson Crusoe when he woke up in the mornings.

"It's no good my trying to do anything," said Lucilla, sadly regarding her grandson's tousled head, which had slipped from its resting place and was pillowed on the engine, his outflung uncovered arms and the curly toes protruding from beneath the covers. "If I try to straighten him out he only bites me. In his sleep, of course the darling."

She touched Tommy's riotous curls tenderly but with caution, lest he bite, and turned to Ben, who slept with the head of his bed pushed under the stained-glass window of the man carrying the child across the water, because he was so fond of it. . . . The man's face reminded him of his father, whom he missed quite dreadfully, though no one knew it.

LIKE Caroline, Ben slept tidily, lying high on his pillows in case he should cough, one hand under his cheek and the other lying palm up upon the covers, the fingers a little curved. His physical delicacy revealed itself very clearly when he was asleep. The shadows under his eyes looked enormous, intensified by the thick lashes lying upon them, the mouth relaxed in sleep drooped poignantly at the corners and in the curved fingers there was something that beseeched.

"It's not fair, Grandmother," whispered David suddenly and a little fiercely. "It's not fair on the old boy. He's too old now to be looked at when he's asleep. Sleep shows too much. It's not fair."

Lucilla looked at David in surprise. She had always known there was a special link between David and Ben. They were a little alike and understood each other. . . . But she had not known that David felt quite so deeply.

"He has always been delicate," she

said gently. "Nervy, frightened about things. The eldest so often is. I want him to have only happiness and peace all through his childhood, to settle his nerves."

But David, holding the lamp high, was no longer looking at Ben but at the window above his head. "Take him, don't you think?" he muttered.

"The child? Like Ben?" said Lucilla. "Yes. A little. He has that look of peace that Ben has when he knows he is safe."

David sighed twice, with difficulty, almost as though he were Ben oppressed by the asthma, and led the way rather abruptly back to the passage.

Lucilla's room was next to the boys' room and over the drawing-room. It too looked out over the garden and beyond to the marshes and the sea. It was a noisy room when the storms were sweeping in, but Lucilla did not mind that. She was never afraid of natural things, winds or lightnings or the flooding of great waters.

There was no wind tonight. When David lit the candles on her dressing-table the flames burned steady and straight.

"What a lovely shape candle flames have," said David, looking at them. "Living so long with electric light I had forgotten. Like a perfect laurel leaf, or hands set palm to palm in prayer. And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss."

"You're setting absurdly fanciful, David," said Lucilla.

"No, only quoting Shakespeare. Do you remember when you came all the way up to town to see me play Romeo for the first time? Do you remember the party we had afterwards? You liked that."

"I've liked all the good times I've had with you, David," said Lucilla. "Now I come to think of it I don't believe you've ever done a single thing that made me really unhappy."

David was still looking at the candle flames and had his back to her.

"We like the same things," went on Lucilla. "Beautiful things, and funny things. . . . And Damerosehay. . . . That reminds me, David; I made my will for the last time the other day and I left Damerosehay to you."

David swung round as though she had struck him, the color blazing up into his white face.

"You can't," he said hoarsely. "You can't."

"Why not?" she asked, and her voice was very cold.

"Hilary — George — Stephen. Your sons must come first."

"I have consulted them," said Lucilla, and she was still very cold and rather distant. "They are willing and glad that it should be yours. You were brought up here. It is your home as it never was theirs, and you love it more than they do."

David was silent and she forced herself on again.

"You are successful in your profession. They tell me that as you get older you are likely to be increasingly so. You are the only one of the family who is likely in the future to have enough money to keep it up. And I know that you will always keep it as a refuge for the children whom perhaps I'll never see — your children — Ben's — it was for the children that I bought it." Again she stopped, and forced herself on. "And you love it so, David; you love it so. . . . David, what in heaven's name is the matter with you?"

David laughed and came to her. "Nothing," he said, his cheek against hers. "Nothing except that I'm tired. It's absurdly early, but I'll go to bed, I think."

"You've your usual room?" asked Lucilla dully. "That funny little room you're so fond of?"

"Of course I have. It's the best room in the house for making one feel sleepy. The sound of the wind in the rushes is so peaceful; and then you don't know any more until you hear that plover in the dawn."

He stood still with his cheek against hers. Lucilla felt that if he didn't stop talking and go away or, alternatively, sit down and tell her what on earth was the matter with him, she would scream. She was at the end of her tether.

"Go to bed, darling," she said, and gave him a little push.

"Good-night," he said. "Sleep well." Then he kissed her and went away.

David's room looked east across a level stretch of feathery rushes to the Estuary and the Island. He loved the view, and the room too, and now, without lighting the candles, he sat in the chair by the window for a little while looking at it as it lay quietly waiting for him patterned by the moonlight.

He would not see this room very often in the future, perhaps not at all. He was going to cut himself adrift from Damerosehay. He loved Nadine Elliot and was going to marry her. That, in the eyes of Damerosehay and Lucilla, would be treachery to the place and to the family and they would not again receive him with ultimate gladness. The thought of that separation was misery to him, yet he had no doubt at all as to what he must do. His love for Nadine was the most shatteringly real thing that had ever happened to him.

He would have to try to make Lucilla understand how he felt about it, how it was to him the jump that lit all life. It would be difficult for her generation and his felt so differently.

His marriage to Nadine would seem to her a blow struck at her son George, a death blow to all his hopes of reunion with Nadine. It would not seem to Lucilla loyalty to reality but treachery to the Elliot family. She would be unable to take a broad view. For a moment, knowing that she wouldn't be felt, exasperated with her. Then he pulled himself up. In the awful arguments that were bound to come he must try to understand her point of view as well as try to make her see his. That was only fair.

Then his man's problems fell from him and he just thought childishly, that he didn't want to lose this room. He was so fond of all the things in it. That was woman of him, and he was ashamed, but he couldn't help it.

He undressed and got into bed. These first nights at home were always a joy; he fell asleep so blessedly soon, lulled by that cool murmuring that sometimes seemed to come from the rushes outside the window and sometimes from the bending corn in the picture over his bed. But tonight he could not sleep. He lay quite still, tormented, listening hour after hour to the strident voice of that wretched cuckoo clock that he had given the children.

Where had they hung the confounded thing? In the nursery? As time went on it seemed so near that he felt it must be in the room with him, and then it seemed in his own brain, cuckooing there with an insistence that made him feel distracted. . . . He would smash the thing in the morning.

Sleep unexpectedly overtook him and he woke in broad daylight to find Tommy sitting on his chest.

"David," said Tommy, "will you teach me how to be sick, please?"

It took David a little while to adjust his ideas.

"Why?" he asked at last.

"You see," said Tommy, "I'm so bored by lessons with Uncle Hilary. I want to stay home today, and if I could be very sick Grandmother would let me. Ben says you taught yourself how to be sick when you were at school."

"Horrid little brat," said David. "You're as horrid a little boy as I used to be. Go and turn on my bath." And he heaved the horrid child off on to the floor.

With one leap, Tommy was back again on David's chest. "I'm going to be a policeman," he said.

"Quite," said David weakly. "Only I should have thought a gangster was more in your line."

"It's much the same thing," said Tommy. "I mean, whichever you are you can knock people down I'm training myself. I practise jumping on to people, like I have on to you, and I take all the numbers of cars."

JUST then the door opened and Ben, clad in a sky-blue dressing-gown, stood in the patch of sunshine on the threshold like an apparition from another world.

"Tommy," said David, "get off my chest and go and turn on my bath."

"Ben," said Tommy, "go and turn on David's bath."

"Shan't," said Ben, who though delicate was not without spirit. "You're the youngest."

Tommy arose, tramping on David, and poised himself on the bed as though for flight. "Watch me," he commanded, and in two gigantic leaps was over the foot of the bed and out of the door.

Ben carefully closed the door and sat down on David's feet. "David," he said earnestly, "I want to tell you something. It's very important."

David, tired after a bad night, could not but feel that the early morning is hardly the best time for contact with the very young.

"What about my bath, old boy?" he hedged. "The water will be running over the top."

"Oh, no it won't," said Ben. "Tommy won't have turned it on. He never runs errands for people. He says it's better not."

David, listening, recognised the truth of Ben's statement. There was no sound of running water, only a succession of heavy thuds that suggested that Tommy was leap-frogging along the passage. He resigned himself to the inevitable.

"All right, old boy. But get off my feet, will you? You're not so heavy as Tommy but you're quite heavy enough."

Ben settled himself at the foot of the bed, cross-legged and very upright. With his thin brown hands folded and his wide dark eyes absorbed in something very far away he looked like a young Indian mystic. David wondered where his mind had gone to, but not for the world would he have interrupted Ben's train of thought to ask. There was something about Ben that made his silences respected.

Instead he found himself thinking about the children in relation to their mother. He had scarcely done that before. Until now they had just been his cousins, jolly little beggars whom he was fond of. But now they were something more, they were the children of the woman he loved. He could see Nadine in them.

Tommy had her driving force, her power of doing and getting what she wanted. And all the qualities that he loved best in Nadine were in Ben also; the grace, the elusive beauty that defied

definition, the intensity and the almost painful capacity for feeling. About Caroline he seemed to know very little as yet. She was a small girl-child, a creature as mysterious to him as a mer-baby from the ocean. But he would have to try and understand her. He would be her stepfather as well as Ben's and Tommy's.

That had really come home to him for the first time last night, when he went with Lucilla to say good-night to the children. It had struck him like a blow, almost terrifying him. It had seemed especially alarming that he should be Ben's stepfather. Why? He and Ben were fond of each other. They ought to be happy in their new relationship. Yet last night he had known they wouldn't be, and this morning, looking at Ben's upright figure and dreaming face, he thought he knew why.

For there was a look of discipline in Ben's straight back and quietly folded hands, an orderly arrangement of the things that make up life; an arrangement that delivered one from the bewilderment of confusion so that the spirit could go free. . . . As Ben's was going at this moment. . . . His was a nature that needed orderliness. Maladjustment would always injure him; as his parents' quarrels had already done. The family distresses that were bound to come when David married Nadine, the final tearing apart of the threefold pattern of father and mother and child, would injure him even more. Delicately balanced creature that he was it might upset his equilibrium altogether.

David thrust the thought away. As usual, he was letting his imagination run away with him. It would be quite all right if everything was very carefully explained to Ben. And, anyhow, such a blinding love as his and Nadine's could not be denied and it would be a finer thing for a child to see and live with than the perpetual quarrels that had disfigured the marriage of Nadine and George.

"I can't help thinking about it at night," said Ben, "and it makes me feel awful."

David felt suddenly cold. Did Ben know already? Had some gossip reached him through the servants? That would be fatal.

"And I can't tell Grandmother or Aunt Margaret," said Ben, "because Obadiah said I wasn't to. But it's horrid to know about it all by myself. Tommy knows, of course, only Tommy doesn't understand how bad I feel about it. Tommy never feels bad about anything."

"What do you feel bad about?" asked David.

Ben did not move but his dark eyes were full of fear and horror. "David," he said, "Jeremy is buried under the box tree, and buried very shallow."

The relief was so great that David was utterly at sea. "Jeremy?" he repeated stupidly. "Jeremy?"

"Yes," said Ben. "Jeremy Martyn who used to live in this house. He's buried under the box tree and buried very shallow."

In his relief David laughed. "Good old Jeremy!" he said. "So that's where he's buried? What a first-rate place to choose. I think I'll be buried there when my time comes."

"It's horrible!" said Ben. "It's horrible!"

"Not at all," said David. "While he's lying waiting for the last trump he can listen to the blackbird singing."

Not that one would hear the last trump through that blackbird. "He's buried very shallow," repeated Ben in a monotonous voice.

David perceived that Ben was really in the grip of horror, and stopped

laughing. "Tell us about it old man" he urged. "Start at the beginning." "Grandmother and Aunt Margaret went away for the week-end," said Ben, "and Alf and Obadiah were working in the kitchen garden and there was no one to see what we were doing in the flower garden, and so Tommy thought it would be fun to make a dug-out under the flex tree."

"A dug-out?" "Yes. We worked frightfully hard the whole week-end. It had rained a lot and the ground was very soft. The dogs dug too, and the deeper we got the more excited they were. Scamp was dreadfully excited all Sunday. He got down in the hole and he just scratched and scratched." Ben stopped, shivering.

"But you didn't uncover anything, did you?" asked David, catching a tittle of the horror.

"No," said Ben, "but we would have if Obadiah hadn't found out what we were doing on Monday morning. He was dreadfully angry. He said we were just exactly over where Jeremy was, and Jeremy wasn't in a coffin and was buried very shallow."

"Obadiah," said David "is an old man."

"Oh, no, he isn't," said Ben. "He buried Jeremy there himself, and the old parson, the one who was here before Uncle Hilary, and was very eccentric, read the burial service over him."

"The more I hear of this tall story," said David, "the more unlikely it sounds. If ever there was an expert liar in this world it's Obadiah. Hasn't the old scoundrel told us time and again that no one in Little Village knows where Jeremy is buried?"

"But Obadiah says they do," said Ben. "The whole of Little Village knows about Jeremy. But they decided not to tell Grandmother and Aunt Margaret because they know Grandmother likes to sit under the flex tree, and it's very near to the drawing-room window, and they thought she might feel upset if she knew that—that David, what do people look like when they've been buried for twenty-six years?"

"So that's the trouble, is it?" David said gently. "After twenty-six years, Ben, and no coffin, there'll be nothing left of Jeremy but a nice clean respectable skeleton. You're not frightened of skeletons, are you?"

"Yes," whispered Ben. "I saw pictures of them once. They're horrible. They grin. Obadiah has horrible pictures of dead bodies and skeletons in a book at his cottage. I saw them. I think about it in the night. And it scares me."

"And you, the eldest son of a V.C.," said David, applying bracing treatment. "If your father had let himself get scared of death in the night he wouldn't be a V.C. now."

"No," whispered Ben. "No. And I shouldn't be afraid if father was here." David felt stabbed. "Why not?" he asked.

"Because I never felt afraid of things when I was with father."

David came to a decision. "Now look here, Ben," he said, "I'll tell you what to do when something you have seen has frightened you. You don't run away from it, you look at it again. Any fear, when you face it instead of running away from it, turns out not to be so bad after all. Those pictures of Obadiah's terrified you, didn't they? You wouldn't have been so upset by Jeremy if you hadn't seen them?"

"No," whispered Ben.

"Well, we'll go out to Obadiah's cottage and look at those pictures together. I'll explain them to you and then you'll see, they won't frighten you any more."

"No!" cried Ben, and he began to sob.

"I can't look at those pictures again! I can't! Not ever!"

"Shirker," said David. "Coward." Ben began to tremble again. He trembled for five minutes, as a thoroughbred dog trembles, but his voice was quite steady, though muffled, when he spoke. "I'll come," he said. "We could go this afternoon. It's Saturday and Obadiah is always out at his cottage on Saturdays. He does his own garden then."

"Then we'll go this afternoon. You're a fine fellow, Ben. Proud of you. There's that confounded cuckoo shouting again. What's the time?"

Ben counted. "Eight."

"Eight? Go and turn on my bath."

Ben slipped off the bed and vanished like a blue shadow. David searched wearily for shaving things. He seemed to have been talking for hours, and it was going to be a brute of a day. In the morning there would be Grandmother and her reactions to the Nadine affair to be coped with, and in the afternoon there would be Ben and his skeletons.

Yet in spite of his weariness and apprehension there was a tiny gleam of interest flickering in his mind. What was this terrifying book of Obadiah's? And how much more, that he had never told, did Obadiah know about the former owners of Damerosehay? Like Lucilla, David had always wanted to know more about Jeremy and Aramante. He would pump Obadiah. He would pump him hard.

The cheerful sound of running water told him that the obliging Ben had turned on his bath, and with almost a feeling of impending doom he sallied forth to confront the new day. The first time in his life that he had confronted a day at Damerosehay with foreboding.

SOME time after breakfast, when the boys had gone off to their lessons with Hilary, David and Lucilla talked together.

They walked up and down the lawn, moving with the unconscious grace that was habitual to them both, and David told her, simply and straightforwardly as he knew she would wish to be told. She didn't say anything for a few minutes and then she said, "I think I shall have to sit down, David."

They went to the chairs under the flex tree that Obadiah had already set for them, and in spite of his unhappiness David remembered with a jerk of grim amusement that Jeremy's skeleton, if Obadiah's story was true, was just about exactly underneath them. Then he looked at Lucilla and suddenly went white, for her face was like the face of a dead woman, some stranger, hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed.

He passed his hand quickly before his eyes, as though to shut it out, and when he looked at her again she was Lucilla once more, but a much older Lucilla. He found that his hand was shaking and stuck it savagely into his pocket.

"I see," said Lucilla in a hoarse exhausted voice. "So that's what it is." She did not say anything else. He forced himself to meet her eyes. They were blazing with anger.

It was far worse than he had thought it would be. He had thought he knew all the arguments that she would use, the arguments of a Christian and of a Victorian woman to whom family unity was very dear, and he had steeled himself to hear them, and now she said nothing at all. There was nothing but her silence and her anger and the ageing of her beloved face. The

tension between them was almost unbearable.

"Grandmother," he said desperately, "you look as though I had committed a crime, when all I have done is to get engaged to a woman I love, who, by the law of the land, is free to marry me."

"The law of the land," repeated Lucilla dully. He waited for her to speak to him of the law of the Church, but she didn't, and he had to go on, talking for the sake of talking, uncertain if she heard a word he said.

"Listen, Grandmother," he said. "I want to tell you how I feel about this. I want to make you understand."

He told her of the nature of the love that had grown between himself and Nadine, of its power and depth and beauty, and of his other love that was as strong, his love of truth. He tried to make her understand what he felt about this truth, that it was a thing that should live in one's inner life, compelling outward things to its own likeness and not suffering their shape to impinge upon its beauty.

Now and then she bowed her head as though she had understood, but he could not be certain. When he had finished he waited again, ready to hear her point of view; but she seemed not to have one.

"And so you see, Grandmother," he said at last, "that I cannot inherit Damerosehay."

"Why not?" demanded Lucilla harshly.

He stared at her in astonishment. Surely she could not, her opinions being what he knew they were, still consider him a fit heir for Damerosehay.

"I am waiting," said Lucilla, "to hear why you think you cannot inherit Damerosehay."

"Because I did not think that after this you would want me to."

"Why not?" asked Lucilla.

Then he saw her meaning. She knew why not, but she wanted to see if he did.

"Because, Grandmother, you will not want to leave your most precious possession, that you made to preserve the family unity to a man who is dealing such a blow at that unity. It would be an insult both to the family and the place if I lived here. Damerosehay is the family home, it is where we belong, our own place, in a way it is the family. If I cut myself off from one I must cut myself off from the other."

"There is no need for me to say anything," said Lucilla, still in that harsh dry voice. "You have expressed my point of view perfectly, quite as well as a minute ago you expressed your own. I heard what you said about your own. I heard and understood."

"I could say a little more on my own side," urged David. "I could tell you that even had I never existed, Nadine would not go back to George. A divorce is a far more final thing than you realise. And I could tell you, too, that she would never stay single; she's not that sort; if it were not me it would be some other man. And as for religion, Grandmother, you know that I don't feel bound by that. You brought me up to be a churchman, but I'm not one now. I keep the law of the land, but not the law of the Church."

Lucilla sighed and moved a little restlessly. David's loss of the faith she had taught him was a trouble to her, though she had not given up hope that he would find it again.

"As for the other thing," went on David, "the distress that I shall cause you all, well, I'm sorry, Grandmother, I'm bitterly sorry. Yet I must do it. If I'm to be honest I must do it. I must serve the truth as I see it. You

understand that, don't you, Grandmother?"

"What I understand, David," said Lucilla, "is that your infatuation for Nadine has blinded you to every consideration of honor and duty, and even sense. I see what you mean about truth and I know that you mean to be honest, but I think that unconsciously you are using your ideals to justify action that you would take in any case. What is possessing you, David, is not a passion for truth, but a man's utterly selfish longing to possess the beauty of a very lovely woman."

David flushed angrily. "Selfish?" he demanded. "My love for Nadine? Grandmother, I don't believe you know what love is. How should you? You were just a girl when you married Grandfather. I expect you were always just the affectionate Victorian wife I expect—"

"That will do, David," interrupted Lucilla. "I believe that I know far more about love than you do. And more about truth. One day I'll tell you; not now, I'm too angry. Yes, angry. With you and with Nadine, but especially with Nadine. She should have stopped it before it came to this. She is years older than you, a woman of the world while you are a mere romantic boy."

David's simmering anger blazed out. "No man is a boy at twenty-five," he flashed. "And there's only five years between Nadine and me. What's five years?"

"In middle life nothing," said Lucilla. "At your age, everything; all the difference between inexperience and maturity. You would never be happy with Nadine, David." Suddenly she stretched out her hand and put it on his. "Now we are both angry," she said. "That must not be. We have always loved each other so much. Nothing must spoil it, David. Not even this."

"No," said David wretchedly. "No. But what can we do, Grandmother?"

He spoke in bewilderment like a small boy, and Lucilla was quick to take advantage of his weakness. "Do you feel that after all these years you owe me anything?" she asked. "That I have the right to ask some little sacrifice of you?"

"Yes, Grandmother," he said. "Yes, of course."

"Then you will do nothing for a few weeks," said Lucilla. "You will not write to George or say anything to anyone of your intentions. You will stay here quietly with me for a little while, you and Nadine."

"Nadine?" he asked sharply. "Grandmother, that would be impossible. Nadine and I here together — it would be unbearable. I hadn't even meant to stay myself. I had meant to go tomorrow."

"We will both write to Nadine," said Lucilla inexorably. "And ask her to come down. I shan't bother the two of you. Just once I will tell you both what I feel, but only once. You shall go about together as much as you like. Just for two weeks. Not longer. I don't merely ask this, David, I demand it. I have the right."

"Very well," said David, but his mouth set in a hard line.

"I'll go in," Lucilla said, and got up. But she was not so steady on her legs as she had expected to be and David went with her to the garden door.

"Grandmother," he implored, "these next weeks are only going to be bearable for the three of us if we keep the thing to ourselves. Don't tell Aunt Margaret. But above all don't tell Ellen."

Lucilla hadn't been going to tell Margaret, whose distressing efforts to be tactful, did she know, would obliterate

the lot of them, but she had been going to tell Ellen. She had always told Ellen everything. It cost her a hard struggle to say, "Very well, David, not Margaret or Ellen or of course the children. But I must tell Hilary. He is my eldest son and I lean upon him."

"I don't mind old Hilary knowing," said David, and suddenly thought of his steady, sensible uncle with a sense of relief as though struggling in a dangerous sea he had felt firm ground beneath his feet. "I don't mind Hilary knowing anything."

"I am all right now, David," said Lucilla. "Don't come in."

There was another garden at Dame-rosehay besides the flower garden and the kitchen garden, and that was the wild garden, which lay to the west of the flower garden. Lucilla had wanted to keep some reminder of the Dame-rosehay that she had seen on that first spring morning that overgrown place where she had dreamed of the blue bird and David had seen it, and so she had simply left the wild garden more or less alone to go mad as it liked. The grown-ups thought Lucilla was as crazy as the garden, but the children blessed her foresight every day of their lives.

Especially Caroline. When she was here, with the boys at their lessons and the grown-ups busy over their mysterious employments, she knew that she would be quite alone and undisturbed.

CLASPING Gladys, and smiling at David where he sat beneath the flex tree, Caroline ran through the tame garden, slipped behind the guelder-rose bush, and lifted the latch of the gate that led to the wild garden. It latched behind her and she gave a deep sigh of content and stood still for a minute to survey her kingdom.

All the loveliest wild flowers grew in this grass in their seasons, prim-roses about the tree trunks in April, bluebells in May, ragged robins in June, and daisies at all times. There were still garden flowers running riot here, michaelmas daisies, hollyhocks and Japanese anemones, lavender and rosemary.

Spring, when the birds were nesting and the bluebells were budding, was the best time in the wild garden, but autumn could be lovely too. As Caroline stood gazing there was a soft mist of mauve where the autumn crocuses were growing in the rough grass. The fire of autumn had already touched the leaves over her head, and spun from twig to twig and from bush to bush was that exquisite silver filigree of dewy spiders' webs. Caroline went slowly forward along the path that led in and out through the tree trunks to the secret centre of the garden where Methuselah was.

He was the oldest of the oak trees, taller and larger and barer than any. It was on his topmost branch that the mistle thrush sang and among his leaves that the willow wrens nested.

Caroline, like David in his boyhood, was a lonely child. She thought but little of the human race, and she liked solitude, especially in the wild garden. Yet like many solitaires she felt the need for some sort of companionship. Talking to oneself pulled, but Caroline found that if one shut one's eyes and just talked, not to oneself but to someone outside oneself, when one opened one's eyes that someone was there. That was how she had got to know the lady and the little boy.

It had happened first last year, when Mother had been staying with them on an autumn day like this one when

she had been feeling particularly forlorn. She had eaten all the sugar out of the nursery cupboard and there had been a good deal of unpleasantness with Ellen from which she had fled to the shelter of Methuselah's kind arms. Sitting in the swing with the slow tears oozing out from under her shut lids she had felt the urgent need to tell somebody about it, and so she had just begun to tell.

"I was not greedy," she had said. "It was because Mother said I was a skinny little shrimp, and I thought that if I got fatter she might love me as much as she loves the boys, and so I ate the sugar. Then Ellen scolded and Mother said I was a greedy little pig, and I couldn't tell her why I had eaten the sugar because if I had I would have cried, and Mother doesn't like cry-babies."

At the end of this recitation she had opened her eyes and at first she had thought that all the autumn crocuses that were growing about her feet had flown up into the air like a cloud of butterflies, because there was a sort of mauve mist before her eyes, but when she looked again she saw that it was a lady in a mauve dress with a lovely full skirt that swept over the grass like a wave of the sea.

At first Caroline thought this lady was Mother, because she was tall and dark and slender like Mother, but when she looked again she saw that her face was rounder and softer and her eyes shone in a way that told Caroline without any words that she unlike Mother liked little girls every bit as much as little boys, and that she quite understood about the sugar. And then a funny little boy dressed in green, with red curls, had popped out from behind the lady's skirts and grinned at Caroline, and Caroline had wriggled out of the swing and run to him and they had played in the garden together all the morning, and the lady had sat on the grass and laughed.

Thinking it over afterwards Caroline could not remember what they had said to each other, if indeed they had said anything. But they had been blissfully happy. This mother had not been so much a mother as the mother, the mother of everything in the garden, of herself and the little boy and the flowers and birds and everything.

And as for the funny little boy, well, he was the perfect companion. So often since that day Caroline had seen them, though only in the wild garden; indeed it sometimes seemed as though she could make them come at will simply by shutting her eyes and talking to them. She knew, as she trotted along to the swing with Gladys, that she was going to see them today.

And she did.

The little boy came out suddenly from behind a tree trunk and Caroline played with him for a long time, while the lady sat in the swing, her mauve skirt billowing out over the crocuses, and laughed. And then suddenly they were not there, and Caroline wondered why until she heard a clear whistling in the garden, like the blackbird but yet not the blackbird. It was David's whistle that he always used to tell the children that he was coming.

That was one of the things that the children liked about David. He understood quite well that grown-ups were invaders from another country, and that one did not want to be unexpectedly caught by them doing something which they would probably neither understand nor approve of. He always gave warning of his coming.

So he found Caroline seated once more upon the swing as comely as a queen waiting to give audience.

"Dinner time, Caroline," he said. "Tommy has been ringing the nursery dinner bell out of the window for some minutes. He's very hungry," he says. Aren't you hungry?"

Caroline shook her head, slithered out of the swing and slipped her hand into David's. But David seemed reluctant to leave the old oak tree.

"I used to have a swing here, too," he told Caroline. "It's a jolly place. Do you play here every morning?"

Caroline, her thumb in her mouth, nodded her head.

"All alone?"

Caroline, a truthful child, shook her head.

"I invented a dream boy to play with," said David. "Do you invent playmates, Caroline?"

Caroline took her thumb out of her mouth and lifted puzzled eyes to his face. She did not know what he meant. Then she hung her head and whispered something that David had to bend low to catch.

"A lady and a little boy," she said, and then a tear rolled down her button nose because she had told her secret, and to a grown-up. She couldn't think what had made her do it. And she was terrified of that word "invent."

She was afraid that David was going to explain it to her, and that its meaning would be one that she would not be able to bear. She burst into floods of tears and clutched David with both hands. "No, no!" she said. "Don't tell! Don't tell!"

David, much embarrassed and totally at sea, sat down in the swing and took Caroline on his knees. "Of course I won't tell," he assured her, though he had no idea what it was he wasn't to tell. "Is the little boy you play with a nice little boy, Caroline?"

Caroline nodded.

"And the lady? Is she a nice lady? What's her name?"

Caroline shook her head, but David seemed to feel that the lady ought to have a name. "Aramante," he suggested.

Caroline looked up at him and smiled through her tears, for that was a name that exactly suited her lady. Vigorously and joyously she nodded her head. David was delighted with his success.

The mysterious grief was now apparently assuaged and he thought they might safely go in to dinner.

Amicably, hand in hand, become in some queer way very close to each other, they threaded their way through the luscious sweetness of the wild garden to where the iron gate was hidden behind the guilder-rose bush.

Here Tommy met them, feverishly ringing the nursery dinner bell. "Come on!" he urged them. "Come on! It's liver and bacon and I've a hungry raging wolf in my tummy!"

Early that afternoon, David and Ben were walking through the oak-wood, the dogs at their heels, on their way to the marshes and Obadiah's cottage.

There was a drier part of the marshes, where the sea never came now, for big dykes had been erected to keep it out and cattle were put here to graze.

They crossed a rough wide plank bridge and found themselves in Obadiah's strip of flower garden bright with the hydrangeas, nasturtiums, tamarisks, marigolds, and fuchsias that did not mind the wind from the sea.

Behind the cottage was the vegetable garden, where the vegetable marrows were a sight to behold.

Obadiah himself was in the flower garden, tending the giant blue hydrangeas that grew beside the two snowy steps leading to the front door.

"You all right, Obadiah?" asked

David as he shook hands with the old man.

"Pretty t'arbish," said Obadiah. "Pretty t'arbish. Oi 'opes ee be well, Mister David."

He was hospitable and garrulous, was Obadiah, and was delighted to see David and Ben, much deploring the absence of Alf at Big Village for the first football match of the season.

As the old fellow rambled on David kept in mind what he was here for. The book would be indoors. He must manoeuvre the party there.

"Got that clock still, Obadiah?" he asked.

Obadiah, who had been doing the honors of his garden, smiled broadly and promptly led the way indoors. His grandfather clock was his most cherished possession and a joy not only to him but to every child who ever entered his cottage. It was a perpetual delight to Ben, Tommy, and Caroline, and it had been an even greater one to David in his childhood.

Obadiah never said how he had come to possess it, and his reticence upon the subject had led to the current belief that the old soundrel had stolen it.

SETTING the clock again now, David was immediately, as ever, so enthralled by it as it stood opposite the window, bathed in light, that he failed to notice that Ben, after entering hesitantly, behind him, had slipped back into the garden as though afraid taking the dogs with him. And Ben was usually such a passionate worshipper of Obadiah's clock.

It was very old, quite small as grandfather clocks go, and must have been made, its admirers thought, at the Hard, the ship-building yard on the Abbey River where more than a hundred years ago the greatest of England's ships had been built and launched.

The slender length of it was built of Forest oak, beautifully fashioned and curved, but its chief glory was the clock face where at each hour instead of the usual numeral there was the picture of a sailing ship. The ship at one o'clock had bare masts, with just one little sail hoisted to indicate the hour and then as the day went on the sails blossomed out upon the masts one by one until twelve o'clock a great ship like a blossoming rose was seen sailing triumphantly into the sunset.

The little pictures were faintly colored, with blue and green for the sea, scarlet and gold for the setting sun, and green dolphins and rainbow-tinted seahorses darting themselves around the ships. The clock did not go any more and the hands stood perpetually at one o'clock, yet it was still a glorious work of art, and rejoicing in it at each David looked round for Ben to share his delight.

"Why, he's gone!" he exclaimed.

Obadiah, coughing sepulchrally behind his horny hand, looked exceedingly self-conscious.

"Look here, Obadiah," said David suddenly, sitting on the table edge. "That boy's scared stiff at something you showed him here. What was it?"

A look of relief spread over Obadiah's mahogany features.

"Oi'm right glad to tell ee of it, Mister David," he said. "It's worried me considerable as the boy should 'ave seen it. Aweren't it showed un."

"I found un 'isself, look see. Real put abed on was. E opened the clock when me back was turned. Out in the garden, oi were, an' 'im alone inside."

"The clock?" exclaimed David, and immediately was on his feet, opening it. Wedged behind the pendulum that

now swung no longer was a battered old book with worn brown leather covers. With an exclamation David took it out.

"Bring un outside," suggested Obadiah. "There's sun outside. More 'olesome, look see."

They carried out Obadiah's two wicker chairs and sat beside the glorious blue hydrangeas.

David lifted the cover of the book and immediately gave an exclamation of delight. He was looking at a spirited picture of dancing dolphins executed in pen and ink with faint washes of color. It was lovely, the work of a fine artist. He rifled the pages of the book and saw that it was full of drawings. He saw a ship in full sail and some exquisite studies of seahorses, something familiar about these captivated his attention.

"Obadiah!" he exclaimed, "these are studies for the clock-face! Did you realise that?"

"Aye," said Obadiah, puffing unmoved at his clay pipe.

"But they're lovely!" cried David. "They're exquisite. There's nothing here to frighten a child."

"Ee'd need to turn on a bit further, look see," said Obadiah ominously.

David turned on further, but he still saw only great beauty; one picture of a sailing ship was the best of all. She was a grand creature with a fine carved poop and fore-castle, wind-filled sails crowding up aloft and the four curling back in delicate curves and arabesques from her splendid prow.

Something was written very faintly beneath this picture and David bent low to make it out. First came some illegible name, and then these words: "The first ship I have had the honor to command. Launched at the Hard on April 6th in the year of Our Lord, 1816. May God bless her and find me worthy of my trust."

David leaned back in the hard wicker chair and gazed through the sun-warmed spaces of limpid air to the far-off sea. Those quiet yet proud words had somehow touched him very deeply. The artist in him leaped out to meet the artist in this unknown sea captain. It was as though at that moment they were made friends. He knew this man knew him to be courageous, indomitable yet sensitive and highly strung too; his drawings showed that a man who would feel weakness and fear but who yet would never yield to them. In the quiet and silence of the marshes one spirit mutely revered the other.

"Ee'd best turn on," said Obadiah's voice, suddenly shattering the silence with an almost brutal note.

Startled by it, David pulled himself upright in his chair and turned on. There were a few blank pages and then, turning another, he had a hideous, a sickening shock. His mind seemed to reel under it, he felt physical nausea and a sense of terrible desolation. Yet he turned on and on, page after page. In spite of his horror he could not stop himself.

What had happened? It was the same artist, possessed of the same genius, but some fearful change had taken place in him. He was seeing the world differently, seeing it with a mind distorted. His pictures now were of death, of agony and despair. They were pictures of war, of famine and pestilence, of cruelty and hatred. David had never seen anything so horrible.

Yet, as his mind grew steadier and he turned back the pages to look at them all again, he found that they were not evil. They were driven not with a love of evil but a hatred of it. There was a strange mystical feeling in them. Undoubtedly these were the pictures of a man whose full sanity had left him but who still retained at the core of his being something changeless

that his friends could know him by. David felt that he still knew him, still revered him, and in spite of the horror wanted to know him better.

"Obadiah," he said, "may I take the book? It's appalling, but I want it." Obadiah removed his clay pipe from his mouth and spat significantly. "That's more'n of do. Oi don't want it," he said. "Never knew 'twas in that dratted clock till after oi'd brought 'un 'ere."

"Obadiah," said David, "how in the world did you get hold of that clock?" "Ah," said Obadiah, and reinserting his pipe in his mouth closed his old lips on it very firmly.

"Come on, Obadiah," urged David. "Tell me. It's between friends."

"Oi took 'un, look see," said Obadiah. "Always partial to that thur clock, oi wur, an' the old Master, old Jeremy Martyn, did say oi should 'ave un after 'e died. But 'e died sudden like, an' thur warnt no will found. So oi just up wi' un one evenin', afore the lawyer chap 'ad time to get 'ere, lays un on me barrer an' wheels un out 'ere."

"Very sensible of you," said David with a grin. He always had vowed that clock had come originally from Damerosehay. It had a sort of Damerosehay flavor about it. "I'll not mention it, of course."

"Ah," said Obadiah. "That yarn you told 'de boys," said David "that yarn about Jeremy being buried under the flex tree; was it just a yarn?"

"True as gospel," said Obadiah. "Shovelled earth in on un meself, oi did. Don't ee go fur to tell 'er ladyship or Miss Margaret, an' don't ee let those young varmin'ts, what nearly dug un up, tell 'em neither."

"Obadiah," David said, "was Jeremy Martyn any relation to Aramante du Pleissin-Pascant?"

"E told oi," said Obadiah, "as 'e wur 'er son. But 'e couldn't pay no attention to what 'e said. Childish, 'e wur, at the last. Put flowers on 'er grave, 'e did, summer an' winter; grew un special."

"You never told us that, Obadiah," said David.

"Ah," said Obadiah. "No better than 'er should be, from all oi've 'eard, look see."

"There was no husband that you ever heard of?" queried David tactfully.

"Not that oi ever 'eard on," said Obadiah. His old face had a very closed look now, and David saw that he was going to get nothing more out of him. He thanked him and left.

David found Ben and the dogs where he expected to find them, in a place that all four of them knew of, a clearing in the wood where a fallen tree trunk lay like a bridge across the stream, and where the swiftly-flowing water was so clear that you could count all the pebbles on the bottom.

Ben sat on the tree trunk, dangling his legs over the water, and the dogs splashed happily in the sun-becked shallows of the stream.

"You ran away, Ben," said David. "Yes," said the little boy, and hung his head.

David swung himself out along the tree trunk to sit by Ben.

"The pictures are perfectly horrible, old man," said David. "I don't blame you for panicking. I was scared stiff myself, and even Obadiah doesn't think them pretty."

Ben let out a shuddering sigh of relief. It was extraordinarily comforting that other people should be frightened, too. Ben had all the horror of being abnormal of a super-sensitive person. So often he had found that other people didn't feel about things as he did, and it made him feel very lonely. It was consoling to have David's companionship in fear.

"But you see, Ben," David went on, "they're not quite true. They're exaggerated. I grant you that death can be dreadful, but it's not as bad as this. You see, it was a sick man who drew these last pictures, and a healthy man who drew the first ones, and the truth about things is somewhere between the two. When we feel well and jolly we see the happy side of life, and are inclined to think that's all there is to it, and when we're sick we see the seamy side and are inclined to think that's all there is to it, too. You've got to get both sides, and not exaggerate either of them, before you get the truth. . . . And even then you only get the shadow of it."

Ben did not quite understand, but he took the book from David and began bravely to look at the pictures again, first the happy ones and then the awful ones.

But he found, this time, that the awful ones were not quite so awful as he had thought they were. He had not noticed, for instance, until David pointed it out, that in that picture where the dead soldiers lay line upon line like the furrows of a ploughed field the clouds above were formed of spread wings. And there were other comforting things in the other pictures, that he had not noticed either until David showed them to him.

"How odd that I shouldn't have noticed," he said.

"The nice things aren't drawn in a noticeable way," said David. "Besides, you weren't looking properly before. The horror of the pictures 'stunned you and you didn't look them steadily in the eye, so to speak."

"Well, I have now," said Ben, "and it's not as bad as I thought." He gave a great sigh of relief. "I shan't think about it in the night any more; or if I do I'll remember the wings. . . . Surely it's tea time!"

Examination of David's watch proved that it was long after David was heartily thankful, for he found the guidance and instruction of the young most exhausting. In fact, he had found the whole day most exhausting. There had already begun in him a mental combat of which he was not fully aware, and of all things in his life an unrecognised conflict is most wearing to nerves and body.

DAVID and Ben had a tray of tea brought to them in the drawing-room because they were so late, and Lucilla sat with them while they ate it. At least David, thirsty after the walk in the sun, merely drank, but Ben ate everything there was to eat with an appetite astonishing in one who had so recently been in the grip of distress. He seemed very happy now. David hoped the load of horror had been left behind in the wood for ever.

Afterwards, in his room, he wrote to Nadine. Lucilla had reminded him, pointedly, that the post went at seven.

He wrote persuasively. She must leave her partner in charge of the shop, take her holiday now, and come. It would be hateful, but they must go through with it. It was only fair to Lucilla. How could they expect her to try to understand their point of view if they made no effort to understand hers? And she must understand their point of view. He couldn't bear it if she didn't. He wanted her to realise the greatness of their love, and to understand, too, that what they were doing they were doing for the sake of truth.

Yet when he had written the letter he wondered a little uneasily if Nadine would obey the summons. He never felt quite sure of what she would do under given circumstances; he did not know her well enough yet; he was never

sure to what extent their outlook coincided. So often, when he talked, she just smiled and said nothing. But she loved him, he believed, as deeply as he loved her.

His letter finished he dropped his head in his hands and thought of her love, and instantly his body was burning and his pulses throbbing as though she were with him in the room. Against the darkness of his closed eyes he could see her adorable beauty and his longing for her was almost unbearable. Everything else was forgotten. There was only Nadine. The fact of her filled the whole of life. She was the only reality.

Half-an-hour later he went downstairs to put his letter, as Lucilla had also directed him, on the hall table beside Lucilla's. He had addressed it to Nadine by her professional name—Miss Nadine Marsh.

Nadine answered by return that she would be at Damerosehay in a couple of days. She wrote charmingly to Lucilla in a letter that Lucilla handed David to read.

David could not be so open in return, for Nadine's letter to him could not possibly be shown to Lucilla.

"Very well, David," she wrote, "since you want it I will come. But I think you are making a mistake in giving way to Lucilla over this. It is never pleasant for a man to have two women fighting over him, especially when he loves them both. You will be horribly mangled, darling. For that is what it comes to, David; are you to belong to Lucilla or to me? It is a measure of my trust in you that I dare to come for I shall will be a powerful adversary. But I do dare to come. I love you utterly, as you love me. I shall win. But one thing I do refuse to do, David, and that is to see you first in the bosom of the family and dogs. I have told Lucilla I will arrive at four o'clock. I won't. I will be at the corner by the cornfield at half-past two."

David wished she had not said that. It jarred upon him. Now he would have to slip away furtively, or else to prevaricate. It was odd how the finest of women seemed to love intrigue.

The children were wild with excitement. Mother coming to stay. Mother coming to stay for perhaps two whole weeks. They rooted up armfuls of flowers out of the garden, denuded themselves of their white mice and Queenie the chameleon, and ranged these upon Nadine's mantelpiece.

The children's attitude to the mother whom they did not now see very often was very individual. They all adored her, greeted her comings with ecstasy and her goings with grief. But their attitude towards her varied with their characters. Ben had for her a feeling of chivalrous protection.

Tommy was never hurt by his mother. He was perhaps the only person whom she did not at times hurt rather badly. She made no secret of the fact that he was her best beloved, and he traded upon her love with the utmost wickedness.

Caroline's love was infinitely pathetic in its hopelessness. She still looked to Nadine for that love of a mother who loves her child more than any other being in the world, but she knew in the depths of her that she would never get it. Her unconscious knowledge was at the root of her shrinking from human contact, her low opinion of the human race, personified in Nadine it so cruelly faltered.

When David left the house at a quarter-past two, ostensibly for a walk, they were all three on the stairs tying tall sunflowers to the banisters. "Don't be back late," they called to him. "Mother will be here at four."

"Shall just Tommy and Caroline and me meet her at the cornfield at four?" Ben asked David. "Or will you come too?"

His tone was sweetly courteous, but his eyes were pleading and his meaning was quite plain and David's heart smote him.

"At four I'll be out somewhere," he said. "Not at the cornfield. Your mother will want you to meet her quite by yourselves."

He was too early, of course. He had to sit waiting on the gate opposite the cornfield in the marsh. Yet when she actually did come she took him by surprise. Her battered old car had crept round the corner and was beside him before he knew it.

"David," she said, stretching her hand out through the window.

"Get out," he commanded her hoarsely. "Back the car up here into the gate and get out."

Nadine laughed. She enjoyed the love of young men. She felt deliciously young again, as young as David.

He had opened the door and pulled her out before she had time to clutch bag or scarf. Then he took her wrist and ran with her over the hard brittle stalks of the cornfield up over the ridge of shingle that had once wrecked the grain ship, across another stretch of marshy over another gulch bank, and so down to a strip of silver sand.

There he put his arms round her, gently at first, then straining so tightly that she was breathless. She yielded for a moment or two then withdrew herself a little.

"David," she said. Her voice was very gentle but a little maternal David let go at once.

"I'm sorry," he said, and flushed a little.

"It's all right, darling," she said and touched his hot cheek with her finger. "I love your bear hugs only I didn't want my ribs cracked. I still have Tommy's affection to face."

David felt absurdly stabbed. So often, by clashing him with her children, she made him feel a child. This love of his that was driving him to sacrifice and outrage so much, was surely no childish thing. But then Nadine did not quite understand the depth of his love for Lucilla and Damarosehay. She did not, could not know, how much she was costing him.

But she sensed the hurt in him, and was quick to heal it. One of her enchanting little-did indeeds was upon her like dew on a flower. This was the one of her many moods that David loved best, and she knew it.

"David, dear," she said, "have things been very detestable?"

"It was detestable telling Grandmother," said David slowly.

"Poor old Grandmother!" she said, and there was real commiseration in her tone. She was much fonder of Lucilla than Lucilla was of her. She was genuinely sorry that she had to hurt her.

David felt a little shock of surprise. Somehow he never thought of Lucilla as old.

"I know it seems cruel to hurt so old a woman," went on Nadine, "yet when it is a question of sacrificing the happiness of two young people to the happiness of one old one I don't think there's any question of what the choice should be. Grandmother's life is nearly over. We have ours before us."

David did not answer because he was dazed by her argument.

"Let's just be happy, Nadine," he begged. "We know we are doing right, so let's not question it for just this hour."

The apathy to happiness was one that never came with Nadine. She held out her hand to him, he was right again, and her party mood turning

their faces eastward they walked quickly on the firm sand. To their left, though hidden from them by the ridge of shingle, were the marshes; the sea was on their right. The wind and the sun-shot mist blew over them and they laughed like children, swinging their clasped hands.

It was David who remembered first that they ought to turn back. "The children want to meet you by themselves," he told Nadine. "I'll leave you by the car to wait for them and walk on towards the Forest."

They turned quickly, crossed the patch of marsh and the banks of shingle and were back in the old cornfield again. But they were too late. The children and the dogs were standing there by the car in a bewildered, puzzled little group, and Nadine's heart smote her intolerably.

She cried out to them, an inarticulate cry filled with her love and remorse, and dropped on her knees among the stiff corn stalks with her arms held out. But they did not come to her with their usual headlong rush and it was, most unexpectedly, Caroline who was first in her mother's arms.

Never before had she been the first to get there; usually she hung back because she knew Mother liked little boys better than little girls. But today the boys were so slow that she couldn't help getting there first.

Nadine, her little girl clasped in her arms, looked questioningly over her head at her two sons. They were regarding her with a most unusual concentration, narrowfaced upon the part of Ben, tinged with scorn in Tommy. For the first time in their lives they were highly critical of her, and she found it quite difficult to meet their eyes with smiling steadiness.

It must come sooner or later, she knew, this moment when the children know for the first time that their mother is only a frail human creature after all, and can at moments fail them. But it is a bad moment. Very bad.

David flew from it. He went on up the rutted lane, and then across the main road and on through the James Lowlands, the Forest. He walked for miles, walked himself into the quietude of weariness, and was guilty of that unforgivable sin in the Damarosehay household; being late for dinner.

LUCILLA sat in the drawing-room waiting for Nadine, as a few days ago she had waited for David. But her feelings now were very different. Then, relaxed by her happiness, her mind had wandered back into the past and she had seen the way that she had travelled bathed in the rosy light of her present joy. Now, she dared not look back; she feared to see too clearly the mistakes and failures of her own that had perhaps helped to bring about her present trouble.

Somewhere, in her training of David, she must have gone wrong, or else his adherence to the Church she loved would not have been lost; she had, she remembered, pushed her own beliefs far too vigorously down his throat. Somewhere, in her handling of George's and Nadine's quarrel, she must have erred disastrously. She had been too interfering, perhaps; probably it had been unwise to take her children from Nadine and leave her so lonely.

And then the door opened, Nadine and the children were with her. She came very sweetly to meet Nadine, took her late in her hands and kissed her.

"Welcome my dear," she said gently. Nadine's lovelier than ever, she thought.

She always forgot, between visits, how very arresting her daughter-in-law's beauty was, and today the sight of it made her feel almost weak with fright. What chance had she against it? It was beauty to drive men mad. She understood David, and a little of her anger against him ebbed away. And some of her anger against Nadine, too; such a woman could not help but be blinded, now and again, by the smoke from the fires that she kindled.

"You look very well, Nadine," she said gently. "Sit down, dear. Tea will be here in a moment."

Nadine sat down very meekly in a low chair by Lucilla and untied her scarf.

"The children are going to have tea with us since you are here," said Lucilla. "And Margaret will be here in a moment. I don't know where David is. You met Mother, did you, darlings?"

"Yes," said Tommy, loudly and a little rudely, and bit deep into a bun, though the teapot had not yet arrived and no one had invited him to help himself. Ben said nothing. He just gazed at the sugar basin very, very sadly. Caroline, not fully understanding her mother's delinquency and much elated by having somehow or other been the first to be hugged by Mother, stood very close to her, her hand on her knee.

"Nice little misbegotten," murmured Nadine, and kissed her daughter's smooth shining head. Caroline overwhelmed with speechless joy, sucked her thumb ecstatically and gazed at her grandmother with shining eyes. It really almost seemed as though Mother had changed her mind and liked little girls best after all.

Lucilla could not understand it. Ben and Tommy were exuding from every pore that icy disapproval which a man, disappointed in his female relatives, can express so well in utter silence. Nadine and Caroline, on the other hand, feeling no doubt the bond of their sex, seemed drawing together. Yet while she talked to Lucilla and fondled Caroline, Nadine's eyes were continually wandering appealingly to her sons. But they would not meet her eyes. They were very, very displeased with her.

Surely, thought Lucilla, Nadine has not already told the children about David? Lucilla could not believe it. Yet, if she had, it was obvious upon whose side the children were. With a lifting of the heart Lucilla realised that, consciously or unconsciously, the children would be the most potent advocates.

And then Ellen came in with the second-best teapot. Lucilla stared in astonishment. Why the second-best? They always had the best when there were guests.

"Good-afternoon, madam," said Ellen coldly to Nadine, and set down the teapot with a resounding bang that all but cracked it.

"Good-afternoon, Ellen," said Nadine. "It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

Ellen deigned no reply. She drew herself to her full height, sniffed, folded her bony hands at her waist and with one keen swift glance through her steel-rimmed spectacles told Nadine exactly what she thought of her. Then she left the room, closing the door with quite unnecessary firmness.

The incident was somehow completely shattering. Nadine turned startled eyes upon Lucilla. "Grandmother," she whispered, "did you tell her?"

"No, dear," whispered Lucilla, equally unnerved. "I didn't. David told me not to."

"Told you not to what?" demanded Tommy suddenly and very loudly.

Lucilla, who had also been momentarily oblivious of the children's presence, jumped, and turned anxious eyes

on Nadine. Now she would know if Nadine had told the children.
"Nothing," said Nadine. "Hand me my tea, darling."

Some days after Nadine's arrival, Lucilla went to Hilary. She told him of the affair between David and Nadine, appealing to him to help in bringing Nadine to her senses.

Hilary's mild brown eyes beamed upon his mother as she talked and Lucilla sighed. Hilary was being hopeless as usual. In spite of his gentleness, she found him quite the most difficult of her children to bend to her will. And yet she relied upon him more than upon the others; which was odd, because he did not always agree with her, and Lucilla, like everyone else, seldom sought advice unless she was sure it would bolster up the conclusion she had herself already come to.

"You are the person to talk to Nadine. Mother," said Hilary.

"I mean to, dear. I am going to talk to her and David today. But I doubt if I shall do much good with Nadine. A woman of her type only listens to men. That's why I wanted you to talk to her too."

"She is more likely to be touched by you than by me," said Hilary with conviction. "You will be able to speak to her out of your own experience of great love and great loss, the kind of love and loss of which I know nothing. Your experience, long ago when we were young, was so like hers. And also, though I don't think you know it, she is extremely fond of you."

Lucilla started and stared in astonishment at her son, but he did not meet her eyes. "Great love and great loss long ago." But Hilary could not know anything about it. He had only been a little boy at the time. Perhaps, dear simple soul, he took it for granted that he had loved his father as David loved Nadine. Her strained figure relaxed.

"Of course you mean your father," she said.

Hilary looked up and smiled at her. "No, not Father," he said. "Tolerant affection was the deepest emotion you ever felt for poor Father."

Lucilla got up and said in a trembling voice that she thought she ought to be going. She felt incapable of staying longer in his company. Soon, she thought, he would be telling her of her innermost thoughts, those half-formed things that were hardly clear even to herself. And this was her son, her oldest Hilary!

"But at least you're wrong about Nadine liking me," she purred, feeling like a blind woman for her big and sunshade. "She can't bear me."

"She's very fond of you," insisted Hilary. "I'll come with you down to the gate, Mother."

In the shelter of a lilac bush he took her in his arms. "You see," he explained, "children always know more than their parents think they do. I so often saw you with him, and I happened to be in the garden that evening when you came home again. I did not understand that, of course, but later, putting two and two together, I did. I have always loved and revered you for the decision you made. If I were you, Mother, I should tell Nadine."

The purr of David's car, coming to bring the boys to their lessons and drive Lucilla back to Damerosehay, was heard in the lane.

"Well, Hilary," said Lucilla, "you've astonished me. All these years you've known more about me than any of my children. You're far cleverer than I thought you were. Far, far cleverer. The most astute of all my children

... But I still think you're wrong about Nadine liking me."

And then David and the two little boys appeared upon the garden path. David looked a little irked; Tommy was white under his sunburn and Ben looked not quite himself.

"What's the matter with Tommy?" demanded Lucilla in instant anxiety.

"It's nothing," David hastened to assure her. "It's just that he hasn't been very well this morning."

"And you were out," said Tommy resentfully to his grandmother. "You ought to have told me you were going out, Grandmother. It's all been wasted because you were out."

"What's been wrong?" asked the pummed Lucilla.

"Tommy being sick," said Ben. "He made himself sick the way David taught him, but you were out and couldn't give him permission to stay home from lessons, and we couldn't find either, and Ellen was cross and said he'd done it on purpose and must come."

Lucilla, outraged, was no longer interested in Tommy's pallor. "You're a marvellous little boy, Tommy," she said. "Add you, David, you're not much better," and she swept indignantly to the garden gate.

"But Ben?" asked Hilary, looking at his favorite nephew's strained face with considerable concern. "Were you sick too, Ben?"

"No," said Ben sullenly, and kicked at a stone in the garden path.

David still looking worried, made a half movement towards Ben, but Ben drew away from him towards Hilary. David followed Lucilla out to his car.

HILARY conducted his two young nephews sternly indoors. He thought that they were considerably spoilt by all the women at Damerosehay and that but for his instruction and discipline their characters would have become a poor chance. He was fond of them and he did not grudge the hours that he gave to them, even though it meant getting behind with parish business and staying up half the night to get it done.

He was also extremely fond of his brother George, whom he considered the bravest and the stupidest man he had ever met, and he was anxious that George's sons should grow up to give him pride and joy and make up to him for the tragic disappointment of his marriage. With this end in view he thrust Latin verbs down the little boys' throats with a zeal that was almost ruthless, and kept in the drawer of his desk a very thin ruler that was not infrequently used for purposes of discipline.

Hilary was rather an old-fashioned educationalist. He believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, and that it does not much matter what you teach a boy so long as he hates it enough. Yes, his nephews were exceedingly attached to him, and Ben liked his lessons. Tommy didn't, but then no master who had taught him Tommy would have disliked instruction of an academic type.

Hilary sat on one side of his dining-room table, from which the debris of breakfast had been cleared, and his nephews sat facing him upon the other, and for half-an-hour instruction followed its normal course. Then Tommy spoke.

"May I go and lie down in the study, Uncle Hilary?"

"Certainly not," said Hilary.

"But I don't feel well inside," complained Tommy.

"That's your fault," said Hilary, "and you are now bearing the consequences of your own action. Parse that sentence again!"

Work continued for another half-hour and then Ben said, "Uncle Hilary, please may I be down?"

Hilary gave one keen look at his nephew's face, then without a word picked him up and carried him to the study. He laid him on the shabby old sofa, covered him with a rug, and went to the kitchen to tell his housekeeper to take Master Ben some hot milk. Then he went back to Tommy, who had, as was only to be expected, disappeared.

But Hilary knew Tommy's habits and ran him to earth in the little room where the apples were stored.

"I didn't expect you back so soon," said Tommy with bulging cheeks. "You've been jolly quick tucking-up Ben."

Hilary made no reply, but haled him back to the dining-room and made strenuous use of the ruler.

After that his heart warmed to his nephew, for Tommy neither cried nor made excuses. Nor did he say, as he very well might, that Ben had received favored treatment. He knew that Ben really felt bad.

"You took that well, Tommy," said Hilary, replacing the ruler and looking a little ruefully at Tommy's scarlet, smarting little palms. "Now you'll learn those verbs while I go and see what's the matter with Ben."

He found Ben lying exactly as he had left him, flat on his back staring at the ceiling. His milk was untouched beside him.

"Drink up your milk," said Hilary kindly.

"I don't want it," said Ben. "Nonsense," said Hilary. "Do as I tell you."

Ben sat up and drank some of it obediently.

Hilary sat down on the sofa and put an arm round him. Sharp, quick tremors were passing through the little boy's body. Never had there been a child so exactly like a thoroughbred dog. Hilary was deeply distressed. "Ben," he commanded, "tell me what's worrying you."

Ben shook his head. "I can't. You see, I wasn't meant to see it, and so I can't tell what I saw."

"I think you could tell me," said Hilary. "You see, I am a priest, and you can say things to priests that you would not say to other people because it is part of their duty now or to repeat the things that are said to them."

"You mean it's as safe as saying things to God?" asked Ben.

"Quite as safe," said Hilary and was immediately overtaken by the almost overwhelming sense of humility.

"It was in the wild garden," said Ben, with another of his thoroughbred shivers. "I went out there before breakfast, like I always do, and David and Mother were there under Methuselah, and David was kissing Mother. I ran away again and they didn't see me."

"There is no reason why David shouldn't kiss your mother," said Hilary evenly. "He is her nephew. Nephews always kiss their aunts. Don't you ever kiss Aunt Margaret?"

"But he wasn't kissing her that way," said Ben. "He was kissing her the other way."

"What other way?"

"Like Alf kisses Jill, you know, our maid. I saw them at the back door once, and when I asked Jill why they kissed like that, going on so long and with Jill sort of disappearing into Alf, she said it was because they were going to be married. Uncle Hilary, could Mother marry David now that she doesn't live with Father any more?"

"Would you like her to?" asked Hilary.

"No," shouted Ben, and burst into a storm of angry sobs.

"But you like David, don't you?" asked Hilary.

"I used to, but I'd hate him if he married Mother!" sobbed Ben furiously. "So would Father hate him. I want Father to come back again. I won't have David be Father!"

He sobbed stormily on while Hilary, patting him mechanically upon the back, gazed grimly over his head at the garden. Lucilla's previous anger against David and Nadine was as nothing to Hilary's at this moment. The wild garden was the children's own. What right had David and Nadine to indulge their selfish passion there, in the kingdom of the children they were injuring?

"You're quite wrong, Ben," he said. "David is not going to marry your mother."

"How do you know?" demanded Ben.

"Because I know your mother and David wouldn't do such a thing," lied Hilary glibly. "Neither your mother nor David would ever do anything to hurt your father. I'm sure of that. What you saw was only an ordinary kiss, going on a bit longer than usual because it was such a lovely morning, and probably that mistle thrush was singing in Methusalem. There's nothing like a bird singing to make people kiss longer than they meant to."

"You're quite sure?" asked Ben anxiously.

"Quite sure," asserted Hilary, but the grimness of his expression was by no means changed. He must bring David to his senses in this wretched business. Failure was inconceivable.

Meanwhile Nadine sat in the wild garden under Methusalem re-living the events of the early morning and most bitterly reproaching herself. She had got up before breakfast that morning and gone out into the garden. She was not usually an early riser, but used as she was to the soothing sound of London traffic she found the birds in the country so dreadfully disturbing. They woke her up appalling early and very annoyed with them she always was.

In the garden she had found David gloomily smoking.

"David," had said Nadine, slipping her hand into his.

He had looked straight at her and she had been shocked by the misery in his eyes. "What is it, darling?" she had whispered.

"Everything," David had said hopelessly. "Why is life always such a mix-up?"

There being no answer to this question Nadine had made none.

"Come into the wild garden," she had said. "We'll be alone there, with no windows looking at us."

"Not the wild garden," David had said. "That's the children's own."

"But they aren't up yet, darling. It's very early. We can't hurt anyone by being happy in the wild garden."

He had given in and they had gone. It had been almost absurdly beautiful there, like some childish fairy story with the wet bright leaves like veined silver and the air heavy and sweet with the scent of the flowers.

For a while they had talked, then he had taken her in his arms and given her the kisses she was longing for. She had pressed closer to him to comfort him. After that she hadn't been able to blame David that he let go completely. And she had not checked him, this time.

It had been a slight sound, the sharp snapping of a twig, that had brought her back to herself. And David too. They had looked round and Nadine had seen a little figure slipping away through the trees, running quickly as though afraid.

"Ben!" she had cried, and there had been a sharp pain at her heart.

"I don't think so," David had said. "I heard a bird or something but I didn't see anyone."

"It was! It was!" Nadine had exclaimed.

They had followed quickly, but there was no one in the wild garden, and when they looked through the iron gate there was no one in the other garden either.

"You're seeing spooks, Nadine," David had laughed. "You're seeing Caroline's little boy." And then, as they wandered about the moss-grown paths, he had told her about Caroline's little boy and the lady in the lilac frock.

And now it was after breakfast and she was alone in the wild garden. David was taking the boys to the Vicarage and fetching Lucilla, and Ellen had taken Caroline to the dentist, one of her little pearly teeth having most unaccountably decayed.

"We should not have come here this morning," she reproached herself. "David was right, this is the children's own place. I believe it was Ben. Yet it couldn't have been, or David would have seen him, too. But I believe it was. If only it had been Tommy. But Ben."

Nadine was in a most unusual state of maternal worry and fuss. Usually she carried her responsibilities as a mother lightly, but this visit to Damerosehay was making them nag at her mind with alarming insistence. She had not realised until now what complications there would be with the children when she married David.

She found herself most unexpectedly grieving a little over the wreck of her marriage, thinking more about George than she had done for ages. At the time she had been so glad to marry him. Before she had met him she had been in love for the first time, with a man who turned out, upon closer acquaintance, to be all that most revolted her. Then she had met George and had been attracted at once by his sheer goodness. For a while she had been very happy.

But if George was good he was also slow, and he had a rather sullen temper, and slowness and sulks were two things Nadine could not endure.

There was a rustle among the bushes. Nadine sat up to see David.

"We're for it," he said with a rueful grin. "Grandmother is in the drawing-room. She has chosen this morning to give us out Talking To."

HOW beautiful they were, and how strong, Lucilla thought, as the door opened and Nadine came slowly towards her. Unconsciously she put up her lorgnette. "You've a caterpillar in your hair, dear," she said.

Standing in front of the French mirror Nadine removed it. "Don't, Grandmother," she laughed.

"Don't what, dear?"

"Put up your lorgnette. It completely unnerves me."

An astonishing influx of confidence and strength came to Lucilla from this statement. She was surprised, and delighted, to find that she still had it in her to unnerve another woman, and a young one at that. She waved the two erring ones to low chairs with dignity and calm.

"I want to tell you something that happened to me when I was young," she began abruptly and bravely. "I had not meant ever to tell anyone but this morning I changed my mind. Or rather Hilary changed it for me. He made me see that if I told it you would realise that I sympathise with you

and that I understand your feeling for each other. I do not think one has the right to give an opinion on any subject unless one has oneself experienced the emotion of it."

There was a little pause. David and Nadine sat waiting in silence.

"I was very young when I married," said Lucilla. "I was younger than you were, Nadine, when you married George. And I was not in love with my husband; he was a widower and much older than I, and, poor dear, so plain. And, his having been married before, there was nothing romantic about marriage to James, and though he meant to be kind he treated me in such a way that there was none for me either. I had five children much too quickly, and I am afraid I did not want them at all. Later, when I was older, I loved all my children very dearly, but when they were little I am afraid I did not think them worth the bother and pain. I was quite dreadfully unhappy, and I am afraid I almost hated my good kind James."

She paused and her two listeners looked at her in astonishment. Somehow they had both always imagined Lucilla's married life as one of idyllic Victorian bliss. Now her short, difficult sentence gave quite another picture.

"Adding to my troubles," Lucilla continued, "James' mother had had thirteen children and had given him very decided ideas about the duties of a wife. I think," she sighed, "that if he hadn't gone on about his mother so much my married life might have been happier."

Nadine was now definitely very interested. Her married life, too, would have been much happier if George had not gone on so much about Lucilla. One of the odd things about men was that though they always swore that women were the very devil they always thought their mothers perfect.

"Grandmother," she asked, "did you ever flirt at all?"

"Just a little, dear," confessed Lucilla modestly, "but not enough for James to notice. You see, dear," she added with a touch of pride, "I was very pretty when I was young."

"Grandmother," said Nadine, smiling. "This is getting most exciting. I feel as though your life story was going to be a Victorian melodrama. Surely, Grandmother, you didn't behave like the heroine of 'East Lynne'? I can't believe it of you."

"I am afraid, my dears," said Lucilla slowly, "that you must believe it of me. I think a woman's history is very often like one of those old romances that you laugh at. Mine was, and so, Nadine," she added a little sharply, "is yours. You may laugh at them, but they were truer to life than many of those psychological novels you young people read nowadays. We women don't sit half the day and night analysing our emotions, but we do perpetually fall in love out of wedlock, and over and over again we have to fight out the same old battle between love and duty. Human emotions are very monotonous," sighed Lucilla. "Poor human nature doesn't get much change. Now where was I when you interrupted me?"

"I believe we were just getting to a most exciting lover," said Nadine, and her eyes were still dancing though she kept her mouth serious and grave. "Was he a brilliant young artist, Grandmother?"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, dear, but he wasn't. He was only a doctor, a perfectly ordinary country G.P. and I met him through the children's measles."

Nadine and David forbore to smile, for Lucilla spoke with such quiet intensity. She was in the past now, re-

capturing deeply-felt emotion, and even the room seemed gathering round to listen as she went on with her story.

"James and I took a house on the Island, our Island that we see from Damerosehay, for the whole summer, because the children had been so ill with measles in the spring I was there all the time, of course, and James came down for the week-ends. Michael Forbes was the doctor there. The village where we had our house was a quiet little place and he came in to see us a great deal, as a friend as well as a doctor, because he was lonely. At the beginning I only liked him, but I liked him better than anyone else I had ever met. He was young, just my age, and he cared about all the country things as I did, but as James did not."

"What did he look like?" asked Nadine with eager feminine curiosity.

"He was good to look at," said Lucilla. "I shouldn't have loved him if he hadn't been, for I was hungry for every sort of beauty. He was tall and graceful and he looked his best on horseback; all good-looking men do."

"After Grandfather," pronounced Nadine, "you must have fallen for a man like that very badly indeed, Grandmother."

"I did," said Lucilla, "but gradually there was nothing violent about it. I just woke up one morning to find that in him all my desperate unsatisfied longings were satisfied completely, and that his companionship was the only thing in the world I wanted. This love was, I thought, the one and only really true thing that had ever happened to me. It was the same with his love for me. He told me, it dwarfed everything else. Even his best work seemed an unreal thing beside it. I don't need to explain such a love to you. You know all about it, and how the power of it can numb thought and memory and drive the earnest and best of men and women to the maddest of acts."

Unless fate gives them a quiet breathing space in which to recollect themselves. I had it, and it saved me from doing incalculable harm, and I am hoping that this time at Damerosehay will give it to you."

There was naturally no response to this, and Lucilla went on.

"We arranged to go away together. That was the way one did things in those days. There were none of these arranged divorces," and here her eyes fell upon her daughter-in-law and her voice grew a little hard, "none of this ridiculous business of making the man take the blame as though the fault were his only. In those days, if a woman wanted to leave her husband for another man, she did so openly, and the blame was hers; and very severe blame it was, too; she and the man she went to were socially ruined to an extent that can hardly be understood nowadays."

She paused, then went on again. "Well, we made our plans. We were to go to France. Michael had a little money of his own and on that we planned to live, for we knew, of course, that his professional life would be smashed by what we were doing. James was in London and I told the servants and the children that I was going to him. Michael had established a locum and was supposed to be taking his annual holiday. It seemed quite natural to everybody that we should go down together to catch the morning boat to the mainland. Even now I can recapture the happiness as though it were yesterday. We went down to the boat in Michael's dogcart, through lanes full of honeysuckle. In spite of days and nights of anxiety and torturing indecision I was half crazy with joy."

"And then, just as we were getting on the boat, a frantic man came running to say that a favorite patient of Michael's, a little boy of three had burnt himself most dangerously. They did not trust the locum they wanted Michael." She paused and sighed as though even now the memory of that moment oppressed her. "And Michael went. Before I came along he had been mag about his work, the best men always are. He just dumped down his bag and ran down the gangway calling to me to take a cab home and we'd go by tomorrow's boat, and was off like a flash in his dogcart before I'd even got time to protest."

"I was furious, of course I thought he ought to have left the child to the locum, and considered me first. He had put me in a very difficult position. He had, I thought, been very cruel. I did not go home. I was too angry. I put our luggage in the little office on the quay and walked to the nearest lonely bit of seashore and tramped up and down and raged and stormed, and cried until I was utterly exhausted. Then, I think I must have slept a little. I was worn out and it was quiet and warm in the sunny little bay. Then I sat up and ate my sandwiches and looked across the Estuary to the mainland on the other side."

"I did not know, of course that I was looking across at the Damerosehay country, but the peacefulness of that wide landscape had a very powerful effect upon me. It seemed to clear my mind and put my argument to sleep so that I was able to think and to think hard and straight. I stayed there all day, thinking."

LUCILLA stopped, and David, to give her time to rest a bit, went over to a window and pulled the curtain a little to keep the sun out of her eyes. He was touched by her story. It astonished him that she too had known passion and conflict. Nadine, he saw, was moved, too. He supposed that all human experience is very much the same. We think our own sufferings are unique and then we find that everyone else has been through much the same or worse.

"I want to try and tell you the conclusions I arrived at that day," said Lucilla. "This is what I really want to tell you. My silly little love story isn't really important, but the conclusions one comes to about living are important. My thinking all started from the fact, so bitter to me, that Michael had put his work before his love for me. And he had done that instinctively. Now in those days I had great faith in instinct. It was instinct, I thought, that guided the world aright, that sent the wild birds flying across seas and continents to find their home; that taught the animals to care for their young. Instinct, I thought, was the voice of God. And if that were true it meant that Michael, in instinctively putting his work before his love, was doing right. Yet he had said that his love for me seemed a truer, a more real thing, than his work."

"That made me think very hard, even as you have thought David about the nature of truth. You must remember that I had never read very much and that I had to think it out very crudely for myself. I thought it out and I said to myself that true action is the creation of perfection while lying action is the creation of something that falls short of the ideal."

"From that I struggled on to the idea that if truth is the creation of perfection then it is action and has nothing to do with feeling. And the

nearest we can get to creating perfection in this world is to create good for the greatest number, for the community of the family, not just for ourselves. That made me see that acting a part is not always synonymous with lying. It is far more often the best way of serving the truth. It is more truthful to act what we should feel if the community is to be well served rather than behave as we actually do feel in our selfish private feelings."

"In other words, Grandmother," said David, smiling, "it is more truthful to pretend that you love your husband when you don't, rather than run away with another man because you do."

"Yes, that's what I thought," said Lucilla.

"Do you know, Grandmother," said Nadine gently, "if you could reason this all out so clearly I don't think you could have been so desperately in love as you thought you were."

"Oh, but I was!" said Lucilla, and her tone was so piteous that they had to believe her. "I don't know why it was that I could think so clearly then, for I'm not usually a clear thinker. Perhaps it was the shock of Michael's action. A shock can have two effects, you know; sometimes it stuns you and sometimes it quickens you. I suppose it did the second to me. I had pencil and paper in my bag, and, sitting on the shore, I wrote to Michael, telling him why I could not go with him after all. Then I tore up the letter. I had written to James, and had meant to post on the mainland, and threw it in the sea, and I walked quietly home, posting Michael's letter on my way."

"As I went in at our garden gate Hilary came running to meet me, he was a little boy of eight years old then, and he hugged me. He was so glad I had not gone away after all. 'Don't ever go,' he said. 'No,' I said. 'I won't,' and I cried and hugged him hard. Next day James came back and I told him I was tired of the Island. So we moved and went back to the mainland."

"Were you very unhappy, Grandmother?" asked Nadine.

"For the whole of the next year I was so unhappy that I did not know how to go on living. Every day when I woke up in the morning I used to hope that this day would be my last on earth—I was as unhappy as all that. I did not see how I could live without my best-beloved. But I did, of course, one so often has to. It was Ellen who saved me."

"Ellen?" asked David, astonished.

"Ellen knew all about it, of course; I don't know how because I didn't tell her. She was kind, but stern. 'What you need, milady,' she said, 'is to love your poor children a bit more.' But I do love them," I protested. "I have sacrificed my happiness for them." "You don't love 'em as much as I do," said Ellen. "What you need is to do a bit more for 'em. It's I who do all the work, not you. Never a hand's turn do you do for those children. And if I was you, milady I should have another."

"What Ellen said made me think again, I thought, love at its highest, is a creative thing. Perhaps it is action, not feeling. I tried, and I found it did work, out like that. Feeling can be compelled by action not quite as easily as action by feeling, but far more lastingly. You may not believe me, but it's true."

"And the last baby?" asked Nadine. "Maurice? David's father?"

Lucilla's face softened and shone.

"Maurice, as you know, was the glory

of my life. After he came living was not only possible but actually happy again. I suppose a psychiatrist would have said that in my love for Maurice I sublimated my love for Michael. And the odd thing was that Maurice was very like Michael. He had a sensitiveness and a beauty that none of my other children had. And yet I suppose it was not so odd for our children are the children of our minds and souls as well as our bodies and my mind and soul belonged to Michael.

"What happened to Michael?" asked Nadine.

"Nothing dramatic, dear. He just went on with his work. But he never married, and I suppose he was unhappy on the island after what had happened for he left it and went to the north of England, and later he came to London and before he died he was considered to be one of the greatest child specialists of his day. He must have saved the lives of a multitude of little children. He would never have done that had he married me."

"And Grandfather never knew a thing about it?" asked Nadine.

"Oh no, dear." Lucilla sighed. She was dreadfully tired. "Well, I've finished," she said. "You've both been very patient. I've said my say and I've no doubt I've said it very badly, and I shan't bother you any more. Your ideals and mine are so different, but please just think about mine, for they have been tested and I think experience has proved them trustworthy."

She looked round her beautiful room. "I have tried to make life a creative art. I saved Michael's work from disaster. I built up a happy and united family that will be dismissed if you two marry, and I made this lovely home that may pass away from us if David forsakes it. Happy homes are very important, I think far more important than you realize, and God knows how many of them have been built up by the sacrifice of private longings."

"Do you know, Grandmother," said Nadine, "that through all this you have never even mentioned George and the children to me?"

Lucilla got up and slowly crossed the room. "I saw no need to, dear," she said at the door. "Since you have been here they have haunted you night and day. I've seen it." And she went out.

"Is that true, Nadine?" asked David.

"Yes," she said. "Grandmother has built up such an atmosphere of family feeling here that it affects one. And then there's something else something older and deeper than Grandmother's atmosphere."

"Just the atmosphere of age," said David. "All old places have it. Age and tradition."

Nadine got up and moved to the window. "What is it?" she asked. "Tradition. But a particular tradition. In this place there is a tradition of faithfulness."

"Faithfulness to what?" asked David sharply.

Nadine did not answer. She went slowly out of the room, leaving David with thoughts he hardly liked to analyse.

The telephone rang and he answered it. It was Hilary. "You haven't taken me for a run in your car yet," complained Hilary. "You always do when you come down. How about tomorrow?"

"Nadine and I hope to ride in the Forest tomorrow," said David. "Sorry."

"The next day then," said Hilary, with such determination that David smiled a little grimly. He had been in daily expectation of a new car, and Hilary's views upon the matter of it. He did not dread them. He was in the

expression of views was always blessedly terse.

"The day after tomorrow, then," said David. "Let's hope the weather lasts. If there's nowhere else that you particularly want to go to I'd like to go to the Hard."

"Right," said Hilary. "Pick me up at two-thirty."

"We're only just in time," said Hilary, climbing laboriously into David's car. "The weather is going to change."

He settled into the comfortably padded seat and prepared to enjoy one of the greatest pleasures of his life. He loved speed. Tied as he was to a lame leg, his only form of locomotion a monotonous chug-chugging round the parish in the second-hand ruin that was all he could afford in the way of a car, these expeditions with David often felt little short of ecstasy.

The car, racing at full speed, carried them from the low-lying coast country to the Forest land above. Then the trees dropped away behind them and they were up on the high bleak moor, still purple with the fading heather. The sky seemed immeasurably high and the wind here was keen and shrill.

"It's always very grim up here when bad weather is on the way," said Hilary. But David was enjoying it. He was planning on this expedition, to inquire into the fate of that sea-captain who had so taken his fancy, and the cold wind and the racing clouds were in tune with his mood.

At a cross-roads Hilary asked hopefully, "Are we going to the Abbey first?" Hilary liked the Abbey ruins down below them in the valley as much as he liked any spot on earth. They held a mystical stillness deeper than any he knew.

But David was not quite so obliging as usual today. "The Hard first," he said, "we may not have time for the Abbey," and turned to his right along quiet lanes and through woods where in spring the primroses grew so thickly that the air was scented with them.

AT his first sight of the Hard Hilary forgot his disappointment over the Abbey, for there were few places lovelier when, as today, the holiday season was over and the trippers mercifully absent.

They parked the car at the top of the hill and walked slowly down, amiably accompanied by a kindly grey donkey. The sun was out again and the old brick of the cottages glowed rosy as it touched them. The peace was indescribable.

Yet to David today it was alive with past activity. He could picture the prosperous town that once stood here, the shipyard, the slipways, the forges, and the shops. Merchant ships had been built here, men-of-war, brigs and frigates. Those had been great days, he thought. Simpler days than these, quieter and more spacious. In those days men had gone to work or war on sea or land possessed of a faith in the worthwhileness of what they did that made their sufferings light.

"All things are light to bear for those who love God," said Hilary, and David discovered that they were sitting on a bench in a sheltered hollow on the bank. What with his dreams and the sun, and the bad nights that had been his since he came back to Damerchoy, David found that he was half asleep. For how long had old Hilary been talking? What was he saying?

"We churchmen have such an unfair advantage over you others," said

Hilary, happily unconscious that though he had been speaking for five minutes he had not been attended to for any of them. "To have certain principles laid firmly down, certain things that are done and certain things that are not done, makes life comparatively simple for us. Faith, too, real faith, precludes anxiety. I am a very happy man in my possession of it. My grief is that I seem unable to hand it on. It seems to me a dreadful thing that I should sit here so rich and yet unable to give any of my riches to you."

"I envy you your faith," David said. "I wish I had it, and maybe my envy of you is one step on the road to getting it. But my set of principles are not such restless things as yours. I continually doubt them because I evolved them more or less myself."

"There is one principle," said Hilary, "that is, I think, common to every faith and every rule of life by which a man can guide his conduct, and which for that reason can surely be accepted without testing and without questioning."

"Yes?" asked David.

"Faithfulness," said Hilary, and suddenly he swung round on David with almost contemptuous anger. "Unless human beings keep their promises we have no sort of hope of anything but chaos for the future, and yet you propose to let Nadine be faithless to her marriage vows and George continue in his desertion of his children—and God knows faithfulness to children is the most elementary principle of conduct under the sun even the animals understand it. The treatment of their children by many of the men and women of this generation passes my comprehension. Your cruelty to them for the sake of your own selfish passions is a thing I cannot understand."

He stopped abruptly. He longed to tell David what had happened at the Vicarage two days ago, but he was bound by his promise to Ben. He got painfully to his feet, cursing his inarticulacy.

Yet his sudden short outburst had had even more influence on David than Lucilla's hour-long exposition. Lucilla's theory of life as a creative art had appealed to his actor's imagination but Hilary had dealt a blow to his man's pride. So that was what men like Hilary, single-minded men whom he admired, thought of him.

"It's all such a mess," he said again, as he had said to Nadine in the garden.

Hilary, leading the way towards the Master-Builders House for tea, made no answer. He had said his say for the time being and was thankful to have it off his chest. Now he could return to the full enjoyment of his day out.

The Master-Builders House, now a small hotel, was the largest of the remaining houses of the Hard. The Master-Builders had been a person of great importance and his house the centre of the busy thriving little town.

Though the glory had now departed the flavor of splendid festival still hung about the raftered room where Hilary and David sat waiting alone for their tea.

The room was hung round with beautiful engravings of sailing ships in titanic storms, of white-winged sea captains and of intricate drawings of the carved poops and forecables that had been the glory of the Hard. It had been these last that David had wanted to look at again and he jumped up and went to them.

"Until the boys told it to me again the other morning I had forgotten that story of the wrecked grain ship," said

Hilary conversationally, lighting his pipe. "Did the boys make it up, I wonder, or was it part of the original legend that the injured captain had himself lashed to the mast so that he should not desert his job? It sounds to me rather like one of Ben's inventions. Ben's ideal of faithfulness to duty is such that as his dominie I find it quite difficult to live up to." And Hilary, quite unaware that he had unwittingly returned to the former subject, drew placidly upon his pipe and admired the view.

But David again felt that he had been dealt a blow. Faithfulness to duty. There seemed no getting away from it. Surrounded by these portraits of sea captains there wasn't a hope. Leaving the engravings of the carvings for a moment he looked along their ranks almost hoping that just one of them would look as though he had cursed his ship and left it, but they none of them looked like that. Farseeing, vigilant, courageous men they all looked; hard-bitten, wily and ruthless, some of them, but none of them could one suspect of lack of faithfulness to duty. His eyes ran over their names as he moved on down the room. "Christopher Martyn, Captain of the Blue Bird, East-Indian, man, launched at the Hard in 1816."

David stopped short, gazing in delight. This Captain Martyn was the best man of them all. His face was clear-cut and sensitive; his figure spare, held very upright with the shoulders braced. And he looked absurdly young to be a sea captain.

David left him abruptly and went back to the engravings of the carvings and presently his cry of delight moved the placid Hilary not only to move in his chair but to inquire mildly what the matter was. David unhooked a drawing from the dark corner where it hung and sweeping some empty cups and saucers to the floor laid it on the tea table.

"There!" he cried. "Look at that!"

Hilary, observing it, said of it as he had once of Little Village and the harbor, that it was rather pretty.

"But, Uncle Hilary, don't you see what it is?"

"I should say it was the design for the carved prow of a ship, or the poop, or something of that kind," said Hilary, pleased with his perspicacity.

"All we Elliotts are fools," said David hotly. "We've lived at Damerosehay for donkey's years, amiably wondering how that carving in the drawing-room got there, and never even thinking of comparing it with those drawings at the Hard."

"Why should we?" asked Hilary, placidly reading out the lettering beneath the engraving. "Detail of the carving about the prow of the East-Indianman Blue Bird. Designed by Captain Christopher Martyn, executed by Jonathan Cleeves, Master-carver at the Hard." I don't see," he continued puffing clouds of gentle smoke, "what it has to do with the carving at Damerosehay."

"But, Uncle Hilary!" shouted David. "It's it!" and his excited finger traced the lovely, leaping spirals of the wood that swirled upwards like waves tossed by the wind.

"Of course, what we have at Damerosehay is not the whole prow, it's just bits of it pieced together. But how marvellously done; I bet you he did it himself!"

"Who?" asked the bewildered Hilary. David fetched the picture of Captain Martyn from the wall. Hilary compared the two inscriptions be-

neath the two engravings and intelligently dawned.

"Could this Christopher Martyn have lived at Damerosehay?" he wondered. "Martyn. The same name as old Jeremy. Was he Jeremy's father? But Aramante? Where does she come in?"

"That's what I'd give a twelve-month's income to know," said David. "Obadiah says she was Jeremy Martyn's mother; yet she does not seem to have been Captain Martyn's wife."

He allowed this to sink into Hilary's slow mind with a rather wicked pleasure. It looked to him as though Christopher and Aramante had been guilty of a love affair rather after the style of his and Nadine's. It was not only in this generation, as Hilary had implied, that the welfare of the children was disregarded for the sake of love.

But Hilary was not disconcerted. He looked across the room at the portrait of Captain Martyn, lit by the westerling sun, and said, "No. That man would not have done such a thing. Is it possible that the story of the wrecked grain ship is not a legend after all, but true, and that it was Captain Martyn's ship?"

"But of course," said David.

"Why of course?" asked Hilary.

"The Blue Bird. The ship's mascot. Don't you remember that according to Obadiah's grandfather it was carried ashore singing lustily?"

HILARY nodded. "The boys reminded me of that, too," he said. "They acted the whole thing as a game. Turned out badly too—they borrowed my old housekeeper Mary's blue budgerigar for the blue bird and it got away." He added, "But the idea of the blue bird mascot may have been just coincidence."

But David shook his head. He knew it wasn't. And he knew, too, why the character of the drawings in Captain Martyn's book had changed. His mind as well as his body had been injured by that appalling storm.

A little hesitantly, as though it were a friend's confidence that he did not like to betray, he told Hilary about those drawings as they drank their tea.

Hilary was very interested and very pitiful. There had been a time in his own life when he had wondered how much longer his mind would stand the strain of physical pain. He had never forgotten the horror of that time.

"I wonder," he said, "if the old Vicar's diaries would throw any light on the story?"

"The old Vicar's diaries?" echoed David.

"Yes. My old predecessor. He was at Fairhaven for years, you know. He must have known Jeremy Martyn well. I found a lot of his old diaries in a cupboard. They'd been overlooked when his things were cleared out of the house after his death."

"Didn't you read them?" asked the astonished David. Really, did Hilary's lack of curiosity was beyond all words.

"Only here and there," confessed Hilary. "They seemed to be mostly jottings about his garden and what he had to eat. But I kept them. I thought I would go through them thoroughly one day when I had nothing better to do. . . . But the state in which the old boy left his parish has given me something better to do for the last twenty years."

"I'll go through them," said David. "I'll pick them up on my way home tonight."

Tea finished, they walked on up the hill to the chapel that formed the ground floor of one of the rose-red cottages. Once there must have been a church at the Hard.

They lifted the latch and went in and Hilary, nappily and unselfconsciously, knelt at once to his prayers.

On the way back to the Vicarage, a shower of rain caught them and David had to put up the hood. After that he drove as fast as he dared, the grey car travelling so quickly that it might have been one of the storm-clouds racing before the wind. Yet, however fast you travel, thought David, braking violently at the Vicarage gate, you cannot outdistance your own thoughts.

He went with Hilary into the study and was given half-a-dozen small, shabby calf-bound volumes.

"There you are," said Hilary. "If you can find anything of interest in that welter of green peas and early strawberries, and the consequent indignation, you'll be lucky." The old man was very much taken up with his own affairs. Good-night, David. Thanks for the drive. I enjoyed it. One can't go to the Hard too often."

David drove home torn by conflicting thoughts.

Nadine met him at the hall door.

In the darkness of the hall they clung to each other, and Nadine, for the first time since David had known her, was crying. They clung as desperately as though they were being dragged apart; yet there was no one with them in the hall but the shadows.

After he had taken Lucilla to her room and said good-night to Nadine and Margaret, David went back to the deserted drawing-room with the old parson's diaries.

As Hilary had said, they were mostly taken up with the old parson's garden and interior, but there was a certain amount of natty gossip, notes about the weather and the habits of birds. "Saw a Black Throated Diver today," said one entry. "and walked up to Damerosehay to ask Jeremy Martyn if he had also seen it. He had. Never can I see a rare bird but Jeremy Martyn sees it first."

A little later came a much more exciting entry. "Jeremy Martyn declares he saw a Golden Oriole in his garden today. I have never seen one in mine. I am inclined to think that old Jeremy romances about his birds. Take, for instance, the ridiculous story about the Blue Bird, not a Kingfisher, which he declares he sees at rare intervals in his garden. It seems that Captain Christopher Martyn, his father, who died years before I came to Fairhaven, became possessed of an American Blue Bird during his travels. This he carried always with him as his mascot and the first—and last—ship which he commanded was named after it. In the wreck of this same ship at Fairhaven in the early years of the century, in the worst storm ever known in these parts, the bird was saved, but in the subsequent confusion, both Captain Martyn and the unfortunate lady who shared his fortunes being smitten with illness, it escaped into the Damerosehay garden and was never seen again until the day of the Captain's death twenty years later. From that date onward Jeremy Martyn vows he has occasionally seen it. Was there ever so nonsensical a tale?"

Then Jeremy and his birds momentarily disappeared from the diaries owing to a distressing rheumatic attack which seized the old parson to the exclusion of all other thoughts from his

mind. It was in another volume altogether apparently overlooked by Hilary, that he noted that he felt better with the appearance of warm and settled weather and had worked up to Damerosehay to tell Jeremy that he had seen a Blue Bird. So had Jeremy.

Much annoyed, the old parson had refused an invitation to dinner but had thought better of it upon hearing that Jeremy had just returned from the cellar the very last bottle of his famous port, laid down in seventeen ninety-nine by Mr. Richard Martyn, the Captain's uncle, who had built the house of Damerosehay.

"Whilst discussing our port, which I am told is bad for rheumatism but don't believe it," wrote the old parson, "Jeremy once more questioned that he had seen his blue bird. I hope my smile was not too incredulous, for I am sincerely attached to the generous old gentleman and consider his fables to be entirely harmless, but apparently it was slightly so, for he said to me, 'Old friend, you don't believe that tale. Never mind. But I'll tell you a tale that is true, and if you don't believe it then may God forgive you, for unbelief will show in you a most unchristian frame of mind.'"

"His tale was the story of his father and mother. Whether it be true or no I cannot say. I merely set it down here exactly as he told it."

"My neighbors here have from the very day of my birth insisted upon thinking that I was the illegitimate son of Captain Christopher Martyn," he said. "In point of fact I am not his son at all. I am the perfectly legitimate child of Louis du Plessis-Pascou. But chiefly because I was proud to bear his name, I changed my name to Martyn and referred to him always as my father."

"The association of Captain Martyn and Aramante du Plessis-Pascou had, I knew, always been considered by the neighborhood to be a most discreditable one, and I told him I should be happy to have it proved otherwise."

"My mother," he went on, "was an English girl, an orphan, the niece of a doctor resident at Seacombe on the Estuary. At the age of sixteen she married, against her uncle's wishes, Louis du Plessis-Pascou, the descendant of a French nobleman who had fled with his family to Seacombe at the time of the French revolution, and with him she emigrated to Australia. Here she was exceedingly unhappy, for she was of the breed of those who sicken and drop away from the bit of earth where they have been born and bred."

Moreover her young husband was an inveterate scamp and their poverty was soon very great. After only two years of married life he died, leaving her an expectant mother with hardly a penny in the world.

"What would have happened to her I do not know had she not met with Captain Martyn, whose Blue Bird sailed into the port of Sydney, where she was then living, just in the nick of time. This young man and woman found that they had much in common. Both of them were orphans and both of them belonged to the same beloved patch of country. Aramante was a native of Seacombe and Captain Martyn of Fairhaven, where his uncle, Richard Martyn, whose heir he was, had built for himself this fine house of Damerosehay. They made great friends, and Aramante confided in Christopher that she had an overwhelming longing to go home and bear her baby in Hampshire. They made great friends, I say, but with Christopher Martyn it was more than friendship; married man though he was his own wife was a faithless, worthless young creature and he loved my mother

as a man can love only once in a lifetime.

"Realizing my mother's poverty-stricken condition, he offered to take her back to England on his ship as his guest. He was returning at once, bound for Seacombe with a cargo of grain and several passengers. He was very honest with her. He told her that he loved her but could not marry her. He told her that though there would be other passengers on board there was no woman among them. My mother accepted Captain Martyn's offer. She was lodged in his own cabin, all the passengers' cabins being already taken, together with the blue bird in its cage, while he slung a hammock with his first officer."

"All went well until they were two days out from home when they were caught in that famous but terrible storm. You have read about it and heard many a tale of it. Few ships survived it. My mother was a brave woman yet till the end of her life she could never speak of that storm without feeling again the fear and horror of it. Several times she said during that terrible two days and a night, Christopher Martyn came down to see her where she lay in his cabin, and his blue bird in its cage swinging from the ceiling. The last time he came to her he held her hands for a moment and told her not to be afraid, she and her child were safe in his care and no harm should come to them."

"She did not see him again until they were wrecked upon the marshes. It was not until afterwards that she heard how as he went up on deck after his visit to her a wave had hurled him against the bulwark, injuring him severely. But he would not go below. He had himself lashed to the broken mainmast that he might hold his men together and direct their work upon the ship up till the last moment. He almost did that. It was not until a short half-hour before the end that a falling spar knocked him unconscious."

DAVID had some difficulty deciphering the next paragraph, but at length he made it out:

"I remarked to my host how curious it was that Captain Martyn should have been wrecked so close to his uncle's house of Damerosehay."

"Most providential," said Jeremy. "My mother and Captain Martyn and the blue bird in its cage were carried here, and next day I was born, as my mother had wished, in her own beloved county of Hampshire. In this house I first saw the light, here have I lived and here, please God, I will die, and be buried in my garden where my birds will sing over me."

"When my mother was up and about again, he went on, 'she made a decision which, same would say, ruined her whole life. Christopher Martyn, had been injured not only physically but mentally. He was a highly strung man, far too highly strung for a seaman. The whole stress and strain of the storm, as well as the blow on his head, brought to life in him those seeds which otherwise might have remained dormant. The old man, his uncle, summoned doctors from London and Christopher's wife from Portsmouth. The doctors shook their heads gravely over his condition, and his wife, after an afternoon spent in his company, went back to Portsmouth and eloped with a healthy and wealthy young ensign in the Guards."

My mother then, calmly and quietly as was her wont, took a good look at the situation. Here in this house with her and her baby were an old man, frail and feeble, and a young one swollen with what promised to be incurable

illness. She suggested to the old man that she should be nurse and housekeeper to them both, an offer that he gratefully accepted.

"It was unfortunate for my mother that the old man only lived a year after she made her home at Damerosehay. To a certain extent his presence had protected her from gossip; at his death it broke loose in a venomous flood. She could have lived it down, of course, if she had yielded to the entreaties of her own relatives and left Christopher Martyn after his uncle's death. But this she would not do. While he lived, she said, she would not leave him, and people might think what they would."

"Christopher Martyn lived for twenty years, suffering in mind and body, his life only made endurable by his great love for my mother and for Damerosehay, and by his skill with brush and pencil. He would spend hours over his drawings, and very terrifying I thought most of them were, though full of mystical feeling. He must have been a fine artist and craftsman in his younger days. That clock which you see there he designed himself when he was staying at the Hard while the Blue Bird was a-building. I am leaving it to my gardener Quadiah, who does upon it. I was very fond of Christopher Martyn. I could not have been fonder had he actually been as gossip declared him, my father."

"As for my mother, her feeling for him grew with the years from friendship to a love as great as his for her. When he died then for her the light passed from this world. Yet she rejoiced in his freedom. We buried him at sea as he had desired."

"My mother lived for another twenty-five years and she seldom left Damerosehay. The beautifying of it was her great absorption. The carving that had been saved from the Blue Bird had been put together as an overmantel for the parlour under the guidance of Captain Martyn himself, but there were many other things that she did to make the house more lovely. Sometimes I protested at such expenditure for an unknown posterity, for I was unmarried and who would eventually inherit the place I could not conceive. But she said she knew that she and Christopher would have successors at Damerosehay, men and women and children who would love the place as they had done, finding in it the same sanctuary from sorrow and drawing from it the same strength to endure."

"I thanked my old friend for his story. I was, I said, glad to hear the truth of these things and happy to know them so creditable to all concerned. Then seeing him disinclined for further company I bade him good-night and went home."

Finding the right entry and deciphering the delicate pointed handwriting had taken a long time. Two o'clock chimed from the clock on the mantelpiece when David at last put down the old parson's diaries.

So now all about his predecessors at Damerosehay was known to him, Christopher Martyn, Aramante du Plessis-Pascou, Jeremy Martyn. His grandmother, Lucilla Elliot. They seemed to him closely linked to each other and it was Damerosehay that linked them.

But what of David Elliot, whom Lucilla had so hoped would follow her at Damerosehay? Would he in their place have acted as they had done? Was he capable of their sacrifices? What sacrifices had he ever made?

He began moving quietly about the room. He was as Lucilla liked it to be silent. For he did not feel quite for the moment as he had been for so long hidden in his subconscious

mind was now in the open. He was fighting it consciously and with desperation.

He put out the light and went slowly upstairs. Late though it was there was a little of light showing under Nadine's door. Was she, too, awake and fighting? As he shut himself into his room there was the first rush of wind over the roof. The promised gale was on its way. But he hardly noticed it for the storm in his mind had dragged every sensation down into its own whirlpool.

By the next morning the wind was high and still rising, only slackening occasionally when storms of drenching rain swept in from the sea. "White rain," Obadiah called it; a rain so solid that one could hardly see through it.

David and Nadine, tormented as they both were by a conflict that they could not yet speak of to each other, felt the oppression of the storm. The tumult of it, the rush of wind and water, the rattling of the windows and the screaming in the chimneys, seemed beating upon their nerves. They could not settle to anything. After he had driven the little boys to their lessons, the wind so high, even inland, that he could hardly hold the car straight upon the road. David tried to go for a walk. It was useless. The wind was too wild and exhausting and he had to go home again.

By lunch time the rain as well as the wind had so increased that there could be no going out for anybody for the rest of the day; in the afternoon it was therefore all hands to the wheel to keep the children happy and good. It was no easy task, for Ben, who hated noise and turmoil, was jumpy and nervous. Caroline was fearful with fright and Tommy was apparently possessed of a demon of wickedness.

He had tied the cats' tails together and dressed up Pooh Bah in Nadine's best nightgown. He had given Scamp Queenie to play with and let out the white mice in the kitchen. Then, as an inspiration to turn their thoughts, David had organised a circus in the drawing-room.

This was a great success, for David was not the only member of the Eliot family possessed of dramatic talent. Tommy in a scarlet bathing suit jumping through a hoop, Caroline in her purple frock playing Red Riding Hood to Pooh Bah's Wolf, and Ben's like figure turning somersaults, were much admired; and Queenie chattering away to each of her colored handkerchiefs in turn was only to be outdone by Ben and Tommy in pink bows riding upon Scamp's back.

It was altogether what David called a commercial as well as an artistic success, for a sixpence-halfpenny was taken at the box office for Lucilla's missionary box, and this over and above the expenses of the production which came to nothing but two eggs which fell out of Red Riding Hood's basket and were smashed on the parquet floor, and a little cake which Pooh Bah, not quite certain of his duties as the Wolf, ate by mistake.

It was successful, but exhausting, and after a large and filling tea in the nursery they were thankful to settle down round the drawing-room fire and have Lucilla read them "Two Flat Irons for a Parrot." The children loved Lucilla's old-fashioned story books, they liked them far better than their own modern ones.

But after a little while, Lucilla's gentle voice, and even the lovely leaping flames of the log fire were power-

less to hold them. The storm got at them. Though none of them spoke of it yet, it captured their thoughts and played upon their nerves so that they were all of them except Tommy filled with a strange dreary misery.

And at last none of them least of all Lucilla herself, listened to a word she was saying. The children seemed glad to go to bed and the grown-ups were glad to have them go.

After dinner the four of them played bridge for the most part in a gloomy silence, for the wind in the drawing-room chimney sounded now like guns going off and the conversation was even more difficult than in the dining-room. By mutual consent they all went to bed early. To bed, but not to sleep.

NADINE, lying on her face on her bed, found one then another of Lucilla's words and phrases like fire in her brain. All her life long she had believed that what she wanted it was right that she should have, she had built her life on that assumption. Now Lucilla had shaken her faith. Her whole world seemed tumbling in ruins about her.

One o'clock struck. The hour of a new beginning. She turned over and lay on her back staring at the ceiling. In the faint light of the guttering candles she looked old and haggard. It had happened. Once again, as after her first love affair, her world had crumbled. She was not going to marry David. Her youth together with her desperate striving to prolong it had vanished. Her self-seeking, born of her youthful longing for joy had gone too. Stripped of it all she lay looking desperately into the empty void ahead.

There seemed nothing in it. Nothing but a dark emptiness. For an hour she lay, struggling to put George into that emptiness, struggling to force her will to the building up of a new life in the way that Lucilla had done.

Acting, acting all the time until one was half dead with weariness, on and on until at last the pretence was really. At last from sheer exhaustion she fell asleep.

She woke to find that it was morning. The wind was still blowing, but not at gale force. The outside storm was over.

And so, she realised, was her own. While she slept she must have been still unconsciously fighting and while she slept she had won. She was going back to George.

David also, on going to bed, resigned himself to hours of reading, but he had a good deal more control over his thoughts than Nadine had and he was able to keep his attention firmly riveted on his book.

He read on and on and at last, in spite of the noise of the storm, he fell asleep. His last wandering thought, before sleep took him, was that Christopher Martyn had had to relinquish that most precious of all a man's treasures, his sanity.

He woke up with a start. "Yes?" he said, for he was certain that someone had touched and called him. "Yes?" he repeated. "What is it?"

There was no one there, and no sound that could have awakened him except the calling of the plover. The gale was dying away and his room was filled with the grey light of dawn. He felt amazingly peaceful.

But it was not the peace of inaction. Almost in the moment of waking, as though he had been awakened for some particular purpose, he had jumped out of bed and pulled his curtains. His room looked east towards that part of the marshes where Obadi-

ah had his cottage. But they could not be seen. Beyond the rushes there was nothing but a sheet of water.

David gasped and looked at his watch. The tide was coming in, but it was not yet at its height. Quick staccato thoughts hammered at his brain as he dragged on his clothes. Obadiah. One of the highest tides of the year. The worst storm for years. The dykes had burst. There was no upstairs to Obadiah's cottage. That stream near it had been swollen by the summer rains. And it had poured with rain most of yesterday.

He was out of doors and running through the oak-wood. Obadiah's life was perhaps in danger. The life of a man who served Dumerosehay; a man who served him. He was not going to marry Nadine. He noticed that the dogs had appeared out of nowhere and were running at his heels.

He was at the harbor and dragging his boat out of the boathouse. He had got the boat out and was rowing hard.

"Go home!" he shouted to the dogs, who were swimming after him. Pooh Bah, who disliked having his royal person assaulted by rudely stopping waves, obeyed, but Scamp plunged on. "Go home, you old dunderhead!" David yelled at him. But Scamp, puffing and blowing, came on fighting desperately until David had to drag him into the boat to save him.

David struggled on, his thoughts, living some queer independent life of their own, still racing on. And very odd thoughts they were.

"I am not going to marry Nadine. I woke up knowing that. How odd. As though I had gone on fighting while I slept and someone or something helped me to make up my mind. Who woke me? I could have sworn that someone woke me to do what I am doing now. Life will be terribly without Nadine. Yes, I'll have Dumerosehay. I'd rather have had Nadine. Great heaven, the water is right over Obadiah's window!"

The bridge had gone, and the stream, after adding its water to the flooding tide, had disappeared, too. David rowed straight in over the garden and held on to the stout pole that supported Obadiah's washing line.

"Martin! Master David!" said a cheerful voice. "Of course, come fur of. Tarble storm. Tarble wind."

Obadiah, his bedroom window open, was standing on a chair ankle-deep in water. He had dressed himself and sensibly donned his high sea boots, and seemed little the worse for wear. "Can't open door against this ere water," he announced. "Oft come through under."

David got the boat beneath the window and looked in. The water was right up to the mattress of Obadiah's high old-fashioned bed but not yet over it. On the bed Obadiah had collected his treasures; his best suit, his best boots, his best teapot, a piece of cold ham, his fishing rods, a beautiful tin ornamented with a portrait of Queen Victoria, the grandfather clock, and other oddments.

Somehow, to the accompaniment of Scamp's piercing barks, everything was got in and stowed away. As Obadiah himself scrambled from the window, the sea surged over his bed. The sight of it made David feel suddenly sick.

It was a hard pull home. David, straining at one oar while Obadiah pulled on the other, found himself gazing at the grandfather clock lodged in the stern. Christopher Martyn's clock that he had designed, and perhaps made, himself. David suddenly grinned. This was another rescue from

sea and tempest, but comically different from the other one.

That other had been ganant and dramatic with the great ship rushing to its doom, the captain ussex, to the mast, the terrified crew, the beautiful woman in the sun and the blue bird singing in its cage, but this one with the boatload of boots and cold ham crockery furniture, and a wet dog was simply funny. Yet he hoped it was in the Damerosehay tradition. If Christopher Marlowe yet existed anywhere, if he was alive and laughing at him for this ridiculous parody of his own action, it was to be hoped he was yet well contented with the heirs of his home and spirit.

David realised that tradition had got him at last. For the family and the place he was sacrificing his personal happiness. The world was well, lost for love, they said. They were wrong. Not his world.

He prepared to leave Obadiah, at the old Eel and Lobster Inn in Little Village.

When David arrived back at Damerosehay he was met at the front porch by Nadine, Poob Ban and the children. "Take the dogs in and shut them up," he said to Ben. "The wood's full of rabbits and I won't have them chased. Get along all five of you."

He spoke more authoritatively than he had ever been known to do at Damerosehay and the children hurried the dogs indoors.

"Wherever have you been David?" cried Nadine. "You're dripping wet."

"Fetching Obadiah in out of the marsh," said David. "Nadine there's something I want to tell you. I can't marry you."

Nadine looked up at him, her dark eyes enormous and tragic in her white face. "No, David," she said, "you can't. That was something I had to tell you too."

They looked at each other, breathing quickly as though they were tired out. Then she went abruptly in and left him. Explanations would come later. They were both of them stunned by the blow they had dealt each other and neither of them had the strength for them now.

Lucilla once more sat in the drawing-room waiting for the home-coming of her grandson David. He had gone away on the day after Obadiah's rescue and had been away for six weeks. It had seemed to Lucilla like six years, so great had been her anxiety for him.

The thing that had most comforted and upheld her had been her growing affection for her daughter-in-law Nadine who had saved a fortnight ago for India and George. It is wonderful how one's affection for people grows when they do what you want them to do, and she realised now how unfair she had always been to Nadine. Every evening at that month they had spent together they had sat by the fire and talked and she had come to understanding the difficulties of Nadine's motherless youth, the bitter disillusionment of her marriage to George and its hardening effect upon her, the depth of her love for David, and the greatness of her courage in putting it from her. Beyond that she had discovered that Hilary was quite right and that Nadine was very fond of her.

The ecstasy of her family over her return to a sense of her duties had almost astonished Nadine. The children, when told that Daddie was coming home, had been beside themselves with joy. Tommy had made the house a bedlam for days on end and

Ben had put on two pounds in weight in a week. Caroline had said nothing, but she had smiled such a lot that she had scarcely been able to suck her thumb at all.

Lucilla's eyes went over to the grandfather clock. It belonged here again now for after his rescue Obadiah had insisted on giving it to David.

It stood in a corner of the drawing-room, its hands for ever at one o'clock, the hour of a new beginning, and inside it was Christopher Marlowe's book of drawings and the old parson's diaries. David had given them to her with a hurried explanation before he went away.

Since then with Obadiah's help she had found out the whole story of Christopher Aramante and Jeremy. She had revelled in it, loving her home the more because of it, and had been surprisingly undepressed by the tragedy of it. The drawings in the book had upset her far less than they had upset Ben and David, and when Obadiah, encouraged by her exultation in face of their horror, had suddenly decided to tell her that Jeremy was buried beneath the hlex tree she had been rather pleased than otherwise. She was seventy-eight. The horrors portrayed in Christopher's book she had faced long ago.

A SILVER-GRAY shadow slipped past the iron gate in the wall and Lucilla found that her heart was beating suffocatingly. Would he be changed? Would he perhaps not love her any more because of what she had done to his life?

There was the usual riot in the main, the usual outburst of shouts and barks and scufflings, and then David was in the room. "Get back, you little demons!" he said, pushing the door against the rubbish outside. "Wait!" Then he shut it and came across to where she stood waiting for him.

He was very changed, older, sterner and quite unamiable. Her heart missed a beat and for the first time in her life she dropped her eyes before him. Then she felt him take her face in his hands and lift it. "Are you all right, Grandmother?" he asked, and his voice was gay and just as it used to be.

"Quite all right, David," she answered. "Are you all right?"

"Quite all right," he answered and looking up she knew that in spite of the change in him he spoke the truth.

But it was not until an hour later, as they sat talking to each other in the drawing-room that she knew now much he was all right. He was very unhappy, still, he did not deny that, and doubly so in knowing that Nadine suffered too, but he believed that they had made the right decision.

His conviction grew with each day, and there was also growing in him, he told Lucilla, the conviction that because of that decision he was feeling his way towards an entirely new outlook upon things.

"All bereavement, whether fate inflicts it on you or whether the relinquishment is your own, changes you," said Lucilla. "Often for the better."

As they talked the sky turned from blue to gold and shadows crept out over the garden. The blackbird in the hlex tree started his evening song and from the wild garden came the voices of the children calling to each other in a last game before bed.

Then suddenly they came tearing helter-skelter through the gate behind the guelder-rose bush across the lawn and in through the garden door

into the drawing-room. Ben dashed in first and went straight to David, that shadow that had once been between them entirely forgotten.

"We saw a blue bird in the garden!" he shouted. "We saw a blue bird!"

"We did!" yelled Tommy belligerently. No one had contradicted him. "Nor a kingfisher but bright blue like forget-me-nots."

And Caroline, sucking her thumb, nodded vigorously.

David, the children at his heels, went out to investigate, but there was nothing to be seen in the wild garden except the darting leaf-like bodies of the tits and the thrush singing in Mainseian, and presently Ellen came out to haul the children off to bed.

David lingered in the wild garden. It was incredibly beautiful with that silvery mist of traveller's joy everywhere about him, the purple shadows gathering under the trees and a few golden leaves drifting down silently out of the golden sky. He began to feel almost happy. It was so long since he had felt happy that the strangeness of the sensation was quite startling.

"Traveller's joy." That was what he was feeling: the joy of the traveller who returns to his own place. That was what Aramante had felt when she came back to her own spot of earth and her soul flew back to her breast like a nomadic bird.

And with the happiness there came to him also a new sense of creative power. The fact that he had been able to do what he had done, to love so deeply and yet to relinquish his love, had increased his faith in himself. He looked back with shame to that mood of defeatism at the Hard, when he had thought that the days that are past are better than these days. That was all nonsense. Life was what one made it.

Suddenly from oak tree to hlex bush there was a brilliant flash of blue. Not a kingfisher as Tommy had said; a paler and more ethereal blue than that. In two strides David was at the hlex bush and had taken in his hands old Mary's blue ougerigar, that had escaped from its cage when the children played their game with it.

Holding the soft fluttering feathers in his cupped hands David thought that he must return her bird to old Mary; then he remembered that Hilary had said in a letter that he had given Mary a dew budgerigar, a green one, and that she was comforted. He would let the creature go. Undoubtedly it was a fairy bird or it could not have survived.

He lifted his hands and opened them. The bird spread its wings and flew up and above the tree-tops into the golden sky. David watched as long as he could but suddenly the light dazzled him and he shut his eyes.

When he opened them again the bird had gone; earth-bound with eyes that could not stand the glory of light, he had lost sight of it; yet through the little incident the conviction that he had longed for suddenly came to him. "It's true," he thought. "The spirit of man has wings."

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Pink

● Here are seven ways to prove that some of the best and most eye-catching spring fashions come in pink, from a water-ice pastel to the brightest carnation.

The correct shade of pink to flatter your eyes and hair can be as good as a beauty treatment for blondes, red-heads, and brunettes alike.

On the beach, pink can look as cool as a strawberry soda, can be fabulous with scarlet, and dramatic with black.

Note the new spring fashion of a sailor-blouse worn with narrow pants, the new-again romper suit for swimming and sunning, and the romantic, feminine look of a blouse in rose sheer made with blown-up sleeves.

To help you build up a spring wardrobe we have patterns available for the clothes pictured on page 32. For further information about them, turn to page 34.

—CANDY HARDY



SHORT evening dress (above) of white organza by Jacques Fath has the bustline richly embroidered with jewelled flowers. It is complemented by a pale orchid-pink satin stole and matching wrist-length gloves.

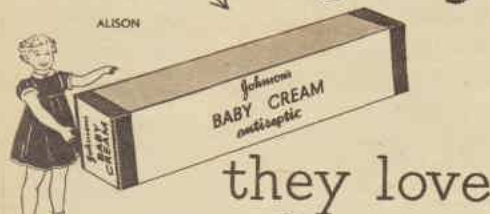
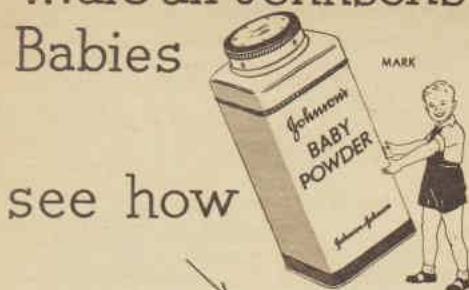
PEDAL-PUSHERS (left) in coral are teamed with a pastel sailor blouse of cotton poplin. Deep necklines and sailor collars are important spring fashion points.

PARTY BLOUSE in deep rose-pink organza (right) has big push-up balloon sleeves. Patterns are not available for this blouse or for the evening dress above or the sailor blouse and pedal-pushers shown at left.



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see how



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Teenage section

COLLAR IN CROSS-STITCH

The white collar illustrated at
right is easily crocheted in cross-
stitch and trimmed with pearls
and rhinestones.

Here are the directions for making:

Materials: 4 balls No. 10
Coats Mercer Crochet cotton
(the cotton is used double, with
2 balls worked as one thread),
about 75 pearls, and 75 rhine-
stones, 1 steel Milwards crochet
hook, size 3/0 equals 11. It is
a fairly large head. If a larger
or smaller neck measurement is
desired, ch. 4 sts. more or less.

Starting at neck edge, with

1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from
hook, 1 tr. in next ch. * ch.
2, skip 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of
next 3 ch., rep. from * across
row, ending ch. 3, turn (98 sts.
including ch. 2 between sts.
and ch. at start).

2nd Row: 2 tr. in next st.,
* 1 tr. in first tr. of next 3 tr.
group, ch. 2, 1 tr. in 3rd tr. of
last tr. group (crossing sts.), 2
tr. in next st. (centre st. of the
3 tr. group), * rep. from * to *
across, ending cross sts. as be-
fore, 2 tr. in next st., 1 tr. in
last st., ch. 3, turn (increasing
20 sts. across row - 118 sts.).

3rd Row: 1 tr. in each st. and
2 tr. in each ch. 2 space (be-
tween crossed sts.) across row,
ch. 3, turn (118 sts.).

4th Row: 1 tr. in each of

next 2 sts. (ch. 2,
skip 2 sts., 1 tr.
in each of next
3 sts.) 3 times,
ch. 2, skip 1 st.,
1 tr. in each of
next 3 sts., ch. 2,
skip 2 sts., 1 tr.
in each of next 3
sts. Rep. from *
9 times more,
then (ch. 2, skip 2 sts., 1 tr. in
each of next 3 sts.) 2 times,
chain 3, turn (128 sts.).

5th Row: Dec. 1 st. by draw-
ing up a loop in each of next
2 sts., 1 tr. in 3rd st. from end
of row, draw up a loop in each
of last 2 sts., and work off as
1 tr., ch. 3, turn (152 sts.).

6th Row: Dec. 2 sts. at beg.
and end of row as follows: Draw
up a loop in each of next 2
sts., work off as 1 tr., 1 tr. in
the next ch. 2 space, cont.
across row as in 3rd Row, end-
ing 1 tr. in last ch. 2 space, draw
up a loop in each of last 2 sts.,
work off as 1 st., ch. 3, turn
(148 sts.).

7th Row: * Draw up a loop
in each of next 2 sts., work off
as 1 tr., rep. from * once more,
1 tr. in next st., * ch. 2,
skip 2 sts., 1 tr. in each of
next 3 sts. Rep. from * across

to last 7 sts., ch. 2, skip 2
sts., 1 tr. in next st., dec. 2
sts. as at start of row, ch. 3,
turn (144 sts.).

8th Row: Draw up a loop in
each of next 2 sts., work off as
1 st., 1 tr. in 1st tr. of next
3 tr. group, ch. 1, 1 tr. in 3rd
tr. of last tr. group, 2 tr. in
next st., rep. from * to * of
row 2 across, (ending) draw up
a loop in each of last 2 sts.,
work off as 1 st., break thread,
and fasten.

Join thread at corner and
work 1 row of d.c. around en-
tire collar, then work edging
around outer edge as follows:—
* Ch. 3, skip 2 sts., 1 d.c. in
next st. Rep. from * around.
Break thread and fasten. Trim
as illustrated or as desired.
Fasten collar with hook and
eye.



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Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite
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kills acne and fungus and in 24 hours begins
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you have tried, get Nidexone from your
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help your skin satisfactorily or money back.

CANDY HARDY PATTERNS

Illustrated in color
on page 32



F3318



F3320



F3319



F3321

F3318.—Attractive halter-necked
romper suit. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust.
Requires, 1½yd. 36in. material and
½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3319.—Pretty and practical separates. Sizes, 32in. to
38in. bust. Requires, 2yds. 36in. black material and
2½yds. 36in. checked material. Price, 3/6.

F3320.—Full-skirted dance frock with deep V-neck-
line. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires, 5½yds.
36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3321.—Strapless cotton frock with detachable collar.
Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires, 5½yds. 36in.
material. Price, 3/6.

These patterns may be obtained from Fashion
Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo,
Sydney (postal address Box 4000, G.P.O., Syd-
ney). Tasmanian readers should address orders
to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand
readers to Box 666 G.P.O., Auckland.

DEBBIE COOKS A SIMPLE MEAL



● Second in our series of cookery for teenagers. This week Debbie, our young chef, cooks stuffed crumbed cutlets.

FINISHED DINNER (above) of cutlets, bacon rolls, peas, carrots, and mashed potatoes, with meringue-topped baked apples. Paper cutlet frills (can be bought or home-made) decorate the ends of the cutlet bones. See recipe for the sweet on page 58.



MAKE a pocket in the meat of each cutlet. Seasoning: Combine 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon grated onion and chopped parsley, pinch lemon rind and nutmeg, nut of butter, salt and pepper, with milk to moisten.



FILL EACH pocket with seasoning and secure the opening with cocktail sticks or sharpened wooden matches, heads removed, or sew with needle and coarse thread. Leave 2 in. of thread at ends so that it is easily drawn out after cooking.



COAT CUTLETS lightly with flour seasoned with pepper and salt, then dip in egg-glazing in a shallow plate. Make the egg-glazing by mixing 1 beaten egg with 1 tablespoon of milk. Have the breadcrumbs ready on paper.



TOSS CUTLETS in crumbs until well covered on both sides. Pat crumbs on firmly with a knife. Allow to stand a while, dip again in egg-glazing and crumbs. Bake 40 minutes (moderate oven) in small quantity of hot fat, turning once.

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Teenage section

POINTERS TO BEAUTY

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Finding the cosmetics you like is fun, but using them decoratively is even more so.

EYES. It's a model's trick to slant the eyes with chisel-pointed eye-pencil behind the upper lashes. Draw a fine line and extend it just a trifle beyond the outer corner and feather upper lashes with thin mascara. In general, build up skimpy brows with tiny pencil strokes, strengthen brows and lashes with olive oil. A spot of cream on a dry brush gives brows and lashes gloss and shape.



LIPSTICK. How bright is your smile? It is a wise idea for young girls to go along with lipstick that is brilliant but light in color, that harmonises with everything, and accents natural coloring. For night outings lipstick may be slightly darker or brighter, but overdark shades look ugly. The well-made-up mouth has smooth edges, natural curves, and the corners filled in. No dividing line is visible when the lips part. Lipstick always "takes" best on a dry surface.



HANDS. Hand care, like all beauty care, calls for cleanliness, upkeep, and trimming. Soapy scrubbing, attention to the cuticles, suitable filing and buffing, and the use of softening lotions are routine. Frequent dunking in warm oil, nightly applications of cream or colorless iodine to improve nail surfaces, and patching chipped and broken fingernails come under upkeep. For a frill, use a nail-white pencil under the nail-tip. Remember that varnish takes best on clean, dry, smooth fingernails.



SKIN. If a girl has a good skin she's lucky and probably knows it. How can you tell your skin type? The symptoms of oiliness are a shiny nose, blackheads, bumps. (Wash three times daily with good soap and warm water.) Dry skin tends to flake, has a tight feeling. (Wash once daily with bland soap in lukewarm water.) Apart from a light cleansing cream, youthful skin needs a minimum of grease. The ideal make-up is a light powder-base that matches natural skin tone.

Teenage author's success

Author of this month's teenage story, published on page seven, is Jan Oliphant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Oliphant, of Canberra.

JAN is just 15. Her story is shorter than we want them. It was submitted before we had stipulated a definite length. Stories must be not less than 1800 words and not more than 2000.

It is not possible for us to give individual criticisms, but the following are specially commended:

D. S. (Grange, Qld.),

Y.J.W. (Abbotsford, Vic.),
E.M. (Wavell Heights, Qld.),
V.W.J. (Warragul, Vic.), A.A.
(Salisbury, S.A.). Good attempts at original and dramatic themes, but treatment not effective enough.

J.H. (Ryde, N.S.W.): Promising theme and style, but not well enough sustained. A.W. (Petrie Terrace, Qld.), C.L.W. (Boggabri, N.S.W.): Good, but too short and slight.

C.W. (Gulgong, N.S.W.):

Amusing. General treatment and style not quite good enough. M.P. (Eastwood, N.S.W.): Well written, but not enough story interest.

B.P. (Gordon, N.S.W.), G.C. (Goodwood, S.A.), M.W. (Hamilton, N.S.W.): Quite well written, but story not unusual or entertaining enough.

P.R. (Lindfield, N.S.W.): Promising. Good style but theme not quite effective.

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Continuing Speed Crazy

from page 3

Esobar!" He bows to my grandfather in respect.

The old one has come up behind us and stands leaning on his neck. He asks to be remembered to Juanito's parents. "Have you seen our peach tree?" he asks.

"It's beautiful," Juanito replies. "Do you know the story of the tree?" the old one inquires. "No," Juanito replies. "Tell him," my grandfather instructs my mother.

It is a story my mother loves. She relates to Juanito how the peach tree was planted on the day Blancita was born. She watched my father through a bedroom window as he dug the hole and put in the little tree. My grandfather carried water and helped. "When the first peach came," she finishes with much tenderness, "it was given to Blancita to eat all by herself."

Juanito has been staring at the peach tree and at the pink blossoms underneath on the ground. Now he looks at Blancita as if she is more wonderful than ten peach trees.

"I understand," he says. "It's the same way with me. At home they treat me as if I am going to be the future governor. They hate my motor-cycle."

"Still they permit you to ride it," my mother says severely.

It is Blancita who snaps back at my mother. "If somebody wants something all his life," she demands, "why shouldn't he have it?"

When Juanito climbs on his machine to leave, Blancita stands picking hairs from the foxtail on the handle grip. He roars the motor at everything she is saying.

The pink under the peach tree goes up in a cloud. By the time he has roared away, even the grass lies flat as fish scales. My mother looks down at

me and at the pieces of bike I have spread out. "Wheels!" she says in disgust. "Men and their wheels!"

Blancita raises a cry to heaven.

"Mamma! What will I wear to the fiesta?"

"Wear what you got," my mother answers.

"I must have a new dress."

"There is no money."

"You don't want me to have a new dress!" Blancita howls.

"You don't want me to go with Juanito! You never want me to have any fun!"

My mother says firmly, "Come here, Blancita. Some ways you are grown up. Some ways you are still six years old. While we make a batch of biscuits we will talk about it."

My father is not like my mother. Usually he is not a man to worry over small things. From the tracks he has observed Juanito and Blancita many times on the highway. He has tried to forget it. But tonight when he comes home he is very serious. When we have had our supper he sits picking his zither with a bad rhythm. All at once he spreads his big hands on the strings.

"That Juanito!" he groans. "This morning he missed the train at the crossing only by the thickness of a biscuit. Someday we will be picking him up in a bucket."

"He was going to Santa Barbara," I put in. "He was mad."

Blancita looks up from the table, where she and my mother have been arguing over a dress pattern. Her face has become a little pale.

"But he missed it!" she cries proudly. "He always does!"

"So far," my father says angrily. "But someday he will wind up where he won't scare the wits out of people." He looks hard at Blancita. "Sooner than you think," he predicts.

"I am going to have a plunging neckline," Blancita an-

nounces quickly, "or nothing at all." She is pulling the talk another way.

"Why another dress?" my father demands.

"For the fiesta," my mother replies. "Blancita is going with the crazy one."

"Please, papa!" Blancita runs to him. "Why can't I have a new dress?"

"No money," my mother says.

My father sighs. "Sure," he says softly, "why not?" When he puts his hands under Blancita's chin, it is like he is lifting a camellia against his cheek. He is already seeing her in a new dress. He is sad because she is in love with Juanito, who will kill himself one day. He is happy because she will be the prettiest girl at the fiesta.

"No bought dress!" my mother says flatly.

"We will think about it," my father replies.

My mother stands with her hands on both hips. "When you think you can manage money better than me, I will give you the bills," she says.

The next evening when he comes home from work, my father is carrying a big bundle in brown paper. "There is an answer to everything," he announces. "Today the finance company has taken back Emilio Garcia's automobile."

"What now?" my mother groans.

"Fifty yards of the finest white silk!" my father exclaims. "It cost the Government a fortune." He unrolls the bundle. It is a terrific silk parachute. He shakes it up and it floats out all over the room.

"It has been stolen!" my mother cries.

My father laughs. "Emilio bought it at the surplus store to cover his automobile. He

never used it and now he does not need it."

"So he talks you into it!" my mother snaps.

"Only a few dollars," my father shrugs, "and not till payday. Here is silk for everything!"

Blancita has grabbed an armful of the white silk and is holding it to her. "You are wonderful, papa." Her eyes are big as flashlights. "See, mamma, it will make a full circle skirt. The biggest, most wonderful one in the world."

"Maybe some panels out first," my mother relents.

My father climbs out of the middle. He has made a sale. "It is a matter of imagination," he says proudly. "The best dressmakers in Paris are men."

He motions the old one and me to follow him. Blancita and my mother do not even know we are gone. Outside, we sit on the bench and my father gives the old one a cigar.

"It is always the man who must think how to do a thing," he tells us. Before us, the peach tree is a soft pink. He observes it with much satisfaction.

"Blancita is becoming a woman now," he points out. "A little queen."

"She was on the motor-cycle with Juanito again today," I say.

"Forbid her to ride," the old one says.

But my father shakes his head. "She would only feel more guilty. She would ride anyway." He rubs his knuckles. "She is like me," he frowns. "She thinks nothing can go wrong when one is happy."

"Then is the worst time," the old one replies. "But perhaps you are right. Who is to say

what anybody must do?" He is still shaking his head over this when Blancita comes rushing to us.

"I'm already late for the show!" she cries. "You were super to get the silk 'chute for me!" She hugs my father.

As he looks after her, there is much love in his face.

In three minutes something goes off like a string of Chinese firecrackers. It is the backfire of a motor-cycle down the street.

"Perdicion!" my father cries. By the next day my father has cooled down. Blancita and my mother are making the new dress. Juanito does not come by and my grandfather has caught two fish.

But when the night of the fiesta comes, my sister's blouse is still an argument. My mother has thrown her crimson shawl over Blancita's shoulders to give modesty to what cannot be helped. The blouse has a plunging neckline, which she caught at the last minute with a silver concha. But Blancita has moved the pin. My father picks at his zither and we all stand waiting.

"An inch is as bad as a mile!" my mother is storming, when we hear the roar of a motor-cycle outside.

In another minute Juanito stands in the door. He is dressed like a rich caballero and he is holding out his hat, full of gardenias. He has come to take Blancita to the fiesta on his motor-cycle.

It is an insult to common sense. It is unthinkable.

"Not for a tubful of gardenias!" my mother cries. "Take yourself off! Blancita will walk with us or she will not go!"

Blancita is fit to be tied. She

wrings her hands. She begs. At last she talks to Juanito alone in the front yard. Finally he roars off by himself.

All the way to St. Ann's, Blancita does not speak to us. She walks by herself and we have to follow like four bad sheep. The old one cannot go fast and Blancita gets far ahead. My mother pushes me to catch up with her. Soon we are all separated. It is not a way to come to a fiesta to be happy.

The fiesta is given each year in the walled yard of the church. The pink-and-blue statue of St. Ann herself looks down on the music and dancing. There are strings of lights between the palm and pepper trees. There are booths with games which are played for prizes. The good smell of biscuits, coffee, and cheese beans comes from the kitchen.

In a corner of the wall is a prison of fresh palm branches to which girls wearing police hats and carrying clubs take the arrested men, who must pay fines for charity.

Blancita swirls through the crowd in her big white skirt. She has found Juanito. When he swings her in his arms, her skirt blooms out like she is white hibiscus falling from the sky. Everyone has spoken of it. Such a dress was never seen before.

My father is whanging his zither with the musicians. My mother watches from the bench by the wall with the old one.

For a whole hour now Blancita has been dancing in Juanito's arms like a bundle of love. Her hair is flying and her lips are parted as if to say he must kiss her or she will die. Everybody is watching them. It is enough to make my mother wild. She has not spoken to the Retacos, who are sitting but ten feet from us.

All at once Juanito is hold-

To page 39



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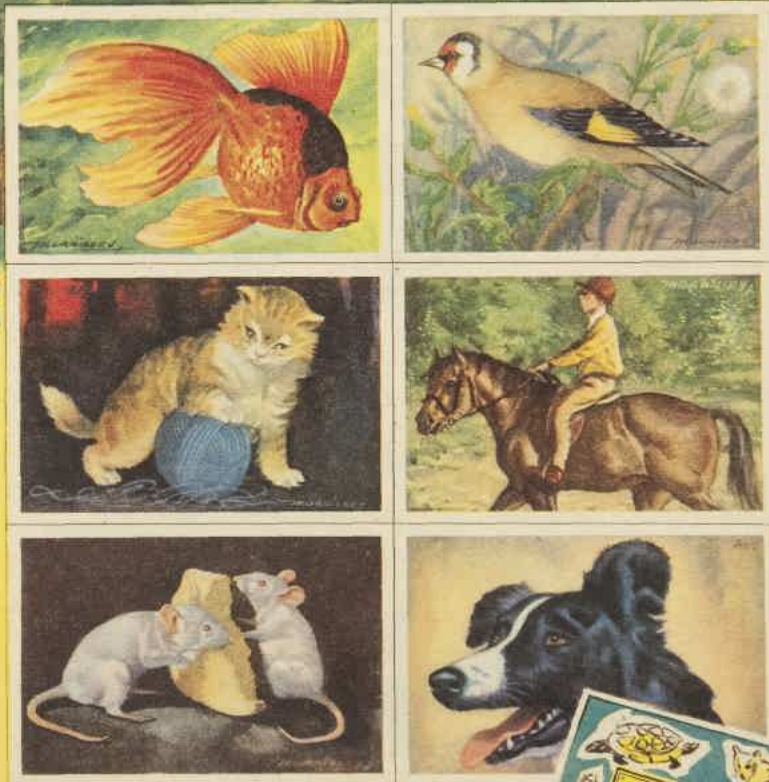
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ing my sister tight and kissing her. Everywhere there are cheers and shouts. The Retacos are on their feet. My mother screams. My father drops his sister.

But one of the girls in police caps is there ahead of them. A kiss is a penitentiary offence. They grab Juanito, because it is always the man who is wrong. Blancita is pleading and making a big fuss. She has got revenge on my mother. But not for long. She has not figured it out far enough. Suddenly she sees Retacos and Escobars coming from all sides.

"Juanito!" she cries in panic. "Break loose! Run!"

She is flying across the yard in a cloud of white.

Juanito tears from the girls. His hat is snatched off. His shirt is torn from his back. But he is free and is racing after Blancita. They dodge through the gate to the alley.

"The motor-cycle!" I cry to my father. "They are going for Juanito's motor-cycle."

I am heard everywhere. The girl cop shouts for the men who have cars to catch the prisoners, who are escaping. The whole festa has become a crazy place. "They will be killed!" my mother moans.

The men are rushing to the alley where the crates are parked. The girls are behind them, crying to be taken.

"Go with them!" my father shouts. He gives me a push. I pile into an old car. "She is my sister!" I shout. Four people are squeezed on top of me.

"They went down Olympic!" somebody cries. "They'll take the Coast Highway!" another shouts.

We leap after them like a swarm of locusts. We burn the road and pray no cop will spot us. We have hit a hundred miles an hour. Suddenly we are shouting, "There they are!"

Ahead of us, taking the new grade behind Malibu Beach, is a single headlight. Behind it is a speck of white. At the top of the hill is a great V where the road cuts through, and the light is climbing to it like the spark of a skyrocket.

"Pour it on!" somebody shouts. We hit the bottom of the grade with everything we have.

We are all watching the spark when it disappears. A mushroom of white blows up into the V of the hill. The spark flashes again, high up on one side of the cut. Everybody is struck dumb. The spark has gone out for good.

"She blew off!" somebody gasps.

We are roaring up the grade. My heart has stopped. I am sure Blancita is killed. Maybe Juanito is dead, too. What will become of my father and mother?

Behind us is the sound of the other cars. We slide in a rain of gravel from the shoulder of the road. We leap from the car to the side of the cut that slants up to the sky. We stumble to the splash of white lying above us.

When we reach them, my sister is lying in Juanito's arms. She is no more dead than I am. She has her arms around Juanito's neck.

no other cars have stopped below us, beaming their lights up. My sister is covered with red clay and she is a mess.

"You sure fixed yourself this time!" I cry. "You'll never get out of this!" I am so relieved I am shaking mad all over. "You big, crazy dope!" I cry to Juanito.

"Take it easy, Carlos!" Juanito answers. He stands up and speaks only to me. "Your sister is not hurt. We are very lucky."

"It was all my own fault!" Blancita moans.

Everybody has to know what happened and Blancita sobs how she was trying to hold on to Juanito and to her big dress both at once. Somehow the wind got into a corner. It swelled up around her into a balloon. It ripped her arms from around Juanito's waist and swept her into the soft dirt.

The motor-cycle, which hit a boulder in the embankment, still lies with the frame twisted and the headlight buried. Juanito stands rubbing his arm, staring down at the machine.

"Stay with Blancita," he says.

He motions the men away. "I'll be back in a few minutes." He lifts the cycle from the dirt and rocks. He runs his hands over the broken parts. It is like he is moving a dead thing as he begins pushing her up the side of the cut.

"I'll help you," I say. He does not answer, but I begin to push, too. I cannot figure where he is going.

When we reach the top there is a black canyon below us, with the sea beyond.

He unties the footfalls from the handle bars. Still he has said nothing. His face is set like a hard piece of rock.

"Let go!" he says to me. With a great push he sends the cycle crashing over the rocks down the side of the canyon. He stands with his fists clenched at his sides. It is a terrible thing. I do not understand what has happened to him.

"That's that!" he says. He motions me to follow him. He does not look back. I cannot understand why he has thrown away such a fine cycle.

When we come to the others, he goes to Blancita. He takes her hands and gives her one of the footfalls. "Keep it," he says. "Someday we will laugh about tonight."

Something has happened to my sister. She is serious, almost like my mother, as she stands there. The girls have cleaned her up. Her top skirt is off and she stands in one of the silk underskirts.

"What will they do to us?" she asks Juanito.

"I don't know," he answers. He curls up the other footfall and puts it carefully into his pocket. He turns to the others. "How's for a hitch back to the festa?" he asks.

"Not!" Blancita objects. "Where is your motor-cycle?"

"There is no motor-cycle," he cries. Suddenly she presses the footfall against her cheek. All at once she understands.

"Come on," he answers. "Give me your hand."

Continuing . . . Speed Crazy

from page 37

We are like a funeral procession. It is as if somebody has seen the end of something and nothing will ever be the same again. When we reach St. Ann's the cars creep into the alley.

The girl cops take charge of Juanito and hurry him off to the prison of palm branches. It is there that my father and Senor Retaco go to talk to him.

Blancita is before my mother and the old one. Senora Retaco is also there.

"Say what happened," my mother commands.

Blancita tells it all. She does not try to make anything different. There are many gasps of fright as she tells how

the wind caught her. The tears are falling from her cheeks.

She tells how Juanito has destroyed his motor-cycle. There will be no more stolen rides. There will be no wild running away again.

"You are a good girl," Senor Retaco says gently.

"Is better now," my mother nods. "Is a strong love now."

"You know I love him?" Blancita asks in wonder.

"But of course," my mother sighs. "When a peach tree blooms, who can hide it?"

The old one sits without speech. His face is turned to the statue of St. Ann.

My father and Senor Retaco are coming from the prison with Juanito between them. They are talking and smiling.

"Pete," Senor Retaco is advising my father, "what you

need on the track crew is a smart young lawyer. One who can pay back his father for a dead motor-cycle."

My father beams. Already he can see Juanito working between the rails. It is a thing which has many possibilities. "Sure," he laughs, "why not?" Now he can sleep nights.

Senora Retaco lays a thin hand on my mother's knee. "Only this," she says gently: "The boy must finish his schooling first."

"Blancita would not have it otherwise," my mother agrees. "How can one be Governor of California if one does not study?"

My sister and Juanito can only look at each other. They are lucky to be alive. In their eyes is all the excitement of two footfalls flying in the wind. In their minds they are going faster than on a motor-cycle.

(Copyright)

★ As I read the stars ★

By
EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): The evening of August 17 tends towards disputes between lovers or marriage partners, also in social organisations. August 22 outings are under kindly stars.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): A certain amount of drudgery may be required of you August 17, probably accompanied by criticism, but August 20 brings a reward and applause.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): You may be running in circles August 18, coping with a dozen matters pending; you'll see your way clear to a happy climax August 19.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Chase the main issue August 18; keep off sidetracks. You can accomplish wonders in any business matter. Listen and say little on the morning of August 21. Remember, least said, soonest mended.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Front-page news may break for you August 21; if a man it's business; if a woman it's personal, but in any case it's wonderful. August 23 sees you on your way.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): An emotional storm August 19 or 21 may clear the atmosphere August 22 and set you sailing in calmer waters than for a long while.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Should you be tempted to go to extremes August 17 either in word or deed, you'll find August 22 Libra's way is the middle of the road.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Set the wheels going August 18 in connection with any scheme in mind; the stars are with you and tip the scale in your favor August 20. Be ready for what awaits you.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): You may bump up against a stone wall August 18, and find intentions misunderstood, but August 20 should lead to friendship.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Discount what you hear August 18, when gossip could mean mischief. August 23 s likely to clear up a puzzling problem.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Don't give a social disappointment undue importance. August 21 should prove to you that popularity and prestige are high.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Care of health may be required August 17 and 18; there is danger from nervous tension or colds. You may act as prearranger August 23.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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At the Wimbledon ball



ONE of the events of the London season is the Wimbledon Ball. Above are Pat Hurd (left), Jaroslav Drobny, Maureen (Little Mo) Connolly, and Ken Rosewall.

LEFT: Mrs. Tony Trabert, who wore a broderie anglaise dress trimmed with a huge black taffeta bow, stopped on the stairs to talk briefly with her husband.



LEFT: English tennis star John Barrett sits one out with Melbourne girls Beth Ruffin and Kaye Neville-Smith. John is to tour Australia.

ABOVE: Handsome Australian player Ashley Cooper escorts Anne Goldsworthy (left), of Melbourne, and 19-year-old Indian player Rita Davar.

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Talking of Films

★★ Johnny Dark

SLEEK sports cars hurtle across the technicolored screen in Universal's agreeable race thriller "Johnny Dark."

A gruelling speed trial between Canada and the Mexican border is the high point of interest in this picture in which stock characters are less exciting than the action.

They are speedsters Tony Curtis, playing the title role, and his friendly rival, flippant Don Taylor, who offers Tony competition for both the big race and Piper Laurie.

A triangle romance develops between them in the way it does so often in the movies and so seldom anywhere else.

The story has to do with Johnny's frustrated ambition to have his design for a sports-model car put into production by his conservative car-magnate boss, Sidney Blackmer, who is also Piper's grandfather.

After some setbacks Johnny enters and wins the trial with the help of understanding car veteran Paul Kelly, thereby clinching recognition for his design and the lady's affections.—M.J.M.

In Sydney—Lyceum.

★★ The Red Beret

PLENTY of action and suspense join with a somewhat trite story in Columbia's technicolor production "The Red Beret," which depicts the gallant exploits of British paratroopers during World War II.

Alan Ladd is quite poker-faced as "Canada" McKendrick, who joins a British unit and becomes noted for his fearlessness in action.

Love interest is provided by Penny Gardner (Susan Stephens), the girl who packs parachutes. McKendrick confides to Penny that his lack of fear cloaks psychological fear of responsibility.

When the paratroop unit completes its gruelling training, McKendrick is singled out as officer material, but refuses to accept a commission, despite urging from his commanding officer, Major Snow (Leo Genn).

However, McKendrick finally breaks free from haunting inner fears and accepts his obligations after he successfully leads comrades out of a German minefield. Story deficiencies are redeemed by spectacular camera work.—S.B.

In Sydney—State.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Wild One," juvenile drama, starring Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy. Plus "Flame of Calcutta," technicolor period adventure, starring Patric Knowles, Denise Darcel, Paul Cavanagh.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon Is Blue," comedy, starring David Niven, William Holden, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Naughty Marietta," musical, starring Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy (re-release). Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★ "Escape From Fort Bravo," technicolor Western drama, starring William Holden, Eleanor Parker. Plus ★★ "The Sellout," thriller, starring John Hodiak, Walter Pidgeon, Audrey Totter. (Both re-releases.)

LYCEUM.—★★ "Johnny Dark," technicolor thriller, starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don Taylor. (See review this page.) Plus ★★ "Fireman, Save My Child," comedy, starring Spike Jones and his City Slickers.

MAYFAIR.—★ "The French Line," technicolor musical, starring Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland. Plus "Killers From Space," science-fiction thriller, starring Peter Graves.

PLAZA.—★★ "Hondo," color Western drama, starring John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond, Michael Pate. Plus ★ "The Fake," crime drama, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Coleen Gray.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Knock On Wood," technicolor comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "River Of No Return," technicolor CinemaScope adventure, starring Marilyn Monroe, Robert Mitchum, Rory Calhoun. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Le Plaisir," French-language omnibus film, starring Claude Dauphin, Jean Gabin, Simone Simon. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Red Beret," World War II drama, starring Alan Ladd, Susan Stephens, Leo Genn. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Cruising Down the River," technicolor musical, starring Dick Haymes, Billy Daniels.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "The Student Prince," technicolor romantic musical, starring Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Walls of Malapaga," French-language drama, starring Isa Miranda, Jean Gabin. Plus ★ "School of Wives," comedy, starring Herbert Lom, Hugh McDermott, Brenda Bruce.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"They Who Dare," technicolor war drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Denholm Elliott. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Devil's Canyon," technicolor drama, starring Virginia Mayo, Dale Robertson. Plus "Super Man At Scotland Yard," mystery, starring George Reeves.

PARK.—"Wicked Woman," drama, starring Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"Here Come the Girls," technicolor musical, starring Bob Hope, Arlene Dahl, Rosemary Clooney. Plus "Flight to Tangier," technicolor drama, starring Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance.

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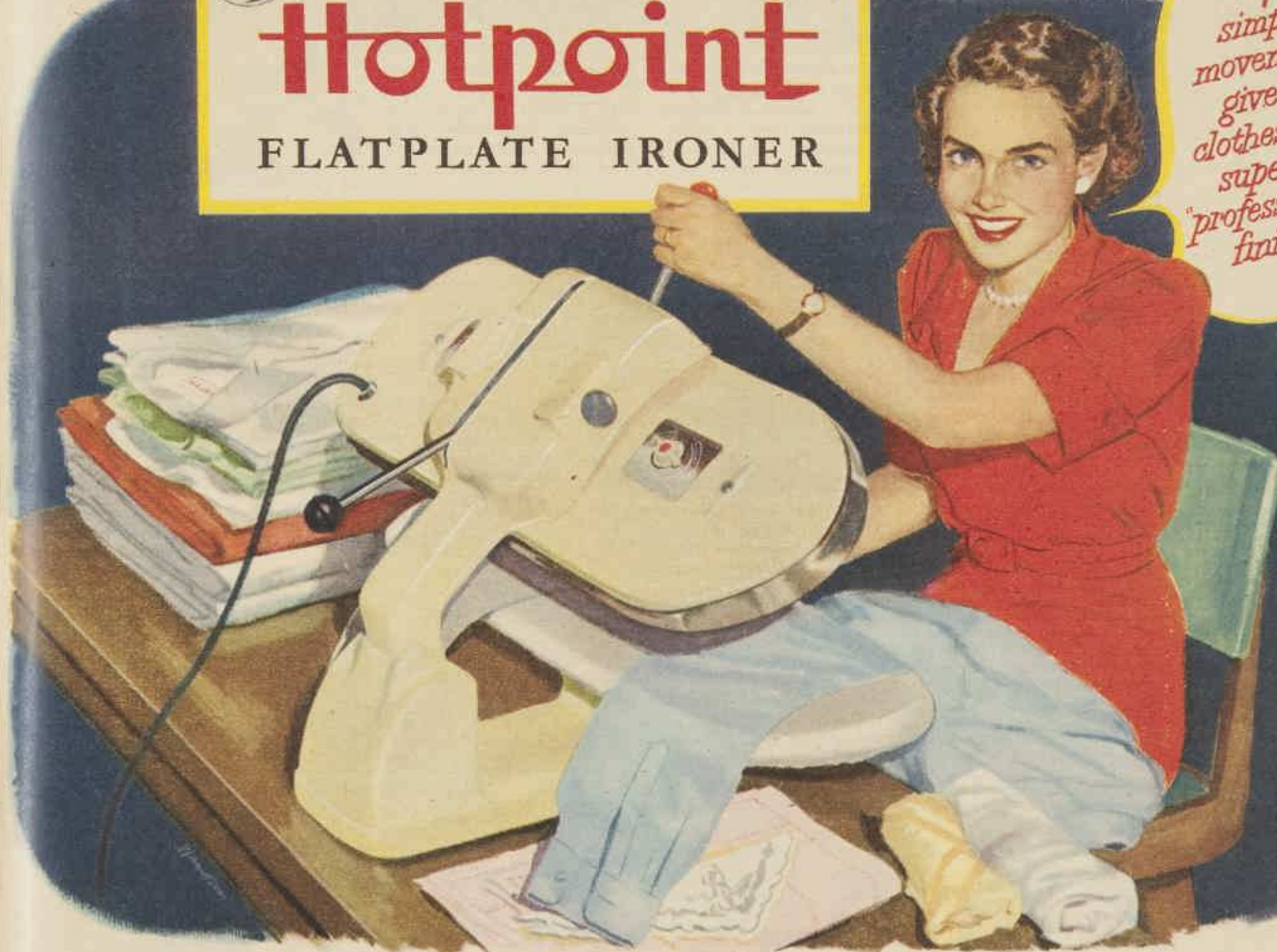
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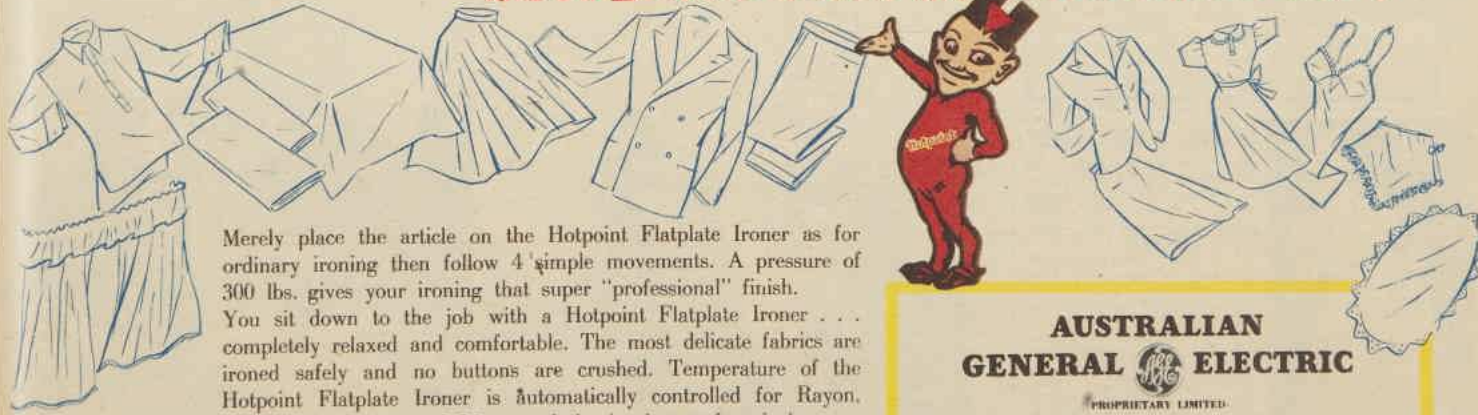
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Beauty at Your Fingertips...

by "Susan"

All through the ages, poets have paid tribute to soft, pretty feminine hands. Lovely hands are just as important to-day—even though our standards of hand beauty have changed. Pale white, helpless-looking hands are no longer our goal—rather, the useful, well-groomed hands are the ones most admired.

So take heart, all you gals who have a quota of daily work to do. A few minutes a day—that's all the time it takes to keep your hands attractive and well groomed.

- Cleanse and stimulate your hands by gentle scrubbing with a good stiff brush.
- Dry your hands thoroughly.
- Use Trushay (that marvelous hand lotion that American women love—and is now available here) after washing, smoothing it on as you would a glove.
- Also use Trushay "before-hand"—BEFORE you start to work. Trushay acts as an invisible glove protecting your skin from grime, grease and the harsh effects of soap-and-water chores.
- Use Trushay at bedtime—for Trushay nourishes your skin while you're sleeping.

The average housewife has a multitude of soap-and-water chores every day. This robe

the skin of its natural oils, and the cells become dry and scaly. It leads to chapping and cracking. For this reason, I always keep a bottle of Trushay near the sink and use it "before-hand," because Trushay guards the skin even in hot soapy water. And after I've finished, I smooth on another few drops of Trushay.

You'll find a second bottle of Trushay in my bathroom. I don't just Trushay MY HANDS when I come out of the tub... I Trushay "all over." It makes my skin smooth and velvety, and gives such a DELICIOUS fragrance! I also use Trushay as a powder foundation when I want a "light" make-up, particularly in summer.

To return to the original topic. There is one other cardinal rule for attractive hands... the need for a thorough manicure once a week—and I mean "thorough."

But most important of all, I'm convinced, is the regular use of the best hand lotion you can buy—and I do sincerely recommend Trushay. As I mentioned, it is a great favourite in America and for very good reason. Petal-pink Trushay is marvellous to use... it's non-sticky and quickly absorbed... makes your skin feel and look lovely... it's super-protective... and has a delightful fragrance. Economical, too, you use only a few drops at a time.

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BALLET COMES FIRST

More than anything else, Jill Bathurst, lovely young member of the Borovansky Ballet, loves to dance. She enjoys rehearsing—but her main worry is the cold.

"It's freezing on stage on a winter's day", she says. "I can't risk being away from the ballet with 'flu. That's why I drink cups of hot Bonox."

You can guard against 'flu and keep the chills away with Bonox. You see, delicious, warming Bonox strengthens your body. Pours concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef straight into your bloodstream. Today you drink Bonox at home, at work, at cafe, hotel or milk bar. Make it Bonox daily for a 1-1-1. And, remember, Bonox now costs much less! New low prices!

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1. REBUKED by the Prince of Wales (Peter Ustinov), left, for altering his uniform, George Brummell (Stewart Granger), right, loses his commission.

2. RIGHT. Visit by Lady Patricia Wyatt (Elizabeth Taylor) to suggest an apologetic note to the Prince terminates when Brummell tries to embrace her.



BEAU BRUMMELL

★ Lavish period sets and costumes are used in Metro's picturesque account of the famous dandy Beau Brummell.

Stewart Granger plays Beau, a man of wit and keen intelligence as well as a leader of fashion. Though he is constantly plagued by debt, Brummell becomes a close friend of the Prince of Wales (played by Peter Ustinov) and for a time he is a power throughout England.



3. WINNING Royal favor with glib charm, Brummell staves off ruin. He encourages Prince's romance with Mrs. Fitzherbert, at right.

4. ELEGANT Brummell determines to marry Patricia, who is promised bride of Lord Edwin Mercer (James Donald), left.



5. ANGLING for earldom promised by the Prince, which will remove financial pressure, Brummell is thwarted by Prime Minister William Pitt, on his right.

6. CRISIS ensues when the Prince, spurred on by desperate Brummell, tries to set himself up as Regent. Attempt fails, and Brummell flees to France.



7. YEARS LATER the Prince, now King George IV, passes through Calais. Patricia, now Lord Edwin's wife, is in the party. Both wonder about the man whose memory means much to them.

8. INJURED when he joins the street crowd to see the King, Brummell is taken to his shabby quarters and cared for by his servant, Mortimer (James Hayter), left. There he fades rapidly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 18, 1954

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Buy the
BIG 14 oz.
Economy Tin

Continuing

Family Affair

from page 5

handsome kittens shouldn't be difficult to place."

The dinner took on a festive air when Bill insisted on a bottle of wine to drink long lives and happiness to the kittens.

Lisa giggled. She couldn't help feeling Paul would consider this a very silly evening. Afterwards they went on to a new musical film and she felt it a relief not to have to follow dialogue in French or Italian.

Coming out, she said sadly, "I don't believe a prolonged course of Paul has improved my mind at all." She had to explain Paul.

"A damp codfish. Are you free on Saturday?"

On Saturdays, some friends of Paul practised chamber music in a rather old building picturesquely called The Barn. Paul usually took her.

"We have to discuss the kittens' future," Bill urged.

Paul was annoyed.

"The Barn is too cold, anyhow," Lisa said firmly.

Lisa and Bill went to the square-dancing at the town hall. Lowbrow but fun. It was unfortunate that they were seen going in.

Paul telephoned.

"I'm disappointed in you. Frankly, I thought you had a mind above that sort of entertainment. The quintet played Bach beautifully."

"Frankly," said Lisa, "I prefer square dancing."

What she really meant was that she preferred Bill. She held the receiver away from her ear. She heard a faint crackling. It may have been Paul complaining. It may have been her boots bumping.

"Good-bye, Paul," she spoke firmly but clearly.

"The trouble is," said Bill, "I don't know anyone in this damned town."

"All the people I know are in flats. No one wants a kitten. And Taffy is getting so bold, Bill. I shan't be able to hide them much longer."

Their business relationship remained strictly formal. So much so that Lisa didn't know the answer when the boss secretary said: "What's up? Mr. Brown has been closeted with the chief all morning, jawing my poor little man's head off. He's a fire eater, that one. He is moving heaven and earth, but no one knows where he's moving them."

And on Wednesday and Thursday Mr. Brown didn't appear at all.

"Sacked, you may be sure!" said the typists. Lisa went cold.

On Friday he reappeared, spent an hour with the chief, then rang for Lisa.

"Ah! There you are."

"So I am," said Lisa in a tone of mild surprise, "and there you are, Mr. Brown."

His eyes twinkled and his mouth relaxed.

"I've found a home for all the kittens. Tomorrow, being

Saturday, I will call for you at two and we'll go and inspect it. It is in the country."

"What! All of them?"

"Only if you approve."

Saturday was one of those days when spring definitely turns the corner. Bill drove Lisa out into the country.

They stopped at last in the brisk main street of a friendly little town. Bill pointed to a neat white office building with a clean brass plate.

"Westbourne. And that's the office of the district manager."

"Mr. Robinson," added Lisa.

"Wrong, my girl. Mr. Brown."

"You?" Lisa's heart sank.

"Me. Wait a bit." He drove off and, two miles out of the town, on a secluded side road, he stopped before a white house in a garden. Lisa fell in love with it at once.

"Home of ex-district-manager Robinson. He is going to manage the Melbourne end. Ambitious man, Robinson, and capable. The trouble is, head office didn't appreciate him."

"It took me two days to convince them he was the man for the job. Then, of course, they simply had to give me his job here. I'm taking the house over from him, so there will be plenty of room for the kittens."

Lisa pointed an accusing finger. "Bill Brown, did you uproot that poor man from his comfortable job and send him to Melbourne and force the chief to give you the district manager's job, just to provide a home for Tommy's kittens?"

"Yes," said Bill.

Lisa was speechless.

"There's just one thing. If I take the kittens, I want Tommy, too. I shall change the name to Susie."

"I have no intention of parting with Tommy."

"Nobody asked you to. You may have noticed our chief is a domesticated type. He likes our district managers to be married. Think it settles them down. So if you don't marry me, I don't get the job, the kittens don't get their home and—"

"And what?"

He turned to face her and his voice changed. It was deep and soft and he was no longer laughing, but grave and intent.

"And my heart will break, Lisa. It has to be you. Please. Because I do love you so, my darling."

Lisa took a deep breath. There was a look on her sweet, serene face that matched his own—a soft and trembling look of love. But all she said was: "Susie will love it here."

"My darling!"

It was a secluded road. No traffic passed for a long time. But it didn't seem long to Bill and Lisa. It seemed short—and very sweet.

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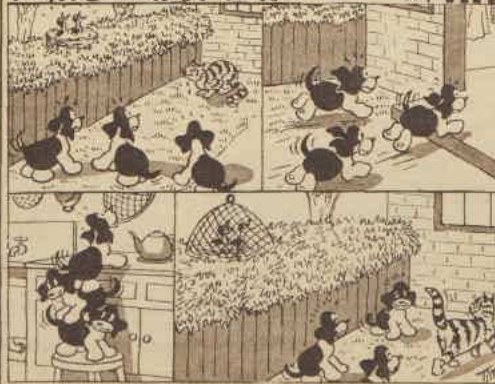


DONALD DUCK
STRAINED FOODS

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by **TIM**



two figures in the round mirror over the mantel. And the magic began to work again.

How could she, how could any woman, have the temerity to be afraid when her life had built itself up so beautifully around her? When she had a husband whom she loved, who loved her. Two healthy children who didn't know the meaning of fear. If no staggering wealth, at least no financial worries. And her own health, smatched out of danger six weeks ago. If that was all she had salvaged on that dreadful morning, it was still a great deal.

Any notion that things were somehow not what they seemed, that something was nibbling softly at the base of the structure, was nonsense.

Solemnly, Elizabeth bent her cheek for Maire's secret.

"I suppose they'll want cheese and crackers with their drinks," said Constance, "or do you think sandwiches?"

"The Bents?" Elizabeth was momentarily startled, because she and Oliver had never consciously entertained Lucy and Steven.

It was always more a matter of sitting around, arguing amicably, until someone, usually Oliver, said around midnight, "What's in the icebox besides the light bulb?" And then there was a general exodus into the kitchen.

But Constance Ives wouldn't be a party to any such haphazard arrangements. The prop of an invalid mother for nearly twenty years, she had learned, along with infinite patience, that you could keep an iron-clad control of any social situation if things were arranged in advance. So many drinks, so much sustenance, offered with a sensible eye on the clock. After a suitable week or two had elapsed, you went to their house.

She was waiting now, eyebrows lifted a little over the pale grey eyes. The lids were thick and white and drooping, as though she were facing a strong light. Or as though, Elizabeth had thought once, Constance stored her secrets under those pale, lazy folds of

Continuing . . . The Iron Cobweb

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flesh, and you mightn't know her if she suddenly opened them wide and the secrets blazed at you.

She brought her mind back guiltily to Constance's question. "Oh—cheese and crackers, I suppose. Isn't that easier?"

"It isn't a question of that," said Constance, burying a rebuke in good humor. "I wasn't sure what you usually gave them."

"Cheese and crackers," Elizabeth said mildly, zipping her dress, "because I'm lazy to begin with and it is easier."

MOVING hesitantly, Constance went slowly to the door of the bedroom, plainly wanting to say something.

Elizabeth said cheerfully, "Slip showing?" and Constance flushed and shook her pale brown head.

"This is the first time you've really entertained at all since—I mean—do you think black?"

Distantly, downstairs, Oliver clattered ice into a bucket. Constance looked distressed. Elizabeth pushed back her involuntary anger and said, "I've always worn a lot of black. Heavens, you didn't think it was mourning?"

The flush in the long face deepened to red. Constance said wretchedly, "No, I just—I'll see about things in the kitchen," and fled, stumbly.

I'll have to stop this thought Elizabeth clearly, or pretty soon I won't be normal.

Later, the evening telescoped itself for her. There was Lucy's face, small, bony, elegant; Lucy's voice with relief under its animation: "Look at her, Steven, she's blooming. What's the penalty for malingering in this State?"

There was Steven, smiling and quiet and somehow reassuring: "Of course she's blooming. She's going to do a book for us soon, aren't you, Elizabeth? Been at your typewriter yet?"

There was Constance, effacing herself expertly, giving precedence to talk and laughter just as she had given precedence to her mother's illness and medicines. Most important of all for Elizabeth, there was Oliver, taking the brunt of the evening on his own shoulders, although you could only know that if you were married to him.

Oliver glancing at the clock at close to midnight, and coming across to her as quietly and intently as though there were only the two of them in the room, and saying lightly, "Off you go. Doctor's orders, at a hundred bucks a syllable."

Elizabeth hadn't felt tired until then; she realized at all once that the thin, betraying dampness had started along her forehead. There were good-nights and apologies, and upstairs in their room Oliver's sudden kiss, almost angry in its intensity. "Take care of yourself, hear? I won't have you pushing our luck. Wait a minute."

He crossed the room to her bureau. Elizabeth, feeling bereft of his arms, said wearily and happily, "But I don't want a pill, darling. Honestly."

"That's what you think tonight," Oliver went briskly into the bathroom, filled a water glass, and returned, holding pill and glass imperatively before her.

Elizabeth laughed at him. "You don't want me to fall asleep taking off my dress? This zipper requires the clearest of heads. I'll take it when I'm in bed. And look, you'd better go down, you've been gone much too long already."

The bedroom was very peaceful: white candlewick on the beds, curly sea-green rugs on the floor; toile curtains in ivory and burnt-red shutting out the wild, windy night. Elizabeth, prolonging the peace and the heavenly sensation of not being required to do anything at all, lay contentedly on her bed without undressing.

For the first time in weeks

she could laugh at herself, she could wake out of a disturbing dream to her own solid happiness. That was worth all the vitamin capsules in the world, all the sleeping pills—one of which she would presently take.

She finished a cigarette and absently lit another. In the middle of that a motor started into life down in the driveway, shouted farewells echoed on the air. After a few moments the stairs creaked and careful footsteps approached, receded. Constance.

Oliver would be coming up in a minute—or having a last brandy beside the bed. Elizabeth laid off the bed and smoothed her sheath of black. She thought: he must know I've been odd. It's only fair he should know I've come to my senses, and opened her bedroom door and went down the stairs.

They could still, after five years of marriage, with two children fathoms deep in sleep in the room next to theirs, come quietly and surprisingly to each other and find all the pleasure of the beginning.

But Oliver wasn't beside the fire. She caught a glimpse of his shoulder in the glass door that led to the sunporch. The shoulder swung out of sight, as though he had bent very suddenly. Elizabeth had her hand on the knob of the door when she heard, mystifyingly, the sound of Oliver's voice. It was slow and bitter, wrenched from him.

It said, "That's all very well—and you know how much it means to me. But"—an impact as though a despairing palm had pounded down on leather—"what are we going to do about Elizabeth?"

What indeed will we do about Elizabeth? That crossed her mind like a sword thrust and was gone, because there wasn't time now. In the immeasurably small interval between the moment she had touched the doorknob and the moment when Oliver's words had split her consciousness, the knob had turned under her fingers. And creaked.

Elizabeth pulled the door wide and stepped out on to golden rope rug. They must have sprung apart very nimbly. Lucy Brent was leaning against one of the built-in bookcases at the end of the long, narrow room; Oliver, a chair away, was deadening a cigarette in an ash-tray and looking up with an air of pleased surprise.

This was where experience let you down. To wake from a pleasant dream to ugly reality wasn't fair; it wasn't in the book. Elizabeth said carefully, feeling her way: "Footnote to the doctor's orders—Benefit when wakeful. Any left?"

"Quarts." Had Lucy's breath come out in a sigh first? Examine it later, because this was quite important.

Oliver said, pouring, "Here you are." And then, "You didn't take your pill."

"No." How much better if she had. And how bewildering of Oliver to put it that way, half-accusingly. Or how clever.

"Steven's off, he had one of those long manuscripts to finish before morning. A tome," said Lucy critically. "One of those wartime marathons. He deserted me for it last night, too, but that's no reason why I should keep you people up until all hours."

ELIZABETH said, "Nonsense." She felt breathless; did she sound it? Did Oliver, four feet away, sense the slow pounding of her heart? "I'm off myself. See you soon, Lucy."

It was abrupt, but it was all she could manage, setting her half-emptied glass on a table, smiling at them both, closing the door quietly behind her. She carried the same audience, invisible, up the dark stairway and into the bedroom.

What are we going to do about Elizabeth?

Oliver's car drove away and returned. Elizabeth, still in every nerve and muscle, listened to his footsteps as he locked doors and turned off lights and mounted the stairs. He tiptoed cautiously through the bedroom; the light went on in the bathroom, and there was a

violent sound of toothbrushing.

When the light was finally flipped out and Oliver padded barefootedly past the end of her bed to his own, Elizabeth held herself braced under her blankets. Now wasn't the time to talk about it or even think about it; not now when she was still echoing all over with shock. She breathed shallowly over a sudden trickle in her throat, but the cough escaped.

Oliver said instantly out of the darkness, "Elizabeth?"

"Yes?" Draggingly, as though she had just surfaced from sleep.

"You're awake, I can see the whites of your eyes."

"I'm awake then. Temporarily."

There was the sound of Oliver propping himself on his elbow. "You stayed up too long. Better watch it, just at first."

Was it possible, wondered Elizabeth amazedly, that he was, as he thought, waking her in order to tell her to get more sleep? Was it even possible that he was chiding her for not having stayed where she had been tenderly put earlier that evening?

She said calmly, "It was nice to have Steven and Lucy again."

"Nice couple," Oliver's voice answered idly. He withdrew the propping elbow and there was a comfortable settling sound of sheets and blankets. "Easy to take."

Easy to take. What are we going to do about Elizabeth?

The first snow of the year began a little before dawn. Elizabeth woke to the whisper of it on the changing wind and didn't go back to sleep. Her mind had become a sounding board; it echoed senselessly with what she had heard Oliver say to Lucy Brent the night before.

"You know how much it means to me"—like a man viewing freedom from behind bars. And then the stunning, the brutally brisk query about the disposal of Elizabeth. To Lucy, which was, as if it mattered, a double betrayal.

Oliver showered and shaved

To page 50

"We're a happier family now! We've said..."

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are soothed at once. Coughing spasms stop. At the same time, Vicks Cough Syrup works all through the chest and bronchial system. It hunts down the source of the cough, and gets right to work on the cause of the cough... as it reduces congestion and gets rid of cough-causing phlegm.

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1. IN THE THROAT... it penetrates, to relieve cough areas you couldn't even reach before.



Note the folds and crevices in this enlarged drawing of the throat membrane... perfect hiding places for cough and cold germs! Ordinary liquids can't get down into these tiny openings. They merely flow over the surface of the throat.



But, with Cetamium, Vicks Cough Syrup penetrates. Its soothing, healing medications get right down into these hard-to-reach, cough-tortured membranes. No wonder you feel such swift, wonderful comfort.

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2. IN THE CHEST... works deep, to relieve congestion and break up bronchial coughs.

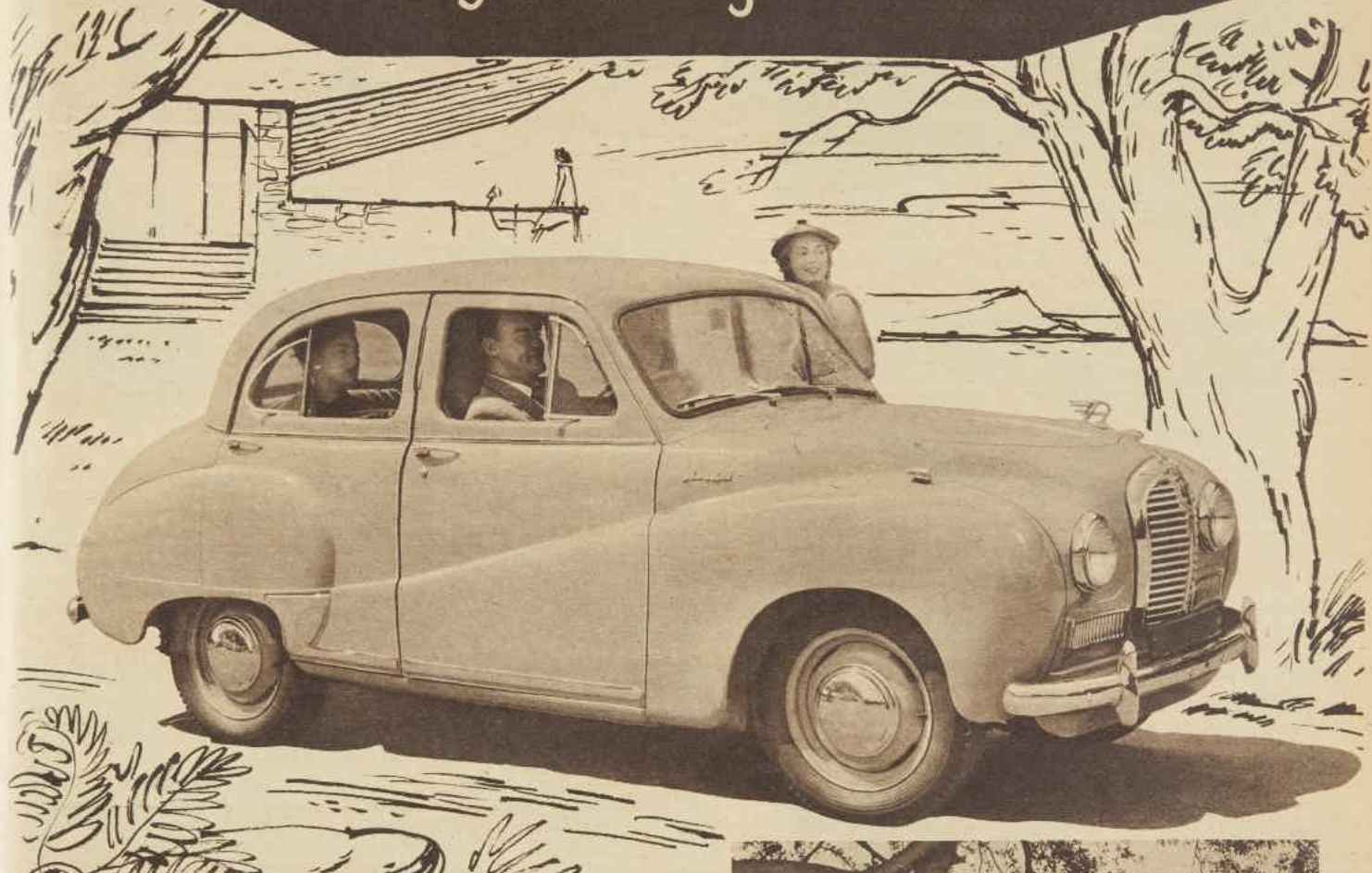


This drawing shows how thorough Vicks two-way action is. New Vicks Cough Syrup works all through the chest and bronchial system... right at the roots of your cough... where its special medications reduce congestion, loosen phlegm, and break up deep bronchial coughs that otherwise hang on so long. Try it!

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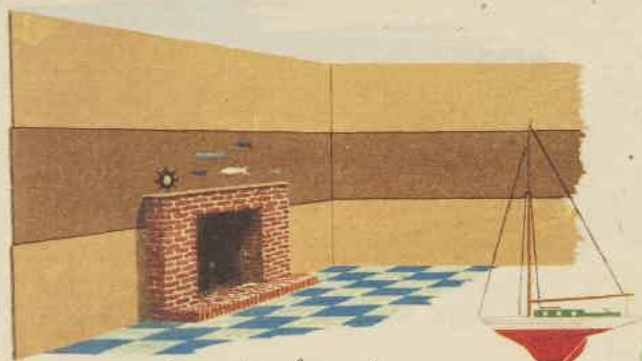
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A.52 EP

If you're a SCHEMER

keep these tips on tap

For new building or remodelling



Nautical and nice

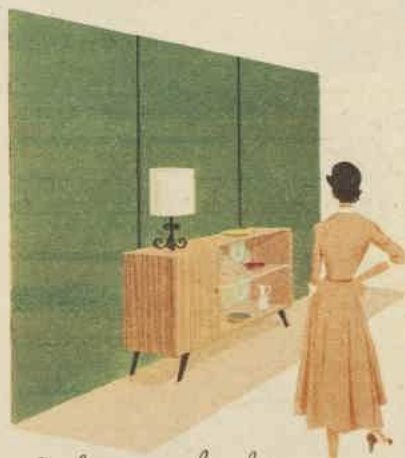
Ship ahoy! Any games room, closed-in verandah or seaside cottage walls can be given this smart-as-a-yacht construction! Cane-ite looks super used this way — either natural finish or contrasting colours — or flush edge-to-edge finish. And it insulates, too!

(Above). These are C.S.R. floor tiles — 17 colours, and they're easily cleaned and amazingly wear-resistant for floors that get hard use.



Curves for cocktails

Any man can make this curved front cocktail bar or snack-buffer with Timbrock. It's natural wood made better and you can do things with it that you could never do with normal timber.



A line on fashion

Home decorators like vertical lines on walls of low modern rooms. So when squares of Cane-ite or Timbrock meet, make a feature of the otherwise unobtrusive joint with cover strips or moulding.

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TREE-FRAMED HOME

● Architect Harry Divola so loves trees that he selected a home site for himself at St. Ives, N.S.W., with some of the biggest red gum trees in the district growing on it. Then he designed the kind of house that would fit within the space allowed by the most prominent trees on the lot.

IT is a home planned for a family of four, and, although simple in its main lines, its contemporary approach reveals a clever use of form and color throughout.

Points of interest in the bathroom are the full door-height towel and medicine cupboard with a steel-framed glass door so that the contents may be seen.

The large hand-basin is built-in with a table-top surround. Beneath it are useful drawers for cosmetics, cupboards, and space for a stool. The ceiling is of acoustic tile to reduce resonance.

Arm-rests are a feature of the built-in bed in the main bedroom. Each side table has space for books and a tray that swings out over the bed when needed, a drawer for handkerchiefs, and a cupboard for slippers.

The children's bedroom has built-in cupboards scaled to size, the light fittings illustrating nursery rhymes, and easy-to-care-for linoleum on the floor.

RIGHT: Colorful entrance hall. The fluted glass wall has a row of shelves. Circular wood moulds painted yellow are "planted" on the royal-red entrance door.



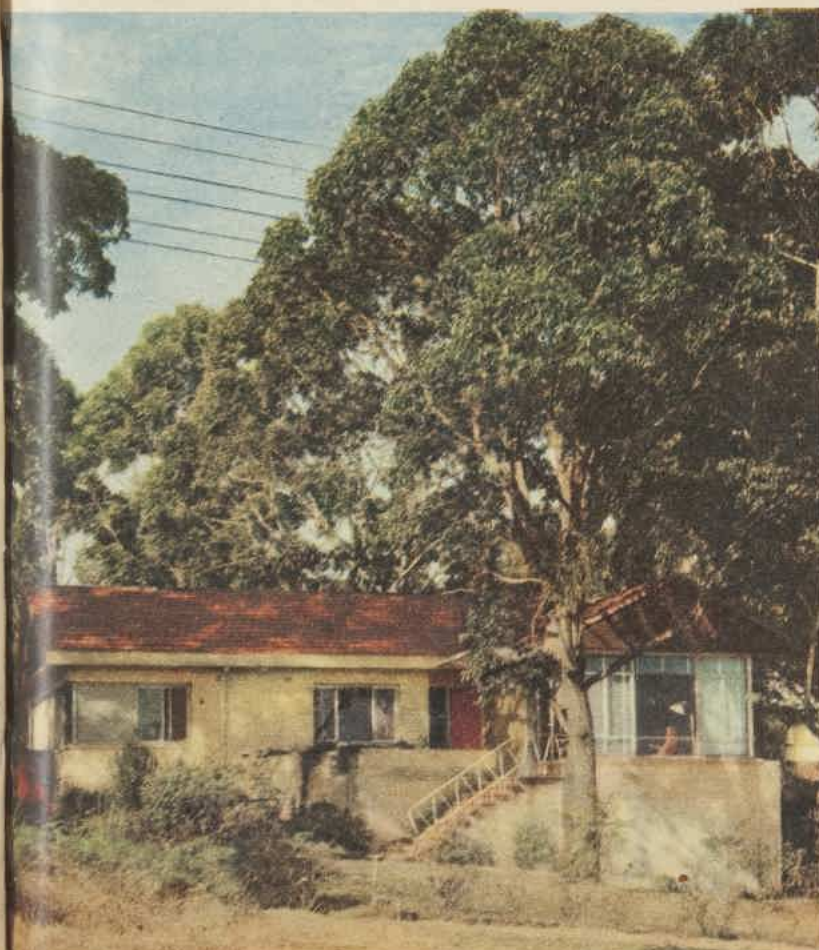
THIS VIEW shows the rear kitchen terrace, pergola, the curved ramp with its wrought-iron railing, and color-panelled wall linking the house with one of the trees. Another lovely gum projects its branches through the pergola.



KITCHEN: A subtle note has been introduced with the slight inward line of top and bottom fittings. Ceiling is of acoustic tiles to reduce noise. The three doors opening off this room are each painted a different color.



DINING AND LIVING ROOM: Mr. Divola designed the superb cabinet unit which serves as a division between living and dining. Cupboards and drawers hold table appointments. The dining-table is fixed to the kitchen wall.



STREET VIEW of architect Harry Divola's house at St. Ives, N.S.W., illustrates the low gable mass of the building with angled terrace. A curved, stone-flagged path leads past a kidney-shaped pool skirting the gum tree. Right: Another view of the living-room.



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Continuing . . . The Iron Cobweb

[from page 46]

and dressed at seven-thirty, making a good deal more noise than he generally did. Elizabeth lay curled on her side, her eyelashes carefully down; she would have liked to pull up the blankets against the blast of snowy air from the window, but you couldn't do that with a convincingly sound-asleep air. A tie whistled through the rack, there was a moment of concentrated silence, and Oliver crossed the room to her bedside. He hesitated.

Elizabeth went on breathing neutrally and was rewarded by the sound of the door closing gently. She sat up against her pillow and lighted one of the cigarettes Hathaway had forbidden before breakfast.

In the first place, there might be another explanation. (But why, then, had she had that feeling of unease, the feeling that was almost fear?) And if there was, wouldn't perceptive Oliver have made it last night?

In the second place, the explanation might be exactly what it seemed. Lucy Brent was a thoroughly charming woman with an odd elusive attraction of her own. A little dissatisfied with her own marriage, although that was only a guest on Elizabeth's part, because Steven's salary as an editor in a publishing house would never be, in all probability, as elegant as her own tastes and inclinations. Possibly, because it was true of the most unexpected women, restless and bored with her own childless state.

But . . . Lucy? Suppose Oliver had meant exactly what he had seemed to mean. It wasn't simple even then, because, quite apart from the problem of Lucy and Steven, there were two whole lifetimes essenced into five years of marriage; you gave the sum total of yourself. There were two children who accepted love and belonging as casually as sun and stars and breakfast.

Could you, having taught them trust, lead them in for a battle far more real and personally dangerous than guns on the other side of the world? Careful, thought Elizabeth. Careful.

Maire was delighted with the snow. Jeep eyed it with sophisticated calm. Elizabeth took a window-by-window tour of the house, showing astonishment because it was snowing outside the children's room as well as outside the kitchen, while Jeep sat lethargically on the floor in the living-room, mumbling over his trucks.

The firm grip of Maire's

small hand in hers took on an utterly new meaning for Elizabeth. Is this, thought Elizabeth in wonder, looking down, is this in the balance?

She would have to see Lucy, of course. Casually, and in the course of friendship, but with the special perspective that knowledge gave. When she had done that and when she had seen Oliver and Lucy together again she would know better what to do . . .

At three o'clock the house was empty of everyone but herself, and too still.

The children, bundled and booted like miniature paratroopers, had trudged off for a walk with Norren, who seemed to find a pleasure almost equal to theirs in the fresh white world. Constance had taken the car into the village to treat with Mr. Willet, the grocery manager, over the matter of a roast. There was no word from Lucy Brent, who had said something about an auction the night before.

WOULD a house, or at least your own pleasant, familiar house, seem so empty if there weren't a corresponding hollowness inside? At a quarter to four, because the walls seemed to be closing in, Elizabeth put on her boots and coat, left a brief note on the kitchen table, and went out into the frozen stillness.

There were tracks in the snow, blurry imprints where the children had made angels—don't get maudlin, she told herself crisply, and went on her way.

The March property was large, by current real-estate standards: nearly three acres that in summer turned into lawn and borders, a wooded hillside, a raspberry patch, a grape arbor. And at the top of the hill, built with abandon when Elizabeth sold her first book, the studio.

She hadn't been here since her return from the hospital. The key was still under the single wooden step. Elizabeth unlocked the door and didn't close it behind her because the air was heavy with damp and disuse. Her eyes went at once to the typewriter beside a window; it was somehow weird that the same sheet of yellow copy paper should still be there, waiting timelessly for the end of a sentence.

Sprigged chintz at the three windows, a day bed where she'd slept more than once, an

overflowing bookcase, an armchair: it was a comradely room, remote enough to be in another world. Her glance stopped on a black glass corkscrew of lamp, topped with a cone of gold straw. Lucy had given her that. She had a sudden childish impulse to fling it out the open door and into the snow.

"Elizabeth?"

For an instant, staring at the closed door that led into the little wash room, Elizabeth didn't breathe. Then someone said her name again, behind her, and Steven Brent's head appeared in the open doorway.

"No editors allowed, I know, but I brought back some books of yours and saw your note. Thought I'd drop by and ask whether we laid you low last night."

What inspiredly unhappy phrasing, thought Elizabeth, and made the appropriate denials. "Come on in—or don't, it's freezing. Come back to the house and have some sherry."

"Thanks, but I can't stay." Nevertheless, he didn't go at once. He said he would like to have Elizabeth meet the president of Hornham's, his publishing house, for lunch one day soon; could he go ahead and arrange it? Elizabeth said yes, vaguely. She had an odd notion, probably groundless, that this wasn't what Steven had come to say at all, that something had changed his mind.

They talked for the space of a cigarette and, because he was the person with whom Elizabeth felt easiest, now her mind could free itself and go off on a path of its own. Books to return—why didn't Lucy come herself? Because she doesn't want to face you just now, of course, which means exactly what you think it means . . .

Steven was standing and smiling down at her. His face had lost its preoccupation; he looked tired and a little shy again. "Better go on back yourself before you catch pneumonia. I don't want Oliver on my neck for—"

"You've got him," said Oliver in the doorway. "Getting the place in shape, Elizabeth?"

His voice was easy and unsurprised; for an instant his eyes were not. Silently, her head high, Elizabeth led the way down the hill.

If the house had been empty before, it was suddenly overflowing. Maire and Jeep, over-excited by their first lone day in the snow, were exchanging

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

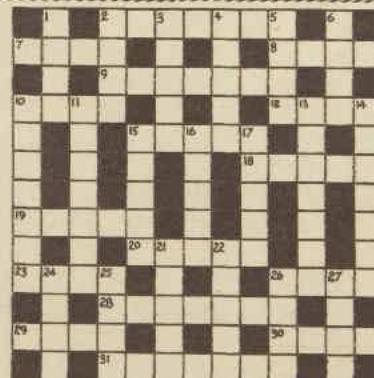
ACROSS

2. Vegetable? Yes. Animal? Yes. Mineral? Yes, at least it could be in parts because, in "The Tempest," it has a hell (1).
7. High above but mostly underground when turned (4).
8. Not a badly spelt sight to a cat. It could be the work of a musician (4).
9. Sea monster must be solid for fruit growing (7).
10. Close the holy short a across (4).
12. Ties in a ground where a building stands (4).
13. Employing though full of sin (5).
14. "For even though vanquished, he could still—" (Goldsmith, "The Deserted Village") (8).
15. Run away mostly on a broken pole (8).
16. Coming early in the year he is behind a traitor (5).
21. Oriental cloth presented by a sir in confusion (4).
26. Sinners are sent to them (4).
28. Purpose with a sort of start (7).
29. Means of escape from the back of a small body of water (4).
30. Freedom from trouble, and so can be the first and last letters they carry (7).
31. Fragrant, though judging from the inside, it is only worth a hundredth part of a U.S. dollar (7).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution in last week's crossword



DOWN

1. Leave it alone says the printer (4).
3. Benson's total yield (4).
5. Hamlets, which give light (5).
6. Study what fifty obtain as reward (5).
8. Bet, a kick, or a boat (4).
10. Gunners but not necessarily for the birds they carry (7).
11. Such relief is not given to a person in an institution (7).
12. Inherent in corn of any cereal (7).
14. See germ (Anagr. 7).
15. Show in you and me and that woman (8).
16. Mass of cast metal which did not stay outside (5).
17. Protect with fine wire the holy river of India, but not quite (5).
21. Lower a sailor to the disturbed sea (5).
22. The answer is inside hot lift (5).
24. Admit a solemn promise (4).
25. A politician inside is as the devil (4).
26. Whose youth is passed is hidden in an average dwelling (4).
27. Request after tea's work (4).

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"SINUS INFECTION CLEARED" ... "BRONCHITIS RELIEF AT LAST" ... "BABY'S BRONCHITIS BEATEN"
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Continuing... The Iron Cobweb

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tears of fury; Noreen, her face distressed, was wheedling and putting away snowsuits and setting eggs to boil all at once. Constance, unwrapping groceries in the kitchen, began a measured denunciation of the butcher. Steven, who had walked, was persuaded to have a drink while he telephoned Lucy to drive over for him.

Elizabeth remembered later the tiny oasis of peace when Oliver drew her forcibly into the dining-room and nodded at a big vase on the buffet.

"Roses," he said shortly. And roses they were, a warm, just-unfurled dozen of them jammed uncompromisingly into the vase. On second thought Oliver had apparently given them a rearranging pull: there was one standing on its head on cherrywood. Roses, and an early arrival home—good omen, or bad? Elizabeth didn't care just then. The sight of Oliver's face, so like Jeep's when he had tried to help and ruined everything—half-defiant, half-sad—made her throat go rigid.

She said sedately, "Thank you," and met Oliver's eyes. "You should see what happened to the last man who brought me roses." "I know, terrible things," said Oliver in a different voice. "Go comb your hair, it's full of snow."

She didn't immediately go. She crossed to the roses and touched a satin petal and listened, and was lulled by what she heard. Oliver coming back to the doorway, his eyebrows up, saying, "Old-fashioned? The mice have been at the gin again." Constance, commenting on the vagaries of the oven. Noreen saying pleadingly, "Oh, Maire, darling, don't—you're more too nice a girl to—"

And a crash, proving that Maire was not. Below from Jeep. Steven's voice, surmounting Jeep's with an effort: "That sounds like our car."

It was all noisy, normal, safe—wasn't it?

This is nonsense, Elizabeth thought lucidly. I'll look back at it and wonder how I could ever have been such an idiot... bother! Her fingers had moved too suddenly among the roses, and a trio of petals went flaring soundlessly down.

And later she did look back, and knew that she would never come closer to a lightning glimpse into someone else's brain.

Later, too, she clocked herself with lipstick and powder-puff and comb, and knew that not quite seven minutes elapsed between the time she went upstairs and the moment when she reached the lower hall again and that odd awkward hush.

Into it Lucy Brent said, "Oh, what a shame—" and Constance, "It's a wonder the whole thing didn't go." Oliver, sounding like a stranger, said grimly, "I'll take it," and Noreen answered distantly, "Oh, no, Mr. March, I have everything right here."

Elizabeth walked through the living-room without glancing at any of them. She stopped short at the entrance to the dining-room—seeing, for a foolish second not believing, the vivid storm of petals that turned the floor red, the headless rose stems, formal and frightening, still arching solemnly in the blue vase.

"Look," said Oliver wearily at six o'clock. "It's too bad, but it's not like losing a leg. The kids—"

"They wouldn't do that. Jeep couldn't reach, to begin with, and Maire wouldn't."

"All right—would Lucy or Steven? Or Constance or I? Would you?"

I didn't, thought Elizabeth desperately. Three petals, that was all; I counted them. If I'm

not sure of that, then I'm not sure of anything. I did go right upstairs after that, I did—didn't I?

Oliver left his chair and walked restlessly to a window; his voice came muffledly over his shoulder. "Mysteries We Never Solved, No. 2000. What does it matter anyway?"

"I think," said Elizabeth stonily, "that it matters a great deal when someone pulls the heads off a dozen roses or a dozen anything. If you think about it, it's quite an odd thing to do."

Into the silence after that Constance said vaguely and hopefully, "Accidents—," and it was as though she hadn't spoken at all.

Oliver swung round and gave Elizabeth a long, direct look.

"All right," he said abruptly, "let's get it straight, then, if it bothers you. Let's have Maire again, shall we?"

Elizabeth bitterly resented the scene that followed. Maire, who had already denied anything to do with the roses, denying it more vehemently. Oliver saying patiently, "It's all right, honey, no one's going to scold you. We just want to know, and then we'll all forget it. I bet it was fun—was it?" And Maire, her face already a bewildered scarlet, bursting into frightened sobs because her three-year-old world had turned upside down and she didn't know how to defend herself.

Elizabeth cried at last, "Oh, stop it, can't you see she's telling the truth?"

Noreen, silently disapproving, had gone upstairs to put Jeep into his bath. Oliver kissed Maire, perched her on his shoulder, and carried her up.

Constance said in a low voice, "You know, of course, what it must have been. Noreen had some sort of accident with them, and then did that to make it look like the children. She seemed quite upset when she was cleaning up."

Elizabeth shook her head. "You didn't talk to her."

In the kitchen, shaking the crimson flutter into the wastebasket, Noreen had glanced up apologetically. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. March. I tried to get it all cleaned up before anyone saw."

Elizabeth had a flicker of hope. "Oh, I see. You—"

The girl colored instantly, her eyes wide and startled. "Oh, I didn't, Mrs. March. Your lovely flowers—I can't imagine how it happened..."

No way out there, because her bewilderment was like Maire's and there was, although for different reasons, the same inability to fight back. And because Elizabeth was almost sure she had caught in Noreen's eyes, and had had to pretend to overlook, the same incredulous speculation she had caught in Oliver's.

Dinner, coffee; Constance and Oliver a little more talkative than usual and sending—weren't they?—worried messages at each other. Elizabeth found herself always one topic behind, felt her mouth curving meaninglessly and her gaze too absorbed, as though she were the hostess and these two difficult guests.

There was still the evening to get through, three hours of it if she were to cling to normalcy, to behave as though nothing had happened at all.

As though adult hands hadn't deliberately torn and mutilated the roses. Not an accident, the tortured thoughts raced

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**Cuticura
SOAP**

Continuing

The Iron Cobweb

from page 52

through her mind, not an accident—those stripped stems and fallen petals, but the mockery of mischief, a frightful parody of a prank. As though evil had gone romping through the house.

The book she was reading—where had she left off? Elizabeth went through the motions of finding her place and glanced up instead at the quiet room around her.

At the desk at the other end of the room, Constance was seated solidly at her evening, pastime of recipe-clipping. Lamplight shone down on the pale brown hair, profiled the long nose, the musing lips, the faintly stubbly chin. It was, thought Elizabeth, like a character-cameo, the odd mixture of greed and austerity, naïveté and a disapproving fortynish firmness.

While she watched, her cousin held up a clipping and frowned at it, and the scissors flashed with a surprising violence, slivering the paper.

Oliver, stretched at an easy angle in the deep leather chair, was intent on a newspaper column, dark head bent. She couldn't see his eyes, but his mouth looked sceptical. His whole attitude was completely absorbed in what he was reading. She had been mistaken at dinner, then; he had forgotten about the roses, he—

Without warning, Oliver's eyes met hers over the edge of the newspaper. There was nothing casual about the suddenly lifted glance. He was doing, Elizabeth thought, exactly what she was doing—pretending to read, wondering, remembering. She dropped her own gaze sedulously, turned a page.

Two alternatives: which was nicer?

She hadn't left the dining-room when she thought she had, she had simply stood there, her fingers following an independent pattern on their own, her mind not registering this.

Or someone else had come by and wrenched the heads off the roses. If she lifted the protective covering off the "someone else" it became Steven or Lucy Brent or Constance or Oliver. There was also the possibility that Noreen was lying, but if that were true then Maire could be lying too, and Maire was not.

Steven, Lucy, Constance—Oliver.

Could this, wondered Elizabeth, be what we are going to do about Elizabeth?

Eleven o'clock was the normal time of release. Elizabeth rose and was startled to find how easily deception came. The yawn, the casual "I'll look at the children, shall I?" to Oliver, the carrying out of the coffee cups.

In the upper hall Constance sat abruptly. "You look terribly tired, Elizabeth. Why don't you stay in bed tomorrow—just read and nap? Noreen's here and there won't be anything I can't take care of."

"I might," Elizabeth said, and forced a smile. "You're awfully good, Constance. I don't know what I'd have done without you."

"Nonsense," Constance

blushed through her briskness.

"It's been nice for me too, you know. Hadn't you better take one of your pills tonight . . . ?"

"It's been nice," did that mean Constance was about to conclude her visit? Elizabeth went along the hall to the children's room and opened the door with caution.

All she could see of Maire under the quilt was pink-gold curls and an outflung arm; she nearly stepped on Jeep, peacefully asleep on the floor beside his crib. She stooped, lifted him into the crib, kissed the warm cheek gently, and pulled up the covers. Jeep made an instant and drowsy demand for his truck. She found it, put it into the groping fingers, and tiptoed out.

There was no hope of pretending sleep before Oliver tonight; he was there in the bedroom when she came in. Elizabeth turned down her bed and got undressed in silence. Oliver took studs out of his shirt cuffs, put them in a leather box, and said casually, "By the way, when do you go to Hathaway?"

"For my check-up? The first week in December—I've got it down somewhere. Why?"

"You don't"—Oliver whipped off his tie—"think you ought to go sooner?"

DECEPTION was effortless just so far, and, besides, she had to know whether there was substance to that shadow in Oliver's eyes. She said very slowly, "What for? Hathaway's only an obstetrician, you know."

Silence. Oliver moved roughly away from the bureau and took a cigarette from his bedside table without looking. He said coolly, "And what's the inner meaning of that?" "This." Why was it so like taking a hurdle? "As you've pointed out, the affair of the roses was no tragedy. But it happened. Weirdly enough, it seems to me that you've a notion I did it."

There never used to be these blanks, she thought, these moments when we both go off away from each other and all the lines of communication are down. What's happened, what's making us behave this way?

Oliver seemed to have had the same wonder: he swung to face her. "Elizabeth—"

She would not be melted, she would not be forced into remembering the way things had been. She said evenly, "You do think so, Oliver, don't you?"

The match he had been holding flickered out. He said without lighting another, with halts between the words, "You were—thinking about something else. Everybody pulls up grass and plucks at wicker and peels off bark—it's the nature of the beast. Oh, what does it matter?" said Oliver, suddenly and explosively violent. "And why do we have to keep on talking about it? Let's forget it. End of episode."

His voice sounded sleepy. Elizabeth lay rigid, her mind slipping back to yesterday and that disturbing sense of unease, like the slayest of motions somewhere in the background.

She hadn't caught the motion

WORLD TRIP FOR £45

OTTO ZAFF, an American student in Europe, had £445 when he set out from Germany to see the world. That's all it has cost him to travel 23,000 miles through 18 countries—and he reckons he can get back to his home in New York without spending any more on transportation.

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A.M., the popular family magazine, has secured Zaff's exclusive, fascinating story, which appears in the August 17 issue.

itself, or the hand. But this, the roses, was the very tangible proof of its existence. This—and not Oliver and Lucy—was what had made her afraid.

Afraid, under the softest possible blankets, with her husband not six feet away and her children safely, healthily asleep only a wall's thickness from her. More afraid than she had ever been in her life, because there was nothing to fight.

Bells counted themselves distinctly in the clear, cold night. Five of us, all told, thought Elizabeth, turning restlessly on her other side. Five and maybe one more, whom all of us know and one of us won't admit: something that isn't flesh and bone but more of an entity than any of us. Finally, interruptedly, she slept.

Thanksgiving came and went, in the face of Constance's mute horror Elizabeth sewed up the turkey with red thread and felt ridiculously gay. It was impossible not to with the children in the kitchen; they formed an instant and devoted attachment to the docile creature in the roasting pan.

Jeep said dubiously, "Might bite you," and Maire said earnestly, "No, he loves you, Jeep," and the turkey went into the oven amid pattings and farewells.

And even after that there were days when everything was almost all right. Almost, because it was as though there were a wall of glass between herself and Oliver. They could speak and smile through it, and go briskly about their lives on either side of it, but it was there. Elizabeth forgot that at times until she bumped into it and hurt herself.

Oddly enough, in it all, she found Lucy Brent a welcome distraction.

Lucy was a being from another world, crisp, definite, untroubledly sure of herself. If the other woman noticed a

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

THANKS FOR MODELLING FOR ME DEAR, IT WASN'T HARD WAS IT?



I DON'T KNOW THE WAY YOU PINNED THE DRESS ON ME.



I DREAD HAVING TO GO THROUGH THE SEWING MACHINE!!!



BY RUD

The Iron Cobweb

from page 53

subtle change in their relationship — and very little escaped the brilliant dark eyes behind the restless flow of chatter — she said nothing.

Lucy was there on the third of December, when Elizabeth's bank statement came. She said, "Aren't you lucky! All I ever get around the first of the month is bills," and stood, "Steven's home, feeling frightful, and I really should be there to stroke his brow. Mind if I phone the drug-store first?"

"Go ahead," Elizabeth said absently. It was a barren mail — soap coupons, what looked like an advertisement addressed to Oliver, the bank statement. At the phone, Lucy asked for the pharmacist.

Elizabeth slit the long, brown envelope, looked at her balance, which was surprisingly less than she'd thought, and ruffled idly through the cancelled cheques. Constance, cash, the stocking shop, Noreen, Noreen, Noreen, cash again . . . and what was this?

In her first casual glance Elizabeth thought it was a cheque she'd written while she was still in the hospital; her signature looked somehow laborious, not quite her own. She pulled the cheque free of the others and examined it, and Lucy's voice and the room around her dropped away in her sudden incredulous attention to the slip of pale blue in her hand.

The cheque was made out to Sarah E. Bennett. Noreen's predecessor, in the amount of her week's salary, thirty-five dollars. It was dated October 29, and everything was in order except that that was nearly two weeks after Mrs. Bennett had departed for Canada to take over the household of a suddenly widowed sister, and the handwriting was not Elizabeth's.

Altogether, there were three of them . . .

"What's the matter?" asked Lucy amiably. "Overdrawn?"

"What?" No, not this time. Elizabeth went to the door with Lucy, as conscious and careful of the cheques in her hand as though she were holding a loaded gun. "I hope Steven's better. Give him our best, will you?"

Constance was moving briskly about in the upper hall, from the children's room came intermittent thumps and shouts of delight. She was safe for a few minutes, at least; she could examine the forgeries more closely.

Someone had been very careful over these. It had taken time and practice even to approximate the intricate loops and angles of Elizabeth's handwriting. She went to the desk and got out a cancelled cheque, cashed in September, and compared it with the forgeries — and yes, the "Sarah E. Bennett" was particularly good, even to the scrambling back-track with which the t's were crossed.

The writer had evidently been more nervous over Elizabeth's signature; it had a cautious look. But, she found, it had improved. The first was palpably odd to anyone who knew her writing well; the third would easily have fooled, for instance, Oliver.

The endorsement on the back was small and wooden, totally unlike Mrs. Bennett's flourishing hand. No worry for the forger there, because Mrs. Bennett had cashed her cheques locally and these had been cashed at Elizabeth's bank. Nos. 351, 353, and 354. The attempt on No. 352 had apparently failed to measure up.

Not Mrs. Bennett — not even if she were still in the country and Elizabeth had surprised her with cheques and tracing-paper and pen; not Mrs. Bennett, whose final parting had

been accomplished with an unashamed snuffle.

But someone who had access to Elizabeth's personalised cheques, kept in the desk in the living-room. Someone who had the opportunity to remove and study a cancelled cheque for the proper amount and the manner of writing of Sarah Bennett's name.

A woman posing briefly and boldly as Sarah Bennett.

Mr. Delbow, assistant cashier, said briskly, "Now, if you'll just sign this stop-payment order — it's required, you understand. We'll send you affidavits in the course of a day or two, and if you'll sign and return those . . ."

He was more than a little puzzled about Mrs. Oliver March, head bent as she wrote her name on a form at the corner of his desk, stone mazes looped about the expensively tailored shoulders of her suit.

His reassurances that she hadn't lost on the forged cheques — "When we pay out money over a faulty signature the liability is ours, Mrs. March" — hadn't brought the color back into the noticeably pale, pointed face. And it was very hard to read the eyes behind the brief black veiling.

He had already exhausted the possibilities of Mrs. Bennett; he had summoned the teller who had handled the cheque cashed at this, the main branch. All three cheques had been cashed within the course of two hours, the latter two at a branch in the West End.

The tellers concerned had written Mrs. Bennett's address on the backs of the cheques; in no case had the identification presented been noted down, which was in itself a rule of the bank.

Mr. Delbow said as Elizabeth restored his pen, "This means, of course, Mrs. March, that whoever wrote these cheques has some identification belonging to Mrs. Bennett. Otherwise the cheques wouldn't have been cashed at all."

She merely nodded. The assistant cashier then explained that although the bank would attempt prosecution the chances of their finding the culprit were almost negligible unless the forger should turn out to be an habitual offender. To his bewilderment, he could have sworn that Mrs. March looked relieved.

He said, "I'll have the amount credited to your account at once," and she stood up, gathering her gloves and bag, giving him a sudden wry smile.

"The odd part of all this is that I've been banking here nearly four years and when I try to cash a cheque you people stop just short of finger-printing."

"Always the way," murmured Mr. Delbow musically, putting a guiding hand on her arm. "Always the way, isn't it?"

The interview at the bank had taken longer than she expected; Elizabeth, driving towards home, got caught in early homeward traffic and sat through a succession of red lights with an anxious eye on her watch.

It was very important to get home before Oliver if her trip to Boston were to look purely casual — and she had been instantly determined that Oliver, to whom she would once have turned instinctively, should know nothing at all about the forgeries.

Because Oliver, mercilessly

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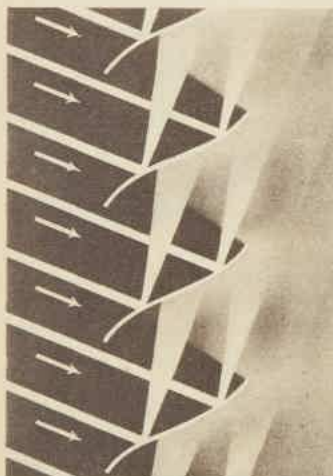
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logical, would disregard personalities when he arrived at a list of the only possible suspects. Such a frighteningly short list, when the name of your own cousin was on it. It was, of course, unthinkable that Constance . . . But would Oliver recognise that?

Elizabeth sounded her horn curiously, passed a truck proceeding at a waddle, and was clear of the traffic. At a little after five o'clock it was almost dark; only a dimming lip of icy lemon light on the horizon separated the marshes from the sky. The evening was bleak, windy. With the far heater turned on full, Elizabeth was cold to the core.

October 29 the cheques had been cashed, the first at 10.14 a.m., the second at 12.46 p.m. On October 29 she had been home from the hospital only three days, and the whole of that interval was a clouded dream, distant, unreal, further blurred by the sedatives she took when the before-dawn dark became intolerable.

She had been aware of the household functioning dimly below her, but, apart from Constance's brisk consultations and Norren's occasional worried entrances, it might have been the household of another woman.

How, then, to pin it down to a presence here, an undeniable absence there? It wasn't so simple a matter as Norren, Lucy, Constance, because Mr. Delbow had picked up instantly a detail that she had missed. Two pens had been used in the forging of the cheques, which suggested the possibility of a companion.

"Probably," the assistant cashier had said thoughtfully, "a man. It generally is in cases of this type."

Elizabeth watched her headlights streaming into the dark. She said to herself firmly: You don't know what associates Mrs. Bennett had, or how often they came to the house when we were out. How simple for one of them to take the necessary materials, to—

If she had been speaking aloud, it would have stuck in her throat; as it was her mind mopped dead, mocking her. It pointed out that the cheques, like the roses, like the subtle

Continuing . . . The Iron Cobweb

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malaise pervading her home, were the result of evil ripening and swelling and finally beginning to seep out behind a known and trusted face.

Elizabeth put an involuntary hand to her temple, pressing upwards, brought it back to the wheel. No time for desperation when you were driving, no time for an uprush of fear.

She was home before Oliver, but just barely; by the time she had changed her suit and come downstairs again Oliver was in the kitchen and the children had forgotten their supper in the usual torrent of delight. Norren was standing by in smiling resignation.

At Elizabeth's entrance Oliver turned a look of unconvincing severity on the children, who were jumping and clambering at his overcoat pockets. "After your supper. Hello, hon."

His kiss grazed Elizabeth's cheekbone. She said lightly, "Hello—aren't you cold?" and moved easily away. "Maire, not your fingers."

Maire ate scrambled eggs out of her palm, swung her legs in excitement, and said in her high, clear voice, "Daddy, Mama was in Boston!" Jeep echoed her, not quite as comprehensibly, and they both turned a look of admiration on Elizabeth, who busied herself instantly at the toaster. She had forgotten that to the children Boston was a magical end-of-the-world place, for the simple reason that Oliver went there every morning.

At her side Norren murmured, "I don't think it's quite done," and Oliver, hanging up his overcoat, said, "Did you really go into town, or is this from the usually unreliable source?"

She hadn't meant to lie to Oliver, she hadn't meant the matter to come up at all. But this, her first trip into Boston since the hospital—

and Oliver's eyes were not as casual as his voice. She told him what she had told Constance: "You know those books I ordered

from Haysmith's—I thought they might have come in and he'd forgotten all about me."

"Why, the old fool," said Oliver, mildly amazed. "I happened to be near there just before I came home, and thought I'd check. He could at least have told me you'd been in."

Had he gone to Haysmith's or was this a test? Elizabeth thought bitterly. Just because you're lying doesn't mean he is, and said, "The shop was quite busy, I suppose he forgot."

Outwardly, that was the end of it; to Elizabeth, who carried the deception about with her like a stone all that evening, it had the frightening aspect of a beginning. This was how

people put distance between each other, and couldn't close it again because there were too many lies, too many subterfuges to cross with any kind of dignity.

Most marriages didn't, as people said, go on the rocks, because that implied a sudden and smashing impact. It wasn't that, it was a slow day-by-day inching away from closeness, so that eventually another goal was nearer than your marriage and it was easier to go forward than to go back.

In this, thought Elizabeth huntedly, what we are doing to each other—and to the children, who should matter more than either of us?

December was snowy, and made of elastic. Elizabeth got through the days with a de-



termined briskness, plunging into her Christmas shopping, which she dreaded ordinarily, with a fervor that astonished everyone around her. Maire talked about ails; Jeep, for reasons known only to himself, hoped ardently for a fly-swat-ter.

There were a number of things to remember the early part of December by, and Elizabeth remembered them all: while October 29 had dropped into a void and was just now sending up echoes, every day had become a new day of battle. And battle with what? Shadows, nerves, imagination . . . ?

No. Forged cheques were made of paper and ink, and cunning.

Maire plummeted the full length of the stairs on her head and had to be rushed to the hospital for X-rays. Jeep stuffed his panda into the toilet, flushed it, and consulted nobody about the mounting level of water on the bathroom floor; when he had tired of watching it he simply went away. The kitchen ceiling dried eventually, and Oliver, looking like a man determined to hold his tongue at all costs, painted it laboriously.

Hathaway's nurse telephoned and postponed Elizabeth's appointment; she reported this stiffly and conscientiously to Oliver, who met her eyes and glanced quickly away. Gradually, and somewhere in herself terrified that it could happen at all, she accustomed herself to two existences that overlapped but never blended.

There was the one in which everything was what it seemed, and she was a dutiful mother to the children and the reasonable facsimile of a wife to Oliver, and went about with Lucy Brent and succumbed to Steven's quiet encouragement sufficiently to spend grim, trying-to-work hours up in the studio.

There was the other one, in which she was alone and afraid, cut off from appeal by the dread of further damaging her marriage. In which, if she let her desperately fixed attention flicker, everything might topple and anything might happen.

Like the roses, like the misty

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Here's the SPRAIN



Where's the SLOAN'S

The first dab of Sloan's Liniment, with its comforting tingle, almost instantly relieves the pain of muscular sprains or strains. Keep it always handy, as a guard against pain of bruises, aching stiff joints and rheumatic pains. Just pat it on—no rubbing.

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HOUSEWORK



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Quick sweet for to-night JAM Pancakes

PANCAKE RECIPE

1 cup milk 1 cup flour
1 egg 1 teaspoon salt
1 dessertspoon melted butter
1 level dessertspoon sugar

Beat egg yolk and melted butter into milk. Add salt and sugar. Blend into flour, whisking until smooth. Fold in softly beaten egg white. NOTE 1. Batter is better for standing, so make any time convenient during day. 2. Melted butter gives extra tenderness. 3. Adding egg whites separately gives extra fluffiness. Frying. Grease pan very lightly between each pouring of batter. Lift pan occasionally so that it does not get overhot.

* For a special filling for cakes or cream puffs, whip a spoonful of thick jam into the fresh or mock cream.



Serve your next pancakes Swedish style. Instead of rolling the pancakes in the usual way, stack them one on top of the other, with strips of greaseproof paper between to keep them separate. When all pancakes are made remove paper and put them together with warm dark jam—black currant, blackberry or dark plum. Sprinkle with castor sugar and serve in meltingly tender wedges.

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friends will be asking you to bring your "Party-Gram" to "their place". That's why we have designed and leatherette-covered "Party-Gram" for real portability. "Party-Gram", the principal ingredient of all home parties, costs only 54 guineas.

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4-valve and 5-valve "Em-Cee" mantels now cost less! New, lower price for the 4-valve "Em-Cee" is 19 gns. Power-plus 5-valve "Em-Cee" only 21 gns. Both models feature the one popular cabinet in walnut, ivory or pastel green, with full front acoustic panel for really big performance.



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GROW GERBERAS

Gerberas have become firm favorites with gardeners since so many wonderful new varieties have been produced.

THE new varieties produce bigger flowers with petals of a satiny quality and a wide color range.

The new varieties are available in double as well as in the single form. The "doubles" have five or more rows of the neatest serrated petals it is possible to imagine.

Gerberas are now available in burgundy, maroon, scarlet, crimson, cerise, orange, gold, rose, yellow, silvery pink, and white.

Some of the finest new varieties are Harlequin (tango), Aurora (tangerine), Melody (gold), Minuet (fuchsia), Margo (cyclamen), Painted Lady (vivid scarlet), Autumn Glow (pastel), Picardy (chrome yellow), Gipsy Queen (maroon), Morocco (flame), Beacon (orange), and Sunrise (vermillion).

The gerbera is a native of Africa and likes warmth. It does well in most parts of all mainland States except Victoria, where it needs great molly-coddling in winter. It is too cold for gerberas in Tasmania.

Like most other plants, gerberas do best in well-drained, rich, deep soil. They like plenty of water, especially during the flowering season.

Use crowns to establish a gerbera bed. Plant them at 18-inch intervals with the crown slightly above soil level.

Before planting, add plenty of well-rotted cow manure or blood and bone and compost to the soil.

The crowns can be set out after the autumn flowering finishes and may continue until spring. Gerberas soon become established and will begin to flower in the summer.

Gerberas can also be raised satisfactorily from seed, provided the seed is fresh and the seed-box is kept in a sheltered, sunny place.

Sow the seed in a box of sandy loam, covering it with a very thin layer of the soil mixture. Keep the box damp, but when watering use a very



DOUBLE variegated gerberas grown by Mrs. J. Shield at Indooroopilly, Brisbane. Each raspberry-colored petal is tipped with white.

fine rose on the watering-can as the seed is small and light and is easily washed away.

Sowings can be made in spring or in autumn in districts where the winter is mild. Transplant seedlings when they are about three inches high, spacing them, like the crowns, 18 inches apart.

An application of liquid manure when flowering begins is beneficial.

Gerbera enthusiasts say that the flowers should not be picked until they are at least three days old.

Some gardeners think that gerberas have rather unattrac-

ive leaf clumps. The appearance of a gerbera bed can be improved by planting a short-growing plant like alyssum, phlox, or blue lobelia between the crowns.

The two color levels, at leaf height and gerbera flower level, are very spectacular.

Gerberas do not suffer very much from plant diseases, though in some seasons leaf spots may be troublesome in late summer and autumn.

There are two different fungus diseases, one of which, called *Cercospora*, is the more common.

GARDENING

They are the fruiting or spore-bearing structure of the fungus which causes the disease.

The spores are easily blown by wind to other plants, where if conditions are suitable — mainly a matter of moisture — they germinate and infect the new host plant.

The other fungus, called *Septoria*, causes large purplish-black blotches on the foliage, often resulting in the death of several leaves on the one plant.

To avoid this trouble, seed should be saved from clean plants only, and plantings of either seed or plants should not be made in soil which has just grown diseased plants.

As soon as the slightest trace of leaf spot appears, the plants should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture 4-4-50 or with copper oxychloride, using 1 oz. in 2½ gallons of water.

The addition of 1 fluid oz. of white spraying oil per gallon of spray mixture is desirable as it improves the adhesive properties.

Repeat this procedure every two or three weeks until there is no fresh sign of the disease on new leaves.

Make sure to wet the plants very thoroughly, and as far as possible direct the spray on to both surfaces of the leaves.

Where plants are very severely infected, it is important to remove and burn all infected leaves before applying the fungicide, or control may prove very difficult.

Rhubarb pays dividends

RHUBARB is a good standby in the kitchen garden. It is easy to grow and crowns can be planted now in all but the hottest areas.

The best rhubarb is grown in naturally rich, deep soil which has been dug and enriched with a generous dressing of animal manure. A complete fertiliser mixture can also be added to advantage, using three to four ounces per square yard.

Plants can be raised from seed, but it is quicker for the home gardener to buy crowns. When planting, space the crowns about three feet apart each way.

Goliath - Luscious, Sydney Crimson, and Wilson's Ruby are good, reliable varieties which produce large, good-

flavored stems over a long period.

Give the plants plenty of water in summer, and side-dress them each year at the beginning of the warm weather with liquid manure or blood and bone.

When picking the rhubarb, always twist the stalk away from the crown, do not cut the stalks, and never strip the plants or they will be weakened.

Pinch out the flower heads whenever they appear.

Beds should be re-established every three years. The old crowns may be used again, but they must be divided before replanting.

Rhubarb is singularly free from pests and diseases and seldom needs any spraying.

Take a Packet of Soup...

● The experienced housewife knows that prepared foods, in packets or tins, are invaluable. For instance, packet soup is a delicious, quickly prepared meal-starter—it can also be used in appetising savory dishes.

IN spite of careful planning and forethought there comes a time in the life of every homemaker when unexpected circumstances make the luncheon or dinner menu seem inadequate.

That is the time to open a packet of prepared soup, and, in a matter of minutes, a piping hot, stimulating and nourishing first course is ready and the meal gets away to a flying start.

And soup is not only useful and satisfying as soup. The clear stock soups, such as Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup and Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup, are also a splendid foundation for savory dishes with the popular chicken flavor. The recipes on this page were made in our test kitchen using Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup and Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

VEAL AND CHICKEN LOAF

One and a half pounds veal steak, 2 small onions, pinch herbs, 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, made according to directions, but using only 1½ cups water, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg-yolk, salt, pepper, chutney.

Put veal through mincer, add finely chopped onion, herbs, prepared soup, breadcrumbs, egg-yolk, salt and

pepper. Allow to stand about ½ hour. Fill into small loaf-tin greased and sprinkled with browned crumbs. Cover with greased paper, bake approximately 1½ hours in moderate oven. Turn on to heated serving dish, top with chutney.

LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds sausage meat, small quantity good shortening, 1 cup cooked rice, 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup made as directed, but using only 2 cups water, 1 small chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or finely chopped green pepper, salt and pepper, 1 large tomato.

Roll sausage meat into small balls with floured fingers, fry lightly in hot shortening until lightly browned all over. Place in greased ovenware dish. Combine rice, soup, onion, parsley or green pepper, salt and pepper. Pour over meat balls, top with sliced tomato. Bake 30 to 35 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot.

TOMATO VEGETABLE PIE WITH SCONES TOPPING

One pound minced steak, 1 packet Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup, 1 pint water, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 8oz. savory scone dough.

Combine minced steak, tomato vegetable soup, and water, stir until boiling. Cover, simmer 15 minutes. Blend flour with little extra water, stir into meat mixture with



BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP VARIATIONS

Mock Minestrone Soup: To 4 cups boiling water add 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, 1 small, finely chopped onion, 1 chopped, skinned tomato, 1 cup finely shredded raw cabbage, ½ cup finely shredded carrot. Cook 7 minutes, serve topped with grated cheese.

Cream of Chicken and Onion Soup: Place ½ cup very finely sliced onion in a saucepan with 2 cups water. Add 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, cook 7 minutes. Add 2 cups thin white sauce and reheat before serving sprinkled with finely chopped chives or parsley.

Curried Chicken Soup: Cook 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup in 2 cups water for 7 minutes. Add 2 cups thin white sauce flavored with 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder, a little grated onion, and a little lemon juice.

Chicken and Bacon Soup: To 4 cups water add 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, ½ cup chopped parboiled bacon, and cook 7 minutes. Serve hot with toast croutons.

Worcestershire sauce. Fill into greased ovenware dish. Roll scone dough to ¼ in. thickness on floured board. Cut into rounds or squares with floured cutter or knife, arrange on top of meat. Glaze scones with milk, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

MOCK CHICKEN AND HAM CROQUETTES

One small young rabbit, 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, ½ cup white sauce, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup finely chopped ham, salt, pepper, flour, egg-glazing, browned crumbs.

Wash and joint rabbit, first removing tail joint, soak ½ hour in salted water. Place in heavy saucepan with soup prepared according to directions. Simmer gently until tender. Drain, remove meat from bones when cool, and

dice finely. Mix with sauce, breadcrumbs, ham, salt, and pepper. Spread on flat plate to cool. Shape a spoonful at a time into croquettes, coat with flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss in browned crumbs. Deep fry golden brown, drain on paper, serve hot. Croquettes may be wrapped in bacon and placed under grill or in oven until bacon is cooked.

Note: Liquid, with its chicken flavor and noodles, left after rabbit has been cooked makes a delicious soup to serve on its own.

TOMATO CHEESE MACARONI

One packet Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup, 4 cups water, 1 cup macaroni, 2 cups grated cheese, ½ cup chopped parsley, 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, butter.

Heat water to boiling point,

add soup and macaroni. Cook rapidly 20 minutes, stirring frequently as mixture thickens. Remove from heat, stir in parsley and 1½ cups of the cheese. Fill into greased ovenware dish, top with breadcrumbs mixed with remaining cheese. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes until reheated and browned.

CHICKEN NOODLE PUFFS

One packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, 1½ cups water, ½ cup milk, 4 tablespoons flour, 2oz. good shortening, 1 egg, ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 cup soft

breadcrumbs, 1 or 2 rashers crumbled cooked bacon, cayenne pepper.

Mix soup with the 1½ cups water, cook 7 minutes. Melt shortening, stir in flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until beginning to thicken, then stir in soup and continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Cool slightly, fold in beaten egg, parsley, breadcrumbs, bacon, pepper. Fry a spoonful at a time in deep, hot shortening until golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper and serve hot with piquant sauce.

MOCK CHICKEN and ham croquettes, luncheon casserole, and veal and chicken loaf, illustrated above, all have the delicious and appetising flavor of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.



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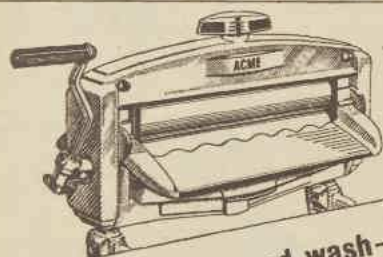
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Prize recipes



SAVORY EGGS with tomato is an appetising way of serving eggs. Flavored with onion, celery, and green pepper, the dish is easy to prepare. See recipe below.

Savory eggs with tomato, an appetising luncheon dish, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

THE tomato mixture is cooked before being placed in the casserole, and the unbeaten eggs are dropped into depressions on top of the mixture and allowed to set in the oven. All measurements refer to level spoons.

SAVORY EGGS WITH TOMATO

Two - and - a - half cups chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 cup diced celery, 1 small onion, 1 small green pepper, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 4 eggs, 1 cup grated cheese.

Cook tomatoes, celery, chopped green pepper, finely chopped onion, and flavorings together 10 minutes. Remove bay leaf, add breadcrumbs, fill into greased casserole. With a tablespoon make four depressions in top. Drop one unbeaten egg into each depression, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until eggs are set and cheese melted. Serve immediately garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. May, 105 Alt St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE AND APRICOT JAM

Two pounds dried apricots, 1 pineapple, 6lb. sugar, 12 cups water, 3 lemons.

Wash apricots thoroughly,

drain, cut in halves. Place in basin, cover with the 12 cups water, stand overnight. Place in saucepan with grated pineapple, cook gently until fruit is soft and clear. Add warmed sugar and strained lemon juice. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil quickly until it "jells" when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot, seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss A. Pickstone, Dalvean, Qld.

HONEY CONTEST

SEPTEMBER 1 is the closing date of our special contest in which £250 in prizes will be paid for the best recipes in which honey is used.

The list of prizes is: First prize, £100; second prize, £50; third prize, £25; five section prizes each of £10; 25 consolation prizes of £1.

These are the sections for which you may send in recipes:

1. Cakes (including small cakes, pastry, fancy breads, and biscuits).
2. Desserts (hot or cold).
3. Confectionery.
4. Beverages.
5. Savory or meat dishes with honey.

Address entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Mark the envelope "Honey Cookery Contest."

Meringue-topped baked apples

THIS is the recipe that Debbie, our teenage chef, uses for the meringue-topped baked apples included in the menu illustrated on page 35.

Six small red apples, 3 dessertspoons brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons butter, 6 or 8 chopped dates, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup water, lemon juice.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 8 tablespoons sugar, raspberry jam.

Wash and dry apples, cut a slice from top of each and remove cores. Fill core cavities with brown sugar, a nut of butter, chopped dates, and a few drops of lemon juice.

Stand apples in ovenware dish with sugar and water, cook until apples are tender, 25 to 30 minutes. Make meringue. Beat egg-whites with salt until they hold their shape. Add sugar gradually and continue beating until sugar is dissolved and meringue stands in peaks. Spoon thickly on top of apples, return to very slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Lift apples into serving-dish. Add syrup in which apples cooked, decorate tops with raspberry jam.

Note: Level spoon measurements are used in all recipes published in The Australian Women's Weekly.



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I take a glass of cold water, add two teaspoonsful of Andrews, stir—and drink it as it bubbles into effervescence.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 18, 1954

date of October 29 when a woman pretending to be Sarah Bennett had walked into Elizabeth's bank, it was nothing you could put an accusing finger on. It was like a picture delicately out of drawing, or a photograph record with a slightly warped centre. It was all wrong only if you knew and loved the view or the melody.

But it was calculated; there was a brain behind it, wholly concerned with the quiet growth of fear.

It was, perhaps most of all, the affair of Jeep's birthday on the thirteenth of December.

There was protocol on Jeep's birthday. Ten minutes after Oliver had had his first glimpse of his son, they had agreed never to lose Jeep in the Christmas rush. "Who knows, it might warp him for life," Oliver had said, "so as long as the funds hold out, let's keep him separate."

So there was as much pantofole over Jeep's birthday as though it had fallen in July. Presents, and something in the way of consolation for Maire, all to be opened when Oliver arrived with ice-cream and candles for the cake.

Everything was wrapped and waiting at five-thirty, and the children, who had been asking more morning "Is it Jeep's birthday yet?", had obligingly disappeared.

They were still missing when Oliver arrived home, his arms full of packages. "Let's have the birthday and then a drink. Where are the kids?"

They usually flew to the door; with instinctive perversity they hadn't tonight.

"Up in their room, I think. I'll get them," Elizabeth said, and went to fetch them.

Maire was sitting on her bed, rifling through a book of animal photographs; Jeep, chanting tonelessly, was involved with plastic scissors and a magazine on the floor. He had a dull and thwarted look be-

Continuing . . . The Iron Cobweb

from page 55

cause the scissors wouldn't cut, none of his usual loud fury. Noreen, folding laundry into the bureau drawers, looked up and smiled with an air of held-in excitement.

Elizabeth said brightly, "Daddy's home, and it's Jeep's birthday. Happy birthday, Jeep. Aren't you going to come down and see what you've got besides cake and ice-cream?"

They came, lethargically. Noreen, smiling and scolding anxiously, hurried down the stairs to set the table in the dining-room. Elizabeth, wondering, watched Jeep unwrap his presents—a fleet of tiny trucks, a dog whose tongue lapped in and out when you pulled him, a miniature merry-go-round. There was no spark anywhere; it was as though Jeep had been awakened in the middle of the night and brought down to admire his toys, puzzled, sleepy, half resentful.

Oliver said, "Looks as if we've come to the wrong party. Maybe the ice-cream . . . ?"

Constance had come down; she said sedately, "Happy birthday, Jeep," and presented a rubber fire truck. Noreen brought in the cake and lighted the candles and put ice-cream in two dishes. Oliver watched the children mounting the unaccustomed chairs and said suddenly, "Know something? They're sick."

"Nonsense," said Elizabeth, firm but worried. "What have they had today, Noreen?" "Just their lunch. Mrs. March, and a light one—bacon and beans and custard—because I knew they'd be having their birthday supper. But they do look—"

It wasn't long in the deciding. Maire fiddled with her spoon; Jeep, gluttonous, swallowed two fat mouthfuls and returned them with a surprised air to the rug. Noreen sprang

for cloths. Constance said thoughtfully, "Well, you know, they didn't seem quite—" and Oliver transported Jeep to the bathroom.

Elizabeth, oddly frightened, said, "Maire, you've been eating something, both of you. What was it?"

And Maire, pale and docile, said, "Candy."

"Show me," Elizabeth was crisp and commanding, not letting the panic show. It was a mark of how dreadfully familiar she was growing with her enemy, the subtle creator of her other world, that she never for an instant doubted the source of the candy.

But this was the first time it had touched the children.

EVIDENTLY

there had been a great deal of candy—bon-bons, from the look of the crumpled foils, purple and green and silver, stuffed in a greedy, shining heap into the bottom of the children's toy chest. Not the kind of candy you gave wholesale to children, unless you wanted to bring about exactly what had happened.

The door opened and Oliver thrust Jeep into the room. "He's empty," he said briefly, and met Elizabeth's eyes. "I'll leave this to you, shall I?"

Elizabeth turned down Maire's bed, lifted Jeep into his crib, and began some casual, off-hand questions. She realised almost at once that it was useless, because the children didn't know where the candy had come from. They had found it there in their toy chest, and it was only sensible to eat it as fast and as furtively as possible because otherwise it would have been taken away from them.

"But there must have been a box," Elizabeth said firmly. "Candy always comes in a box. Or a bag."

She waited. Jeep said ponderingly, "Where box, Mama?" and Maire thought it over and went to investigate the toy chest. She said very positively, "It was just in there, just like that."

Just like that—spilled carelessly there, glittering and gay to catch a child's eye at the time of day when they picked up their toys with reluctance and returned them helter-skelter to the chest. Elizabeth was carefully bright. "Then someone must have come into your room and left them there for a surprise. Who could that have been?"

"Daddy," said Jeep promptly. "No, not Daddy. Who else has—"

"Mama," said Jeep with an air of fond finality.

"No, Maire, who else has been—"

The door opened and Noreen came in, her face clearing at the sight of the children sitting alertly up in their beds. "Are they all right, Mrs. March? Do you think they're coming down with something?"

"A light attack of bon-bons," Elizabeth said, rising. Because the children were watching and listening she kept her voice friendly as she said, lifting the foils out of the chest, "Ever seen these around before?"

She didn't hear the first part of Noreen's reply. Staring down at the papers in her own cupped palms, she was suddenly aware that she herself had seen them, or something very like them, not long ago . . . where? When?

—some kind of chocolates. Noreen was saying with a worried air, "And they look expensive, don't they? The children must have found them while I was hanging the laun-

dry—I left them here with their books and told them to start picking up their toys. But where did they come from?"

"That," said Elizabeth lightly, "is the mystery." She kissed the children and went to the doorway. "They're overdue for bed as it is, so let's talk about it later . . ."

But it was Oliver she talked to first. Constance was starting dinner, and Oliver stood motionless at a window in the living-room, staring out into the dark. His back looked grim. At Elizabeth's entrance he said without turning, "They'd done their birthdaying ahead of time, I gather. What was it, did you find out?"

"These," Elizabeth showed him the crumpled foils. "I've a feeling I've seen this brand somewhere before—have you?" Oliver gave them a short glance. "No. Where on earth did they get them?" he snapped.

Inside Elizabeth a brief astonishment turned to anger. She said evenly, "We'll probably figure it out a little sooner if you don't bark at me," and tossed the papers into the fireplace.

"Yes. Sorry," said Oliver, his tone matching her own. "It isn't serious—he doesn't know what a birthday's all about anyway. But—there's this. Nobody knows where the stuff came from, nobody saw them eat it."

Elizabeth said slowly, "Oliver," and stopped and then started again. "Sooner or later, we've got to—"

Noreen came down the stairs and paused in the doorway. About to speak, she glanced uncertainly at Elizabeth and then at Oliver, and turned and went silently into the kitchen. Constance appeared in the dining-room, brisk and aproned. "What a pity about the children—but they'll have their cake tomorrow."

Nobody answered her. Sleet touched the windows, Oliver opened his newspaper, rattling it, and observed savagely into the folds, "What a rotten night."

"Vile," said Elizabeth stonily. How long has it been since she went to bed and to sleep, as simply as that? The process was very involved now; it meant the uncomfortable aloneness with Oliver, the polite query as to whether the other intended to read, the attempt at oblivion. After that, the staring thoughts, the sleeping pill which had lately grown into two.

Elizabeth lay in the dark and listened to Oliver sleeping. The vague dread that she had first become aware of a month ago was taking a more definite shape. It was now a pair of hands. Tearing the roses, as though they hadn't been able to resist the beauty and the perfection, or the gesture they represented. Patiently practising with a pen—how many sheets of paper, in what quiet room, had been covered with "Sarah E. Bennett" and "Elizabeth March"? Opening over a child's toy chest, to spill out a shining jumble of rich, forbidden candies.

Hands she had looked at countless times, and hadn't really seen because they were the hands of someone she trusted.

The trouble with these pills was that somewhere between the second one and morning, she could shrink and dwindle while the hands swelled and grew and played with her life at their own vicious leisure.

But the cheques, thought Elizabeth, grating at tangibles, unable to live too long with the hands; something will turn up about the cheques, or Mrs. Bennett's stolen identification.

Something did.

To be continued

My Modelling Days nearly ended!

NO, I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING I LIKE.

I CAN'T SAY YOU WERE MUCH HELP, MISS TEMPLE!

AT HOME THAT NIGHT

I'LL HAVE TO RESIGN! I'M TOO WASHED OUT TO CARRY ON!

THERE'S YOUR TROUBLE DORIS! ALWAYS TAKING PURGATIVES! I'M GOING TO RING D'S LEWIS.

MISS TEMPLE, YOU'VE BEEN DRAINING YOUR ENERGY AWAY WITH HARSH PURGATIVES. YOU MUST HELP NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE. I SUGGEST...

LATER

I JUST KNOW SHE'LL BUY IT!

MY DEAR—IT LOOKS BEAUTIFUL ON YOU! MY DAUGHTER WILL LOVE IT!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 18, 1954

Page 59

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Hearty Grill for Dad

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Lovely flower piece



A WHITE TUREEN-SHAPED BOWL was used for this arrangement consisting of sweet-peas, hyacinths, primroses, sword-fern, and touches of maiden-hair fern. Inset sketch shows outline of flowers and sword-fern. Other flowers may be substituted.

"Spring medley" is the name given to this arrangement by Berin Spiro, New Zealand flower expert.

FOR this design, a longish trough or small tureen is advised. Chicken-wire or needlepoint holders can be used as an aid.

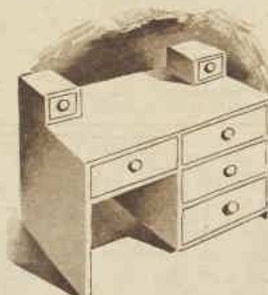
First of all, take three long sprays of sweet-peas, cut in graduated lengths. Place slightly left of centre. Repeat with shorter-stemmed sprays and make a continuous line down to the centre.

Put several sweet-peas of equal length in the middle of the bowl, then continue the graduated arrangement to the right.

form an outline, and place them low enough to cascade over the rim of the container.

Sword or ladder fern makes a sharply etched outline and touches of maiden-hair fern help to give an effect of lightness and delicacy.

Contest winner



YOU CAN make this compact desk from the old-fashioned style of dressing-table shown below. This idea won the £3/3/- prize this week for a reader from Toukley, N.S.W. Any member of the family may enter this contest.

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A DESK made from an old-fashioned dressing-table wins the £3/3/- cash prize in our weekly contest on how to make something new from something old.

Mrs. M. Sutherland, "Gwydir," Main Road, Toukley, N.S.W., who sent in sketches and details of the conversion, wins the cash award.

To make the desk the long, lower drawers were sawn in half, the side walls were replaced, and the drawers were fitted to one side, as shown. The mirror and back framework were removed and the desk painted.

Send entries with sketches and details for this weekly contest to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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BARGAIN PATTERN

F3333.—An easy-to-follow pattern for a little girl's slip and panties. Sizes 2, 3, 4, or 6 years. The slip requires 1½yds. 36in. material. The panties require ½yd. 36in. material. For the set, 7½yds. Swiss embroidered edging, ½yd. lace beading, and 2yds. satin ribbon. Price, 2/-.

F3332

F3332.—Attractive summer dress with fitted bodice and full skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3334.—A becoming and practical maternity suit. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast material. Price, 4/6.

F3335.—A pretty skirt and blouse set to expand your wardrobe of separates. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3336.—Smart skirt with a matching fitted top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast material. Price, 3/6.

F3337

F3334

F3335

F3336

F3333

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060 G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 609, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 722.—SKIRT AND BLOUSE. Separates cut out ready to make yourself in pinpoint halfcord. Colors available are blue-and-white, green-and-white, red-and-white or pink-and-white. Easy-to-follow making instructions are given. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, price, 34/11. Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, price 35/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

No. 723.—DUCHESS SET. An attractive duchesse set, traced ready to embroider in a tiger-lily design. Available in cream or white Irish linen. Also in blue, green, or lemon sheer linen. The centile mat, 11½ x 10½. Small mat, 8½ x 8½. Price of the complete set, 8/11. Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 724.—SUPPER CLOTH AND SERVIETTES. This pretty supper set, traced ready to embroider in buttonhole, stemstitch, and satin stitch, is available in cream or white linen. Cloth measuring 26½ x 36½, price, 22/6. Postage, 1/9 extra. Cloth, 45½ x 45½, price, 33/6. Postage, 2/- extra. Cloth, 54½ x 34½, price, 42/9. Postage, 2/6 extra. Serviettes, 11½ x 11½, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 725.—CHILD'S FROCK. A pretty, checked British cotton frock for a child. Available in green-and-white, blue-and-white, or pink-and-white, with white pique trimming. Full making instructions are given. Sizes 18in. length for 2yrs., price, 16/9; 20in. length for 4yrs., price, 16/9; postage, 1/3 extra. Sizes 22in. length for 6yrs., price, 17/6; 24in. length for 8yrs., price, 18/2; postage, 1/6 extra.

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723

724

725

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Tuft, 2/-

*Teklon
THE NEW
SUPER NYLON CLEANS BETTER
LASTS LONGER

Teklon adds sparkling beauty to your Tek Tooth-
brush... and sparkling value, too! Because Teklon,
the super nylon, stays springier longer so that it
cleans even better and, of course, lasts so much
longer, too. Tek with Teklon is so much better you'll
agree it's a "head first" for Tek.

THE BEST STILL
COSTS YOU LESS!

1/10

Tek

THE BEST TOOTHBRUSH
MONEY CAN BUY!

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
is called to a hospital by the
police to listen to an incred-
ible story told by an injured
flier who has been brought
in. The young man tells Man-
drake and the police that he
was on a routine flight over
dense African jungle when he

flew into a valley filled with a
thick mist. Suddenly he saw
two great heads appear above
the mist. Flying near to see
what the mysterious heads
were, he was terrified when a
giant hand reached out and
plucked his plane out of the
air. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX

Don't put a cold in
your pocket — use

KLEENEX



COLD COMFORT

RECENTLY MY TWO SMALL CHILDREN AND HUSBAND HAD HEAVY COLDS AT ONCE DOWNY-SOFT KLEENEX SOOTHED THEIR NOSES, SAVED ME WORK, NOW ALL USE HYGIENIC KLEENEX INSTEAD OF HANKIES—NO MORE COLDS.

ES to Mrs. D. Craigie,
12 Warwick Street, Killara, N.S.W.



HAVE A GOOD TRIP

KLEENEX IS IDEAL TRAVELLING COMPANION—USE AS HANKIE, HAND TOWEL, FOR REMOVING MAKE-UP, TO PROTECT CLOTHES WHEN EATING, EASY TO PACK, LIGHT TO CARRY, PERFECT GIFT FOR FRIENDS GOING AWAY.

ES to Miss M. Archer, 40 Nicholson St.,
South Yarra, Melbourne, Vic.

SHINING MOMENT

KLEENEX MAKES SHOES GLEAM. APPLY POLISH WITH DAMP TISSUE. SHINE WITH DRY. IF DUST COLLECTS ON WAY TO WORK OR PARTY, A QUICK RUB WITH KLEENEX AND SHOES ARE BRIGHT AGAIN.

ES to Mr. J. Shaw, 26 Lucinda Street,
Wollongong, N.S.W.



IN 3 SIZES

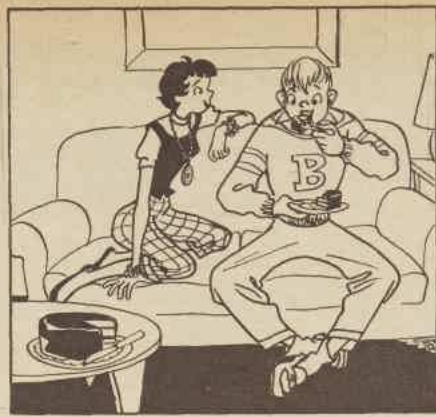
FOR USE EVERYWHERE

THE FAMILY PACK 3½, THE ECONOMY PACK 2½ AND THE PERSONAL PACK, WHICH FITS SNUGLY INTO POCKET OR HANDBAG IS 1½

SOLD EVERYWHERE



TEENA *by Linda Terry*



All Silver
needs weekly
Silvo care...



Only when your silverware is gleaming does it reflect your pride in your home. To keep silver shining beautifully is no task at all when you use liquid Silvo, the quickest and safest Silver polish. Use Silvo straight from the tin. It does not harm the delicate surface of silver.



15 hairsets for 3/6
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/6 from your chemist or store. QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET C.N.5



Rheumatic, Joint and Muscle PAINS FLY! when you apply MENTHOID CREME

Don't suffer any longer the nagging aches and pains of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, bad back or fibrositis. Simply massage in Menthoid Creme. Soon you will feel the powerful penetrating action probing deep down through skin and tissue, soothing and salving painful trouble spots.

Menthoid Creme, the amazing massage creme, contains Epinephrine, the super-penetrative AMERICAN FORMULA ADRENALIN

This amazing marvel medicament, clinically proved to give deep-penetration of the pain-barrier, brings quick, positive, sustained relief from joint and muscle pains. Get Menthoid Creme from your Chemist—in tubes for easy application. There's no stain, no pain, no harm to even sensitive skins, with Menthoid Creme.

Remember, pains fly
when you apply

New Menthoid Creme



Containing Epinephrine
American formula Adrenalin



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out
ready to make

"GAYNOR."—A becoming maternity frock in monotone sheer, buttoning to the neck. Colors are navy-and-white or black-and-white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, price, 98/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, price, 99/11. Registration and postage, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, price, 78/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, price, 79/6. Registration and postage, 3/- extra.

"FELICITY." — Simply styled organza frock with a tie neckline and full skirt. Available in pink with green spots, blue with pink spots, lemon with green spots, or green with salmon spots.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, price, 88/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, price, 89/11. Registration and postage, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, price, 68/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, price, 69/6. Registration and postage, 3/- extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted if ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

Ever since grandma
was a girl...



...she's known the
value of genuine



PL14-54

Isn't it high time he/you tried



WINDSOR—Fused Collar.



NEW YORKER—Fused Collar.



CALIFORNIA—Soft Collar.

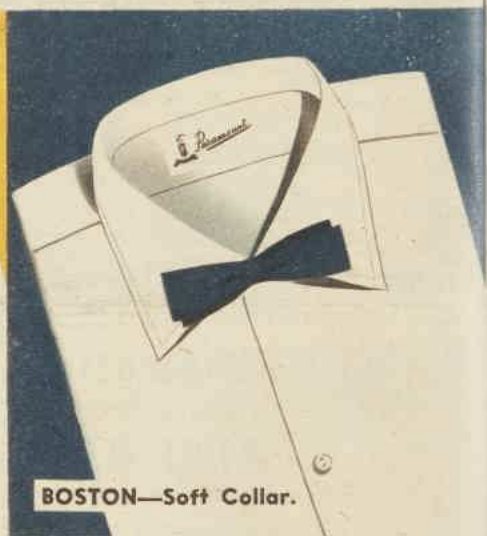
a different collar style — ?



MANHATTAN—Soft Collar.



RIVIERA—Soft Collar.



BOSTON—Soft Collar.

Take your pick —
they're all Paramount!

You get a choice of six collar styles when
you pick a Paramount—the gift-wrapped shirt!



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Every Paramount Shirt
has a replacement collar
for DOUBLE life.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 18, 1954